THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illust eekly Magazine
Founded y Benj. Franklin

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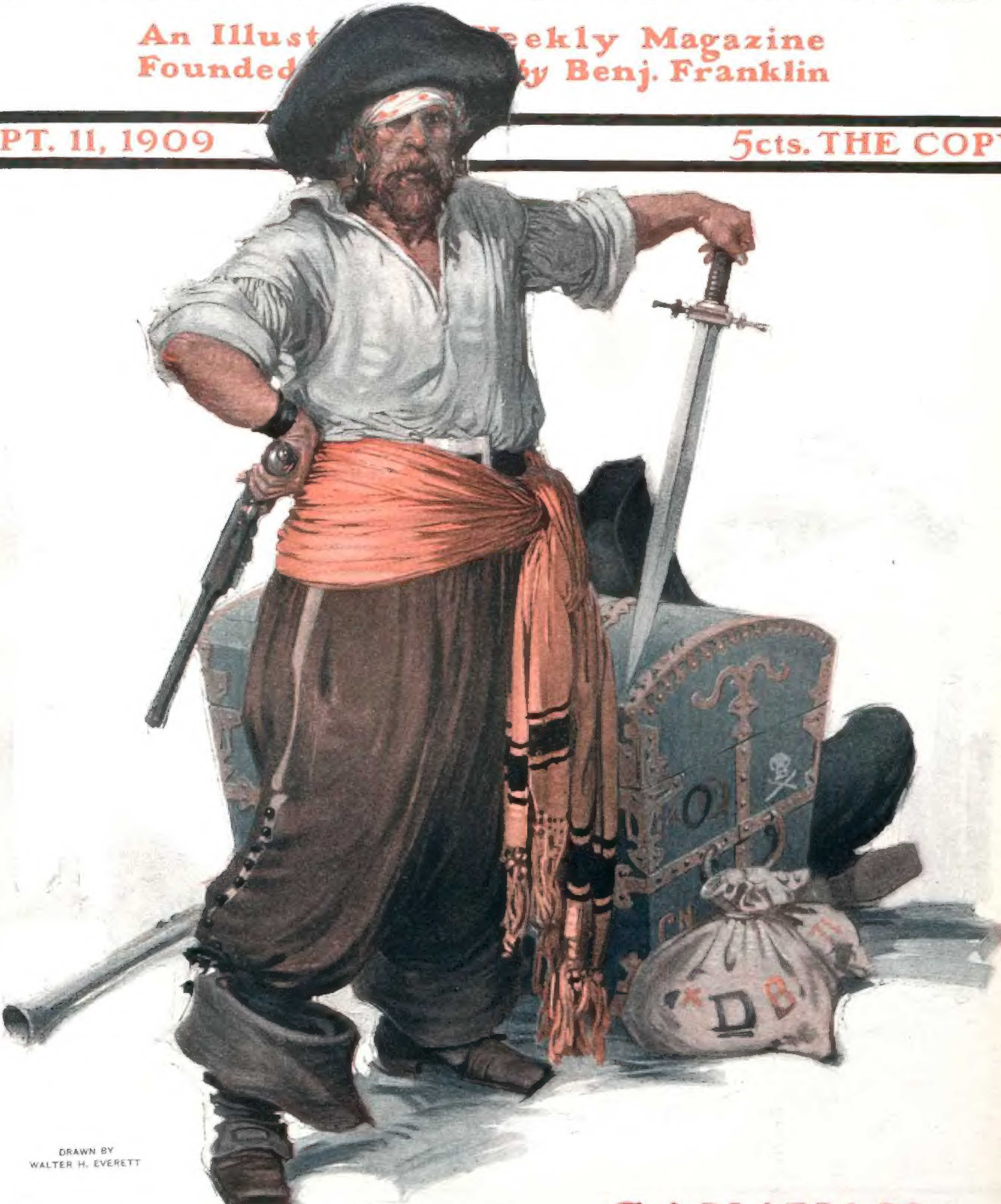


DRAWN BY
WALTER H. EVERETT

CANAVAN

By Rupert Hughes

Copyright, 1909, B. Kuppenheimer & Co.

It's half the battle to have the right appearance—the other half is living up to it.

A man *feels like* living up to the genuine quality, the clean-cut character of Kuppenheimer Clothes. They inspire him to do and be his level best.

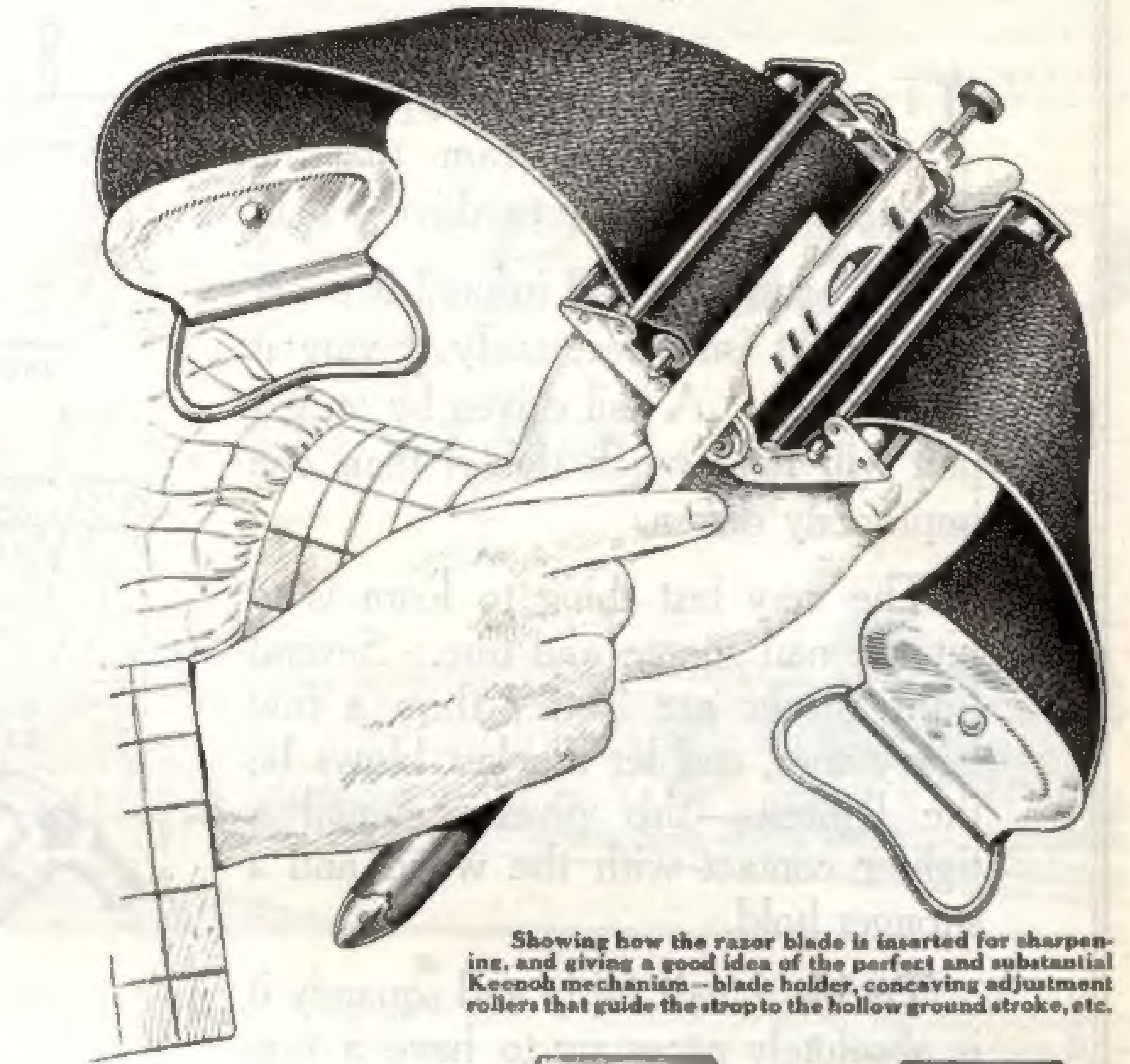
The new Fall and Winter styles will show you what we mean, and what you want.

Better see our book, Styles for Men. Sent upon request.

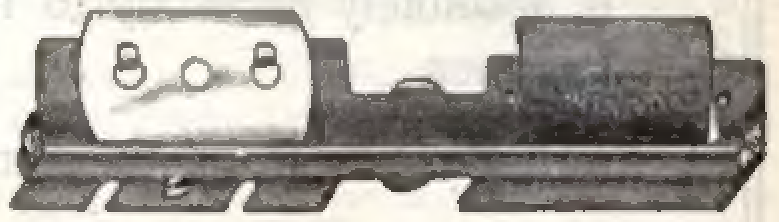
The House of Kuppenheimer

CHICAGO — NEW YORK — BOSTON

Take this (says your dealer), try it free ten days and Never Have a Dull Razor Again



Showing how the razor blade is inserted for sharpening, and giving a good idea of the perfect and substantial Keenoh mechanism—blade holder, concaving adjustment rollers that guide the strop to the hollow ground stroke, etc.



Auxiliary holder for safety blades—supplied free with every Keenoh.

You may think that when we say to you that we will deliver to you through your dealer a Keenoh Automatic Razor Sharpener for ten days' free trial, we are doing something very daring and very generous.

As a matter of fact, we are running no risk whatever—it is a plain business proposition on which we can't lose.

We know that no man who is honestly convinced that he will never again have a dull razor if he buys the Keenoh would even think of being without one if he had to pay two or three times the price.

The ten thousandth man might, for some ulterior reason, fail to keep the Keenoh—but the 9,999 wouldn't give it up under any consideration after they've seen it work.

We know this because we've sold 10,000 Keenohs in the last three months as fast as our plant could turn them out. We know it because all of our demonstrators report the same thing—that as soon as they've shown a man that the Keenoh will put an edge on his razor that he can split hairs with, he wants to buy at once.

We know because Keenoh dealers are jumping their orders from dozen to gross quantities; and because they tell us that the Keenoh not only never comes back, but that Keenoh buyers are so proud and pleased that they send other buyers in by the score.

So, while we seem to be taking a long chance when we put the Keenoh into your hands for ten days, there is no chance about it.

For instance, do you think there is any chance of your not keeping the Keenoh when you find that—automatically and infallibly—without any skill or practice on your part—it will put the sharpest, keenest shaving edge on your razor that it ever had? And keep that kind of an edge on it? Of course there isn't.

KEENOH
Automatic Razor Sharpener

We know so well what the Keenoh will do—what it is doing for thousands of men—that we can say with all sincerity and confidence:—

For the rest of your life we guarantee you against a dull razor.

Before we say another word let us try to tell you what the Keenoh will do.

It will put the keenest edge you ever shaved with on any razor in something less than thirty seconds' time.

It will do this by an absolutely automatic action.

It requires no skill whatever on your part.

It will give you the same kind of a shave, the same sort of an edge, in the same brief space of time, every day in the year.

By this we mean a razor edge just as keen and a shave just as smooth as the best edge and the best shave you ever got from the best barber in the best shop in America.

You can put this sort of edge on any blade—regulation or safety—any make, any size, any width.

The Keenoh automatically adjusts the blade to the absolutely correct stropping position—and it is the only sharpener that does.

Now understand, when we promise you all these extraordinary things—things which you cannot get from any other strop or in any other way—we mean them as a part of the guarantee on which every Keenoh Razor Sharpener is sold.

Having clearly established the fact in your mind that all these advantages are really a sales guarantee—we want to tell you of some still more wonderful things that the Keenoh will do.

You can take your razor—no matter how poorly it shaves—and *hone* it with the Keenoh. For the Keenoh hones as well as strops; and as long as you have one it will never be necessary to touch your razor to a stone.

You can take an old razor, which you have not used for ten years, and if it has any good steel in it at all, put an edge on it that will make it better than it was in its palmiest days.

Mind you, it will do all the things we have said equally well with any safety or straight razor.

It will put an edge on your safety blade better than the one it had when you bought it—in other words, it will improve every safety blade, even when it's at its best.

Where you have been getting thirty or forty shaves out of your safety blades, you will get one hundred to one hundred and fifty.

There is practically no limit to the life of a safety blade if you use the Keenoh faithfully and consistently.

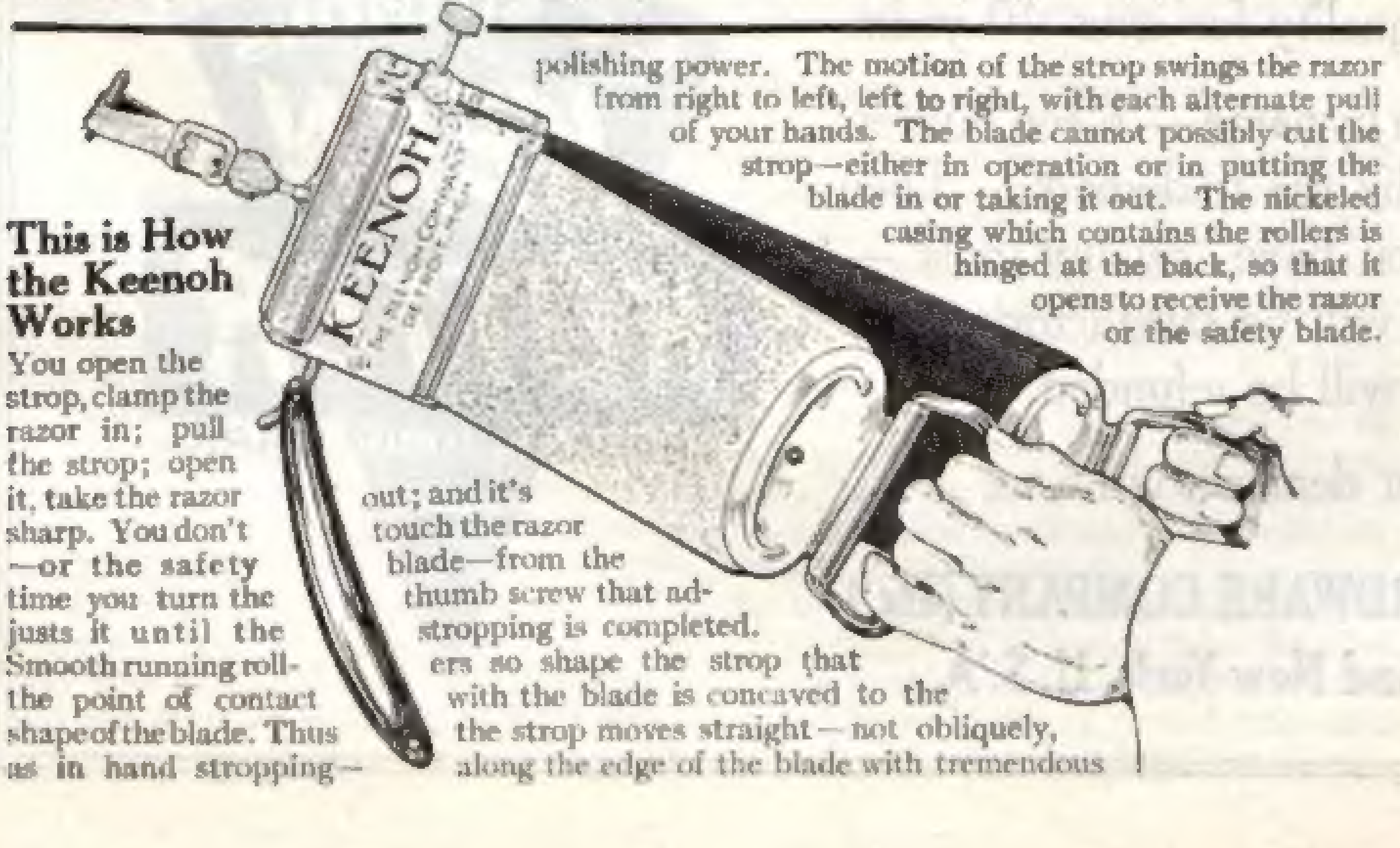
But haven't we told you quite enough? Don't you want the Keenoh at once, without knowing anything more about it?

All you need to do to get the Keenoh is to sign the coupon below, take it to your dealer—druggist, jeweler, hardware or sporting goods man—have him sign it too; mail it to us and we will deliver the Keenoh to you through the dealer.

Try it ten days. Use it every time you shave. Sharpen your old razors; and your friends' razors.

When ten days are up, keep it and pay the dealer $3.50; or return it to the dealer.

Sign and send the coupon.



This is How the Keenoh Works

You open the strop, clamp the razor in; pull the strop; open it, take the razor out; and it's sharp. You don't touch the razor—or the safety blade—from the time you turn the thumb screw that adjusts it until the stropping is completed. Smooth running rollers so shape the strop that the point of contact with the blade is concaved to the shape of the blade. Thus the strop moves straight—not obliquely, as in hand stropping—along the edge of the blade with tremendous polishing power. The motion of the strop swings the razor from right to left, left to right, with each alternate pull of your hands. The blade cannot possibly cut the strop—either in operation or in putting the blade in or taking it out. The nickeled casing which contains the rollers is hinged at the back, so that it opens to receive the razor or the safety blade.

The Keenoh Company 234 West Fort Street DETROIT, MICH.

Owned and operated by the Diamond Power Specialty Company, Detroit, Mich. Also manufacturers of the Diamond Soot Blower, the Diamond Turret Head, the Diamond Cleaner.

Keenoh Features

Strong and substantial—will last a lifetime.

Metal parts are handsome—heavily nickeled.

Metal casing containing the mechanism opens and the blade is inserted and taken out without danger of cutting the operator or the strop.

Razor blade—heavy or light, thick or thin, broad or narrow, regular or safety—automatically adjusted to the absolutely correct stropping position.

Hones as well as sharpens.

Strop itself is leather of a special grade, tanned with especial care.

Weight complete 20 oz.

COUPON

The signature of your dealer on this coupon is necessary.

The Keenoh Company
234 West Fort Street, Detroit, Mich.

Send me, through my dealer (who has signed this coupon) one Keenoh Automatic Razor Sharpener for 10 days' free trial. At the end of 10 days I am to pay the dealer $3.50 or return the Keenoh to him.

Name____________________________

Address____________________________

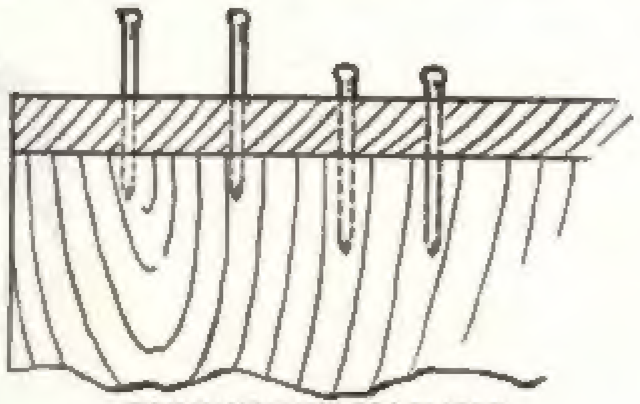
Dealer's name____________________________

Business____________________________

Address____________________________

Dealers may return to us sharpeners returned by customers.

Can You Drive A Nail?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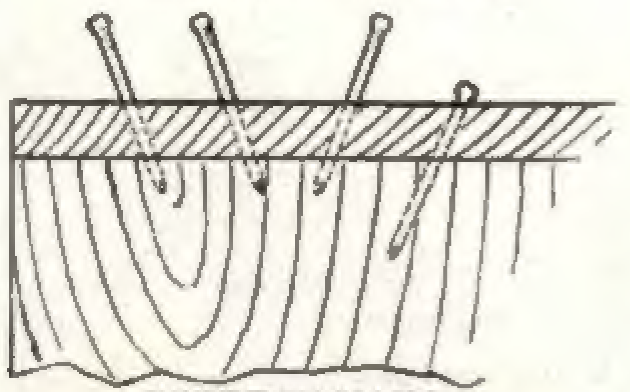
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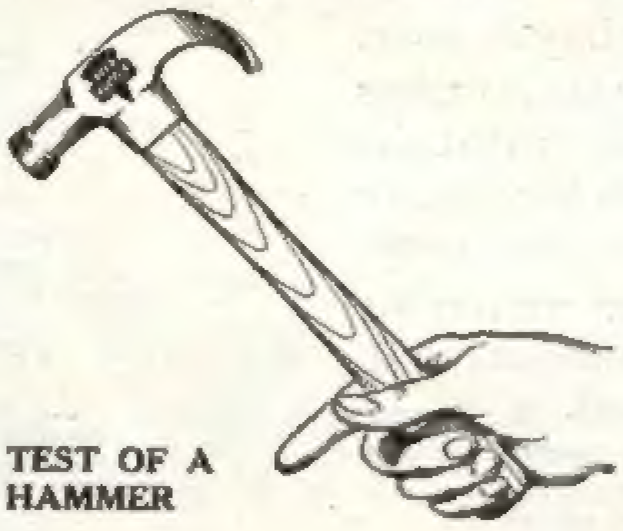
TEST OF A HAMMER

IT takes a carpenter's apprentice about a year to learn that he doesn't know how to drive a nail.

Pounding a nail in until it is out of sight isn't necessarily driving it properly. A nail driven by an expert will hold much tighter than one improperly driven.

The very first thing to learn is to hit the nail square and true. Several light blows are better than a few heavy ones, and let the last blows be the lightest — this gives the nail a tighter contact with the wood and a stronger hold.

To hit a nail fairly and squarely it is absolutely necessary to have a true hammer.

If the weight of the hammer is not correctly and accurately balanced and distributed, a square blow is impossible.

Here is the way the expert both tests his hammer and holds it when in use: he grasps it near the end of the handle with three fingers, letting the thumb and forefinger point down at right angles to the handle. Held in this position the hammer of its own weight will fall exactly true, if properly balanced.

Try this test with a Keen Kutter Hammer and see how perfect is the "hang" and balance.

This illustrates why Keen Kutter Tools are better for the expert and better for the novice — why they do better work and do it easily.

KEEN KUTTER

Tools and Cutlery

are all the result of patient study and experiment. No detail has been overlooked. Their adjustment, balance, weight, distribution — or, as the carpenter says, their "hang" is perfect. Start a saw cut, for instance, with a Keen Kutter Saw — let its own weight carry it through, and it will cut "true as a die."

Such are the tools that have held a reputation for quality for over 40 years.

Ask for them by name — Keen Kutter. Identify them by the trademark. Then you are sure you have "quality tools" — you know they will be satisfactory or the purchase price will be refunded.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.),
St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten." — E. C. Simmons
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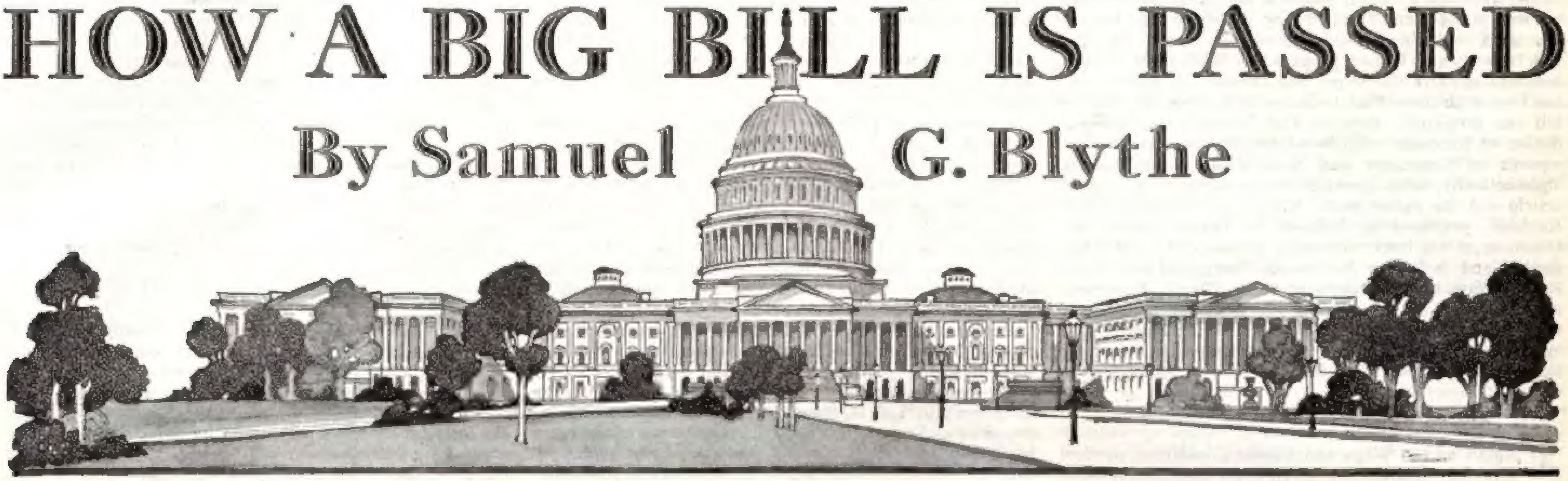
HOW A BIG BILL IS PASSED

By Samuel G. Blythe



THE machinery of Congress is complex. The House of Representatives operates its machine by force. The Senate runs its machine by finesse. The House has its rules, and with their aid the majority can do anything it chooses in the way of forcing legislation or retarding it, by brute strength, by using those rules as a club and beating the opposition into submission. The Senate has its rules and traditions and precedents, differing essentially from those of the House in the important item of cloture, or curtailment of debate. The majority leaders of the Senate cannot use the club. They are restricted to sleight-of-hand, and, it may be remarked, there are some excellent prestidigitateurs among them.

Debate can be limited in the House to half an hour on any given proposition if the leaders have the votes to pass a special rule. They generally have the votes. There is no limit to discussion in the Senate. Any Senator can talk as long as he chooses on any topic that is up for consideration—or on any other topic, for that matter. The House closes debate when the leaders wish, by a rule. Unanimous consent is required in the Senate. Any Senator who thinks there has not been full or free discussion or desires to delay a vote on a bill can postpone action as long as he can keep talking and hold the floor.

This explains the radical difference between the House and Senate and shows why the House passed the Payne tariff bill, at the extraordinary session of Congress that closed on August fifth, after twenty-three days of discussion, while the Senate took eighty-nine days, from the day the House passed the bill, for the same job. The Constitution requires that all revenue bills shall originate in the House. Hence, the Senate marked time while the House debated and passed the bill, and the House did likewise while the Senate had it under consideration. President Taft called the extraordinary session of Congress to make a new tariff bill, and as Speaker Cannon did not appoint his committees, with the exception of the Ways and Means Committee that framed the tariff bill, and the few other committees, like Rules and Accounts, necessary to keep the House going, there was no chance for any general legislation. Every bill introduced in House or Senate must be referred to its proper committee. If there are no committees there can be no business.

Except in minor detail, every big bill that is passed by Congress goes through the same routine the tariff bill went through, and, broadly speaking, the story of how the tariff bill was made and passed is the story of how every great legislative measure is put on the statute books. Inasmuch as a tariff bill is supposed to affect, one way or the other, nearly everybody in the country, there was more general interest in the bill than there is in the ordinary appropriation or general law, more talk about it, and more jockeying with it; but it went through the same processes and encountered the same obstacles and had the ways greased for it as every other big bill has had for years.

The Gentle Art of Muddying the Waters

JUST here it may be opportune to say there never was a minute when the tariff bill was out of control of the men who had the task of making it. Speaker Cannon and Senator Aldrich ran the whole show. President Taft stepped in after the bill had gone to conference and insisted on some changes. His insistence was anticipated. All that row about free hides and free oil and such other additions to the free list or reductions in schedules the President insisted upon was a sham battle. Aldrich and Cannon knew they would have to recede in places, and they receded where it hurt least.

This is the point: They gave in to the President's demand for free hides and free oil and the rest, but in so doing they made such a row that the general impression was that the sacred policy of protection was having a dent put in it that never could be ironed out. They rampaged and ranted around, fought and squabbled and, finally, let the President have his way. It was a great victory for the President!

But while they were rowing and bending slowly and with horrible creakings on free hides and free oil and a reduced lumber rate they distracted attention from the wool and woolen schedule, the cotton schedule and the steel schedule. No impious hand was laid on those rates. They went through as Aldrich had planned them months ago. They were the vital schedules, from the Aldrich viewpoint. Free hides and free oil were non-essentials. The gist of that tariff bill is in the wool and cotton and steel schedules, which were saved intact by the masterly retreat on hides and oil and the few other things where retreat was made at all.

All legislation is compromise, but the skilled legislator tries to compromise on the items he does not care about or that are not vital. The Payne bill was loaded down with trading stock, and Cannon and Aldrich traded a lot of it off to the President. Did they trade off any wool or woolen rates? They did not, nor any steel or cotton, either. They traded hides and oil and such. Consequently, all stories about defeats of the leaders in this recent tariff matter may be forgotten. They knew what they could get, and they got all they expected to. Perhaps more. At any rate, they lost nothing, and the way they muddied the water while conceding things they had long ago decided to concede was beautiful to behold.

President Taft announced during his campaign for election that he would, if elected, call an extraordinary session of Congress for the express purpose of revising the tariff. The Dingley tariff law, which was operative at that time and until the fifth of August of this year, when the present tariff law was signed, was passed by the extraordinary session of Congress called by President McKinley in March, 1897, directly after his first inauguration, and consequently had been in force more than twelve years when the new law became effective. The Republican leaders in Congress knew long ago there must be tariff revision eventually, and early last summer Representative Sereno E. Payne, of Auburn, New York, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, where all tariff legislation originates, began preliminary work looking to the preparation of a new law. This was a tentative arrangement, of course, but the Republican leaders were almost sure Taft and a Republican Congress would be elected, and knew that if such was the case Payne would continue as head of the Ways and Means Committee.

Ten Million Words and One Million Dollars

WHAT the public sees and hears about a big Congressional measure—the debate—is merely the fireworks, the show part of the enterprise of putting a big bill on the statute-books. The real work comes in the preparation, in the hearings before the committees, in the vast labor of perfecting the bill, so far as may be, before it is submitted to Congress for final disposition. A bill, as it is reported to the House or Senate, is not a hastily or carelessly conceived measure written by some member and put on passage.

Every bill introduced is referred at once to the proper committee, to be mulled over, perfected, changed, amended, discussed and killed or reported, as the case may be. When big bills, like a tariff measure or the big appropriation bills, are in process of making they are completed by the committees, reported to the House or Senate, referred to the proper committees and immediately reported out again favorably and put on passage. The reporting and referring and reporting again are part of the legislative process. An individual bill is introduced, fixed over by the committee and then reported, taking its place on the calendar. The point is that the big bills are complete, so far as the committees are concerned, and the committee's task is to get them through as nearly as possible in their original shape.

That brings about the debate, which, from first to last, in the case of the new tariff bill, ran well over ten million words, occupying, until the day of adjournment, five thousand two hundred and twenty-four pages of the Congressional Record, which is a publication that has a page area almost as great as that of The Saturday Evening Post. The average novel contains about one hundred and fifty thousand words. A short calculation will show the size of the library of information and misinformation the Senators and Representatives exuded while the bill was under discussion. The cost of making the bill, including preparation, correction, modification and final adoption, and all salaries, printing and other expenses, was almost a million dollars. Some estimates of the cost were as high as four million dollars, but a fourth of that sum is probably nearer right, although the cost of administration in the initial stages of the new law's workings, legal proceedings consequent on the decisions under the new law and the tremendous amount of printing traceable directly to it will bring the cost up far into the millions. This, of course, is correlative cost, not the actual cost of making the law.

Soon after election in 1908, when it was determined that the Sixty-first Congress would be Republican, Chairman Payne, on notice from Speaker Cannon, called the Ways and Means Committee of the House together in Washington and began hearings on the proposed bill. He had a rough draft of the measure prepared—the fruits of his work, assisted by experts, during the summer. Some of these experts had been at work long before Mr. Payne took hold. There were prepared for the use of the committee three books entailing great research and acres of compilation.

Merely to show what it means in the way of preliminary work to write a tariff bill or any other big bill, for the procedure is similar, these books may be cited. The first was Imports and Duties, prepared by William M. Evans, assistant clerk of the Ways and Means Committee, who has been with the committee since 1897, when the Dingley bill was prepared. Imports and Duties was a consolidation of fourteen volumes of the annual Government reports on Commerce and Navigation, which showed, alphabetically, what quantity was imported of any given article and the duties paid. Then came Notes on Tariff Revision, prepared by William K. Payne, son of the chairman, a big book containing all sorts of tariff information and including the various interpretations of the Dingley law by the courts and the Board of General Appraisers. The other book was Estimated Revenue, which showed how much money the Government might expect under the new law, based on previous importations and trade conditions. Mr. Evans prepared this book also.

Old General Debate Dies of Inanition

AS SOON as the Ways and Means Committee reached Washington notice was given to all those interested in the new tariff and with suggestions to make as to new rates of duty to appear before the committee. They came in droves. There were men who wanted duties reduced, men who wanted duties raised, and men who wanted duties left as they were in the Dingley law. They swarmed into the Capitol and were heard in detail by the committee, who listened to them, questioned them, took their documents and then made the rates as the Republican majority willed. Speaker Cannon had fixed it so there was always a good working regular Republican majority on the Ways and Means Committee. Even if one or two Republicans turned insurgent the organization Republicans always had enough to fix the bill as they wanted it fixed; this, as Speaker Cannon insists, being a Government by majority.

The Ways and Means Committee were assisted in their work by Major Herbert M. Lord, a paymaster in the Army, who was detailed for tariff work a year ago and who helped Mr. Payne in the preparation of the first draft of the bill. Major Lord served with this committee during the preparation of the McKinley and Dingley tariff bills and, without doubt, has a greater expert and detailed knowledge of the tariff than any other man available for such duties. He was in charge of the estimates and all other figure features of the bill and distributed the work to the other aids. Two experts from the Government Printing Office, Leo Rullman and H. W. Kitzmiller, indexed and read proof. Rullman prepared the great mass of copy for the printers and Kitzmiller read the proof. The Government Printing Office was kept constantly busy in one section in printing reports of hearings, making tables, changing schedules. First and last, the printing done in connection with the work of making a tariff law costs scores of thousands of dollars.

The committee continued its hearings after Congress met in December, 1908, for the last session of the Sixtieth Congress. The men who wanted things continued to swarm in and make their demands. Day after day the committee sat for hours hearing people who had tariff designs for their own good. Long executive sessions were also held, when schedules were discussed by the committee, prepared and voted on. The hearings continued until March fourth, when the Sixtieth Congress ended. By that time the bill was in fairly complete shape as the Republicans wanted it, and it was sent over for next-to-final printing. The final revision and correction was done between March fourth and March fifteenth, when the extraordinary session of the Sixty-first Congress was called by President Taft. The President's brief message telling Congress what he wanted it to do was read in Congress on March sixteenth.

The Payne bill was entirely completed when it was introduced in the House on March seventeenth. It was immediately referred by the House to the Ways and Means Committee. The committee, having adopted the bill before, went through the formality of making a favorable report on it, the Republicans on the committee voting for it and the Democrats against, and Mr. Payne told the House next day, March eighteenth, that the bill was a good one and the majority of the committee advised its passage. Next day the bill was read in full, "for the information of the members," and after the reading the Rules Committee began its operations. A special rule was brought in prohibiting amendment of the bill during general debate, but putting no limit on the general debate. This meant that the bill must be discussed by the House as a whole, or constructively so, and that no member could offer an amendment and be in order.

A great deal of piffle has been written about the "drastic" and "czarlike" rules of the House of Representatives. Imagine the situation that would have followed the introduction of a general tariff bill in the House of Representatives, leaving that bill open to amendment and putting no limit on debate. There are three hundred and ninety-one members of the House and every one of them had from one to a hundred amendments to propose and talk about. It would have taken a year to pass the bill without a special rule.

Representative Payne, as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, made the opening speech for the Republicans, explaining the bill and advocating it, as does every chairman of committee or member who has an important bill in charge. Payne's speech occupied two days and was an exhaustive presentation of the regular Republican views of tariff revision as exemplified by this bill. Champ Clark, leader of the minority and ranking Democrat on the Ways and Means Committee, followed Payne and made the opening speech for the Democrats, tearing the bill to such tatters as he could, ridiculing it and ripping it wide open, as is always the case when a measure of such importance is before the House.

Then the general debate began. The Republicans, for the most part, took their cues from Payne and the Democrats from Clark, although there were some Republicans who posed as insurgents and some Democrats who openly stood for the bill. During the general debate every item in the bill was discussed. Usually, in a situation of this kind there is a special rule limiting debate, but the Republicans knew the House would tire pretty soon, and let the members spout until they were exhausted. After the first week of the general debate night sessions were held. Anybody could talk, and almost everybody did. Still, the members knew they were not getting anywhere with their talk because of the rule forbidding amendment during general debate, and after they had embalmed their tariff ideas in the Record they quit, waiting for what was coming. The general debate died of inanition on April third. No rule was needed to stop it. It just petered out.

The Solemn and Useless Minority Protest

AFTER it was discovered that all the patriots had said their say, the real jamming began. The Rules Committee, having been extremely lenient in the way of allowing full and free talk when no harm could be done to the bill in the way of amendment, brought in a rule on April fifth allowing from April fifth to April ninth inclusive—five days—for debate under the five-minute rule—that is, no member could talk for more than five minutes on any one topic. The rule also provided that the bill was open to amendment for the first time, but, in order that there should not be too much amendment, stipulated that a final vote should be taken on April ninth.

Speaker Cannon did not preside during the tariff debate. The bill was considered "in Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union," and Representative M. E. Olmsted, of Pennsylvania, was designated by the Speaker to preside. The title of the Representative who presides over the Committee of the Whole is Chairman, and instead of saying "Mr. Speaker" all persons who made speeches began "Mr. Chairman."

The theory is that in the Committee of the Whole the House considers a bill as a committee considers and then reports it to the House, sitting as the House, with the Speaker in the chair, for action. When the House rose from the Committee on the Whole Chairman Olmsted made a report of the proceedings to the House. That is, according to House usage, he told the House what the House had been doing. He said the committee had discussed the bill and had come to "no resolution thereon," which is what the Committee of the Whole always does. During the debate under the five-minute rule not more than one-sixth of the bill was read, and although a large number of amendments were offered the greater part of the bill had no chance for amendment, which was what was contemplated when they introduced the special rule limiting debate under the five-minute rule.

In order to placate obstreperous members reserved votes—that is to say, separate votes—were permitted on amendments relating to lumber, oil, hides and some other features most disputed. After all these things had been arranged the final parliamentary stage arrived. Champ Clark, the Democratic leader, arose and solemnly moved that the whole bill be recommitted to the Ways and Means Committee—sent back—with instructions to change various schedules. The minority leader always does that, knowing there isn't a chance. The motion to recommit was defeated, and the bill was put on final passage and passed, as slightly amended, by a vote of two hundred and seventeen for and one hundred and sixty-one against.

Senator Aldrich and Experts Get to Work

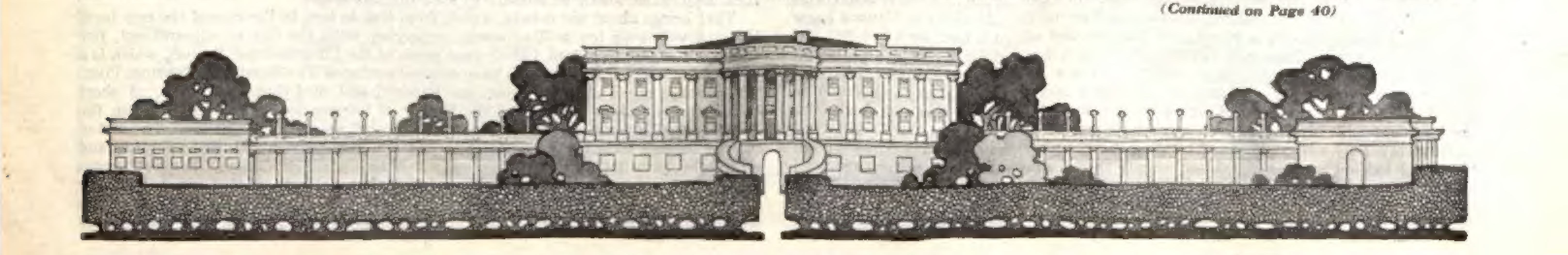
THAT ended the concern of the House with the bill for the time being. The Constitution provides that neither branch of Congress, without the consent of the other, shall adjourn for more than three days at a time. Thus the House sent the tariff bill to the Senate and, during the long debate there, adjourned for three days at a time until the conferees were ready to report, there being no other important business before it. Had Congress been in regular session the House would have taken up other work after it had disposed of the tariff bill.

Almost as soon as Chairman Payne began framing up his tariff bill at Auburn, maybe before, Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, which considers tariff legislation after it has been passed by the House, began making his own tariff bill. Regular sessions of the Finance Committee did not begin until the special session of Congress was called on March fifteenth. Then only the Republican Senators on the committee went at it. The Democrats were told to go and amuse themselves, after they had been informed they would be given a chance to look over the bill before it was reported. The Republicans on the Senate Finance Committee had a blank bill prepared, with every item in place, but no rates put in. No formal hearings were held, but a great number of persons who wanted things were heard, and the rates set down as they were determined. The Democrats were excluded from all hearings, nor were the hearings published as they were by the Ways and Means Committee of the House.

The Finance Committee used more experts than the Ways and Means Committee. In addition to Major Lord and experts Rullman and Kitzmiller, who worked with the Ways and Means Committee, H. L. Stevenson operated the adding and calculating machines, coming from the Interstate Commerce Commission. J. G. Thrall, from the Bureau of Statistics, did the classifying, and Messrs. Sherrets, De Vries and Fisher, of the Board of General Appraisers, looked out for the administrative features and the legal points. There were two experts on cotton goods, and, in addition, Arthur C. Shelton, clerk of the committee, with C. E. Alden, assistant clerk, and William A. Slade, librarian, who had charge of all the hundreds of books of reference. H. L. Miller, of the Treasury Department, was detailed to help the Democrats do their futile figuring.

Surrounded by this army of experts Senator Aldrich and the Republican members of the Finance Committee made their bill. The Payne bill came over from the House and was received by the Senate on April tenth. The bill was referred to the Finance Committee, which had its own bill ready and put the Payne bill in the waste basket. Senator Aldrich reported his bill on April twelfth, but in the mean time the House had found a blunder in the petroleum schedule of the bill as passed by the House and recalled the Payne bill for correction. The change was made and

(Continued on Page 40)



Canavan, the Man Who Had His Way

By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD MATTHEWS BRETT

EVEN the horses were snobs. They swaggered along the avenue with noses so high in air that the short check-reins hung slack on their haughty necks. Whether or not the street-sweeper got out from under their spurning hoofs was his affair, not theirs. On the box the coachman and footman looked like a bishop and his coadjutor, except that, as the whippletree grazed the dingy street-cleaner, the coachman's mouth sagged with an unspoken stable word.

In the swanlike scoop of the victoria sat a young man and a young woman, patrician enough to loll without fear. The girl—Miss Beatrice Newnes, it was—gave a gasp as the canvas-clad scavenger just evaded the wheel-guard.

She was angry at him for giving her little heart a jolt. Her horses had run down a man once before, and her motor had bowled over a dirty newsboy with most unpleasant results: she had missed an engagement at her tailor's, and the newspapers had published her name and a picture of her that was badly smudged in the printing.

"It's outrageous the way these street-sweepers dodge in and out," she said to Rodman Cadbury 3d. "We're never safe from the danger of knocking one of them over."

"The worst of it is," said Cadbury, "that they think they are as good as we are."

"Oh, they are as good—perhaps," she smiled. "Better, I hope—as far as getting to Heaven and all that, but——"

"I've no doubt that if they get there they'll be set to sweeping the golden streets," said Cadbury, groaning with the labor of shifting one knee over another. "The worst of it is, the dogs think that they are as good as we are Down Here. That fellow is probably wishing he dared heave a bit of Irish confetti at us."

But the fellow in the once-was-white suit was thinking nothing of the sort. He was dodging another carriage. The escape from a taxi-Juggernaut followed so hard upon the elision of a touring-car that each adventure crowded the previous one out of his mind.

At the end of the day as he trudged home, scorching his thumb over his clay pipe, he sometimes reviewed what part of the kaleidoscope he could recall. This evening Canavan remembered his escape from the Newnes' horses, chiefly because he had recognized the footman as the son of the aristocratic Honan, who lived on the ground floor of his tenement. Canavan knew that Patsy Honan worked for the Newneses, so he guessed that the girl in the victoria was the daughter of old millionaire Newnes.

"That Miss Noons is a bird," he told his wife that evening; "purty as a pitcher."

"Shut up and ate your cornbeef," said Mrs. Honoria Canavan. The street-cleaner did not lay aside the robe of humility when he took off his white wings. In the street he was always almost run over; at home he was walked upon, sat upon, kept in his place. He was not so old as he would be one day if he lived. Indeed, if you had asked his age he might have answered: "If I live five years longer I'll be as old then as me old woman is now." He might have, but he would never have dared so to betray his wife.

Mrs. Canavan read the society columns of the Sunday papers and she was soon asking:

"What did she have on?"

"Who?"

"Miss Noons, of course; who else?"

"What did she have on, did you say?"

"Yis."

"Clothes, of course—and a hat."

"Aw, you loafer, you! What kind of clothes?"

"How the divil should I know? I'm no milliner."

"The man who was with her was probably Mr. Cadbury—noomber t'ree—whatever that manes," said Mrs. Canavan with dignity. "I'm after radin' that she's marryin' um next mont'. Or so the newspaper says, and it knows all that's goin' on."

"Marryin', eh?—the Lord help him—I mean her," he amended hastily as his wife glared his way. After he had pushed his pie plate aside, and she had dumped the dishes into the sink, she settled back to read the last Sunday supplement, of which the society section had come round the fish for the morrow, which was Friday.

Seeing that she was absorbed in the doings of Upper Tendom, Canavan timidly slid his hand to his hat and percolated through the door. If he left home meekly he no less meekly entered the back room of the shabby saloon where a number of his cronies foregathered of evenings and made a merriment of which he was a timid spectator. Among the humblest he was still humbler.

And so he lived his life surreptitiously, shunted aside at his job, at his home and even in his cups.

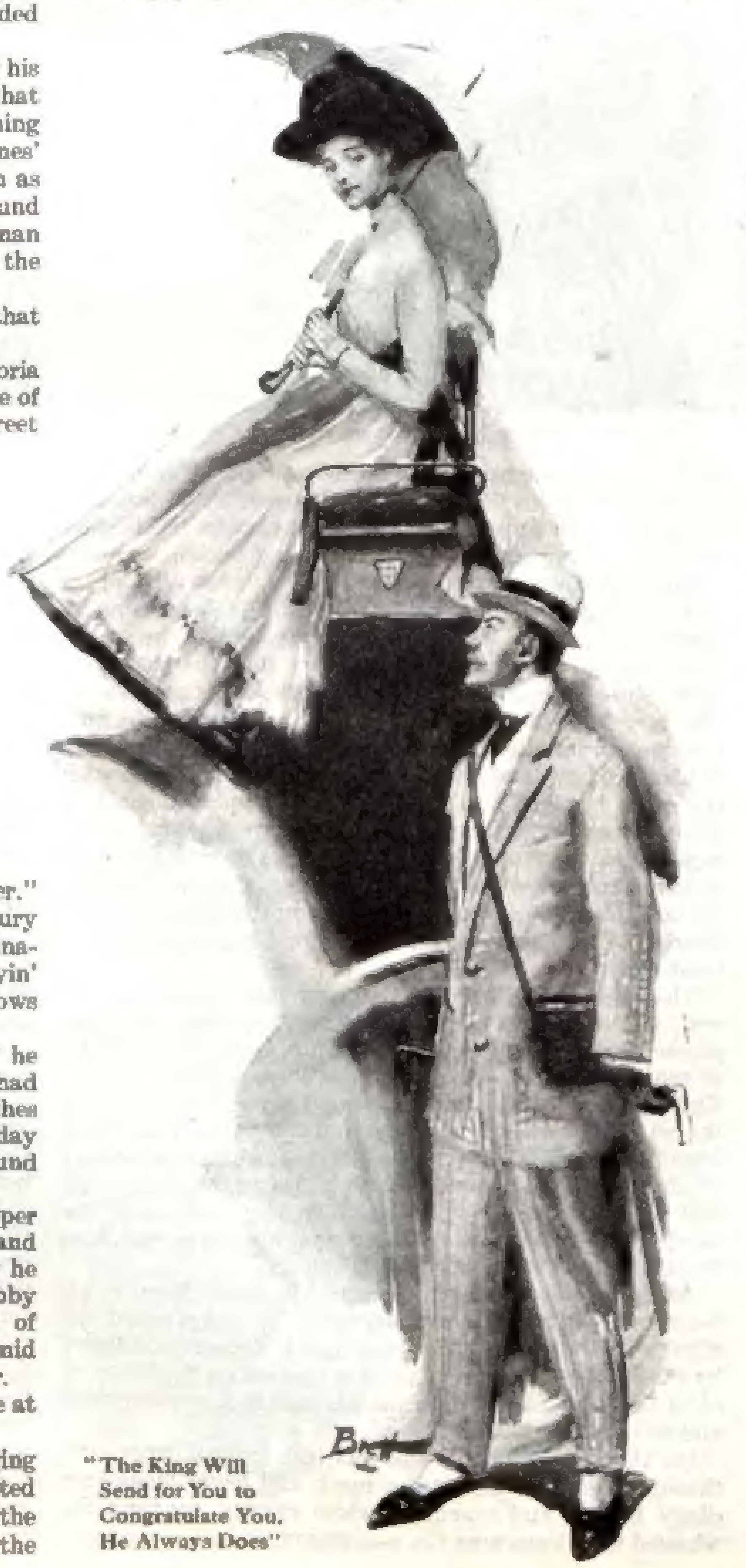
But one day Canavan was brought home in a clanging ambulance. It was the first time in his life he had attracted so much attention. It is true they had refused him the glory of a bed at the hospital, and Mrs. Canavan read the next day's papers in vain to find a line about him, but the whole block turned out to see him carried in horizontally, feet foremost; and the many-windowed walls of the street were a berry-patch of heads.

"Well, that Noons' driver got me at last, Honoria. It's three times he's after missin' me," was Canavan's apologetic exclamation when he came to.

Mrs. Canavan was glad that, if her man had to be run over, he had chosen something aristocratic. An automobile would have been sweller, but a victoria was better than a dumpcart.

Mrs. Canavan nursed him in her rough-handed way, snarling at his peevishness, and taking for her standard the theory that the one safe way was to refuse everything he asked. When she tucked him in her tenderness resembled the short-arm jab of a heavyweight, but there was a sympathetic idea behind it, and he found a luxury where another would have found rigor.

When he was strong enough to sit up and spit on the stove Mrs. Canavan concluded that, being as the girl was growing up and needing more clothes and the boy coming through his shoes and his father's pants every few days, and meat going up every week in price and all, it would be a real hardship to lose Canavan now. Having missed his weekly wage for a month, she realized his importance and decided for him that he must give up street-cleaning and hunt a job with a smaller element of hazard. Her ukase dismayed him for a time, as street-cleaning was the one trade he knew—if he knew that; but his ward boss, who would soon need his vote, got him a safer place with a blasting gang on the subway construction.



"The King Will Send for You to Congratulate You. He Always Does"

Canavan's job was to shovel and pick, here and there, while the drills gnawed holes enough in the rocks, and then to stand off and wait until the dynamite had boomed and thudded. Then it was his job to go down in the sweaty earth-wound and clear out the shattered rocks, shoveling away what could be shoveled, and tearing with his hands at such blade-edged boulders as denied the spade.

Canavan's boss was unusually hard on him, because he was as meek as he was willing, and the strength of him was a thing he had not discovered. He was as timid and hulking as a baby Pantagruel. Canavan stood everything—bruises till his hands looked like ragged gloves, and curses till he almost lost the right to call himself an Irishman.

Sometimes as he straightened the creaking thews of his back he would look with envy at the man who held the red flag to warn people and horses to keep their distance when the blast was about to thunder.

One day Sorahan, one of the flagmen, did not turn up. The day before, his step had been so unsteady that a friend had prophesied the return of one of his "periodicals," which recurred as regularly as a comet and boded nearly as much ill in its parabola.

So Canavan was detailed as flagman for the nonce. The standard was humble at best, but it made a brave spot of color. And Canavan loved red. And then the authority of it! One wave, and he put a stop to the progress of traffic of every sort; high-toned charioteers of brewery trucks, precipitant chauffeurs, presidents of corporations and parish priests, pushcarts and trolleys. Once he stopped a patrol wagon! He almost fainted at the Czardom of that!

Ah, but Canavan reveled in the red flag. It was his first sip of authority over other men. It was new wine, fire upon the palate and fume upon the brain.

Along about four o'clock the Newnes' horses—no less—came clattering eight-footedly up. Canavan knew those horses. He had one or two of their hoof-marks still on him under his red flannel undershirt. He owed them his demise from the White Wings and his shift to the blasting profession.

There was a strange joy in checking the Newnes' team, of all. The coachman was for driving over him as usual, but Canavan whacked one of the steeds over his haughty nose and brought him up standing, pawing the air.

The pretty lady leaned out and, in her aristocratic way, gave the coachman and the footman What-for for not hurrying on. The sight of Patsy Honan's chagrin was precious ointment in Canavan's wound, spikenard to his downtrodden pride.

The coachman humbly explained over his shoulder with a military salute, that, begging your pardon, he was held up by a flagman.

The pretty lady turned then on the flagman with a shrill volley of commands. Canavan, to her intense amazement—and to his—heard himself answering her with equal hauteur.

When she waxed dictatorial he was inspired to a great speech of defiance. The language was 1909, but the spirit was 1798.

"Ah, go chase yourself! I don't wear your dirty livery, and I take no orders from the likes of you."

The horrified Miss Newnes ordered the coachman to slash the dog with the whip and drive him down, but Canavan simply picked up a chunk of jagged granite and promised it to the coachman if he moved. He also invited Patsy Honan to come down from the box. But Patsy kept his arms folded in assumed disdain.

And then the dynamite let out a guttural oath somewhere, and there was a small Vesuvius of rock and dirt. Whereupon the Newnes' horses began to rear and plunge, Miss Newnes to scream and cower. Honan leaped to the horses' heads by Canavan's permission.

In a moment the eruption was over, and Canavan lowered his flag as if it were a herald's trumpet. And he sneered:

"Git back to yer pulpit, Patsy Honan! And move on wit' your baby carriage! You're blockin' the way."

There was a royalty about it that only an Irishman from the loins of Brian Boru could have attained. Cyrano de Bergerac would have improvised a sonnet on Canavan's gesture. The baffled wrath in the eyes of Patsy Honan and the coachman and Miss Beatrice Newnes was the tribute of the conquered. And they passed under Canavan's yoke.

Canavan enjoyed the incident as if he were an alley-cat fallen in a paradise of catnip. The very savor of it intoxicated him for hours, days, weeks.

When the afternoon's work was over the Canavan who went home was not the Canavan who had left that morning. You could have told it by the cock of his pipe.

When he arrived he stalked upstairs and entered without the usual treadmill shuffle on the doormat. Mrs. Canavan ordered him to take his dirty feet out of her kitchen. Elate with authority, Canavan consigned her to a well-known winter resort, and laid his coat on the best chair.

Mrs. Canavan stared at him in a stupor. Her glower of inspection showed that he lacked the excuse and prerogative of being drunk. She went for him with the mop. For the first time in their connubial chronicle he did not duck and dodge for the door.

He received the mop on his upraised forearm, wrenched it from her brawny clutch, chucked it into a corner and proceded to mop up the apartment with Mrs. Canavan. He made a thorough job of it.

His wife was too deeply astounded to resist. It was better so, for had she shown the prowess of a Valkyr he would have prevailed, with the spirit that was upon him.

It was not a pretty fight, but it was lively while it lasted, and it ended with Mrs. Canavan in complete shipwreck amid a jetsam of pots and pans and chairs and plates, while Canavan lighted his pipe with epic magnificence, as if nothing in the slightest degree unusual had happened.

Mrs. Canavan stared at him from rapidly-swelling eyes full of dazed admiration. It was a case of love at first sight with her.

And when he said: "Git offen that flure and wrastle me supper together quick, or round the room you go agin!"—when he said that, she felt that here at last was the lord of her life.

He ate his supper with a contemptuous superiority. He called the coffee "swill" and the potatoes "mud," and she waited upon him like a captured Sabine serving the Roman who had toted her home over his shoulder.

When Canavan had eaten his fill he kicked his chair back against the wall, slapped his hat on one side of his head and went to his saloon. Instead of trickling through the door and drooling into a chair, he entered with both feet, and yelled for the barkeeper to take the orders and have one himself.

Though he had sat among the gang off and on for years he had been so meek and taciturn that he had been almost a stranger to the coterie. Tonight he made himself host and, as the potations enlarged him, he led the singing. In fact, before the evening was over he had somehow managed to get himself invited to do a solo, and in a loud and confident tone, not afraid to err from the key, he had sung this relique of Dublin days:

Good-evenin' to you, boys, I hope to see you well,
As I consider meself tonight, as anny tongue can tell.
I'm not out of employment, nor lookin' for a job;
And you know me weekly wages is over eighteen bob.
It's a twelvemonth lasht Septimber since I left Balbriggan town,
And I helped me Uncle Barney to cut the harvest down.
It's now I wear a ganzey, and around me waisht a belt,
I'm a gaffer o'er the boys that makes the hot ashfelt.

And the chorus was:

You may talk about your sojers, your sailors and the resht,
Your shoemakers and tailors to plase the ladies besht;
But the only boys that have a chance the colleens' hearts to melt
Are the boys around the boiler makin' the hot ashfelt.

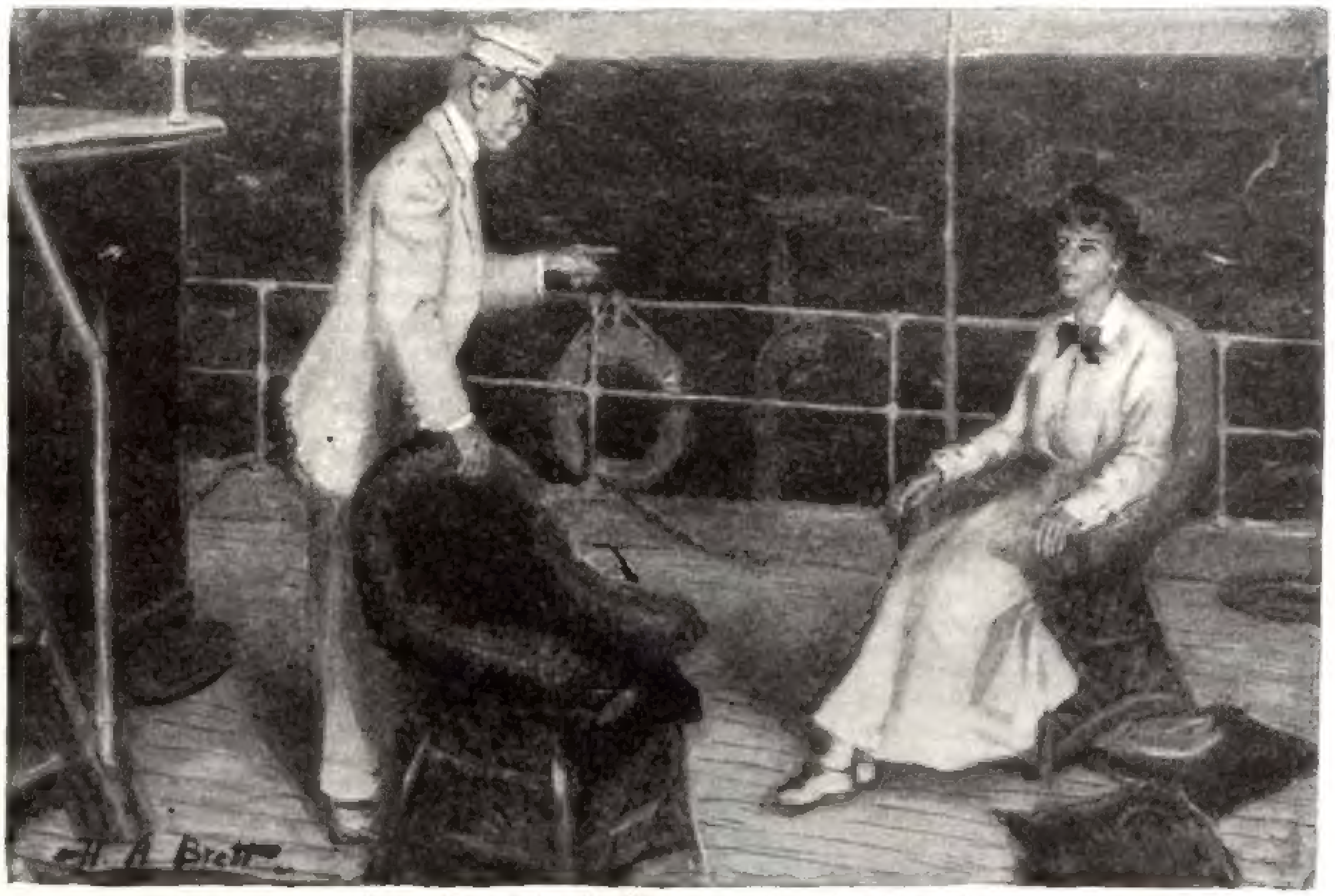
Second stanza, by request:

A polisman steps up to me, and he says: "Now, McGuire,
Will ye kindly let me light me dudeen at your boiler fire?".
Says I: "Me honest polisman, you know it's gittin' late,
And if you've anny gumption you'll go and mind your bate."
With that I drew out from um and I hit um such a welt,
That I knocked um in the boiler among the hot ashfelt.

Chorus. Third stanza, by wild acclamation:

The boys they gathered round him and shtuck him in the tub,
With soap and warrum wather they all begun to shcrub.
In the Dub(a)lin museum he is hung up by the belt
For an example to the boys that make the hot ashfelt.

When Canavan had done the asphalt chanty the circle roared with the applause due to an unsuspected genius long smothered in their midst.


"Your Job is Being Mrs. Canavan, and You Can't Resign"

It was "Good bhoy, Canavan!" "Canavan's the la-ad!" "Give us another, Canavan!" "Shut up and lave um sing!"

Then Canavan roared out the ballad of Nancy Hogan's Goose. It was even broader than it was long, but it went splendidly well with the beer.

It was late, late that evening before the crowd would let Canavan off, and when he swung down the street he found it suddenly too narrow for his swath. He climbed the stairs like an Irish bull, for whenever he had negotiated three steps he rolled down five; but he got all his dignity to the top at last, and he smote his door ajar like a costume-play prince entering a castle.

During the long evening Mrs. Canavan had mustered some of her old courage back, and when her man sprawled across more than his share of the bed she rebuked him after her old manner. Whereupon he placed his foot in the small of her back and catapulted her to the floor. The thud shook the house and ended her last resistance.

The next morning she let him sleep to the ultimate moment, helped him on with his clothes, and had his breakfast waiting for him. As he neared the place of his work and bethought him of the boss who had him completely cowed, his brief authority oozed. But Sorahan again failed to appear; again Canavan was established with the red flag, and the sip of command became a thirst.

On the following day the boss gave Canavan a bit of lip and Canavan told him where to go. The boss came at him with big fist clenched, and Canavan, seizing the spade, gave him the flat of it with such force that the boss' eyebrows showed through the gaping crown of his new derby. The boss fired him, from a distance, but election by this time was so imminent that Canavan demanded a new job of his ward boss, and got it. The fame of his prowess with the spade brought him furthermore an appointment as a poll-watcher with instructions to assure the safety of certain floaters, voting under the names of men who had removed to the cemetery or elsewhere. Canavan accomplished this false suffrage with such enthusiasm that the district polled eighteen more votes for his party than the total registration of both parties.

The ward boss cautioned Canavan against an excess of zeal, and there was some scandal over the matter. But prosecution was side-tracked and Canavan was recognized as too good a politician to be wasted on a blasting crew. There were political subways to build, and Canavan joined the municipal underground gang. The young fellow had acquired a lust for power and a taste for breaking a head when he saw it. He needed, and he began to acquire, the arts of waiting, of withholding the fist, and using the terror of its clenched threat, of manipulating people, and kneading a constituency like dough.

As Canavan came up in the world he came down in his tenement. It was one evening when he had reached the dignity of the ground-floor apartment, formerly occupied by the Honans, whose son had lost his post on the Newnes' equipage, that Cavanan sat at his ease in a rocking-chair and thought backward.

On the windowsill his shoeless feet loomed large, and through them he could see a meek and lowly being in a dingy helmet and maculate white canvas, pushing the wheeled sack known as the can-wagon.

Mrs. Canavan sat in another rocker with her somewhat smaller feet resting on the other sill undergoing a painful incarceration in a pair of high-heeled slippers to which she was initiating them gradually.

Canavan imbibed a deep draft of smoke from a black footrule of tobacco, shifted it to the larboard and observed:

"That's Sweeney out there, whisk-brooming the pavement."

"Usedn't you to be in his squad?" said Mrs. Canavan.

"I used," and the big cigar jibed to the starboard. "It's not so long ago that I was diggin' peat in the bogs of Ireland and red-eyed with the smoke of it. And you was a barefoot colleen, peelin' praties for supper."

"Little we thought we'd be atin' mate t'ree times a day so soon," said Honoria. "You'll be President before long."

"Not till they change the Constitootion," he said from his superior political knowledge. "But I'll come as close to it as nominatin' him one of these fine days. It's America that's the country for the Irish."

"Sure is it," said Mrs. Canavan.

"If it hadn't been for them Noons' horses, though," said Mr. Canavan, "I'd still be one of the White Wings, servin' as public chambermaid on the Avenyeh."

And Mrs. Cavanan cooed:

"Horseshoes sure do be lucky things, Danny darlin'."

II

ALL night long the crooked streets of London's many towns had been astream with citizens pouring one way, as if from another plague or another great fire. But it was not terror that drove them to the fields; it was sport that drew them. The annual hegira to the Derby was in progress; and those who were too penniless to book other carriage must e'en ride on shanks' mares.

All night long, then, the streets were murmurous with the rumor of feet and the muffled voices of the poor and pedestrian.

Daybreak found the slopes about the classic hippodrome already populous with early squatters, while every convergent road was still swollen with footsore mobs. The later hours of morning brought a mêlée of motors of every shape and color, two-storied coaches, equipage of all designs, donkey shays with bright-buttoned passengers, bicycles, more motors, more coaches, carriages, donkey shays and everything vehicular that could turn a wheel.

Everybody in England was there whom cruel necessity did not chain to a desk or a shop, and everybody who could beg or borrow or steal a top hat of any bell or brim, or acquire one by entail, wore it on his head with perfect complacency as to any nether incongruity.

Even the horses seemed to be clothed in large sections of silk-hat cloth of various colors, black, sorrel and bay. The King himself was there accompanied by such princes, dukes and others as made his Majesty's retinue.

With the exception of the King, who was correctness itself, *ex officio*, there was in all that crowd no correcter thing than Canavan.

What his old cronies of the street-cleaning department would have thought, had they seen him, it would be hard to imagine and harder to get into print. Some of them had advanced, some of them had lost even that job, some of them were still scavenging. Sweeney, for instance, had more white in his hair than in his uniform and he was still pushing the scraper. He would never have known Canavan for one of his former fellows, for that chapter of Mr. Canavan's history was one that he had torn out of his book as early as possible.

Least of all were the Cadburys aware of it – Rodman Cadbury 3d and Mrs. Cadbury, *née* Newnes. They understood vaguely that Mr. Canavan had risen from the people, and his occasional slips of tongue betrayed him; but they knew that, whatever he might have been, he was now rich, potent, a personage. His enemies called him the Czar of the city and reformers were forever attempting to purge it of his influence. But still Canavan's influence pervaded and the knell of his dynasty was not yet sounded.

Cadbury had first come to know Canavan when an associate told him that a project in which they were engaged was being blocked by some mysterious influence. He learned that one Canavan had an interest in another company than the one to which they had decided to let their contract.

"Who's Canavan?" said Cadbury, who did not read the papers.

"The most powerful man in the city—that's all," said his associate.

"What office does he hold?"

"All—and none. It's enough for you to know that you'd better not antagonize Canavan."

"And they call this country a republic!" sneered Cadbury. "That man Canavan ought to be in the penitentiary."

Cadbury had first come to meet Canavan in the flesh under circumstances of still greater meaning to his fortunes.

Cadbury had inherited as part of his personal property the control of a great company whose monstrous wealth, made up of the post-mortem trusts of numberless individuals, his father had handled about as he pleased. Cadbury inherited the methods and the mental attitude of his father as well as the majority of the company's stock.

But he fell upon harsher times. The public began to mind its own business and to poke its finger into the books of the trustees. Uncle Sam's nose was offended at the habits of the Cadburys, dead and alive, and at the customs of the officials who ran the company while Cadbury went dilettanting about Europe, making the whole world a pleasure resort.

To his disgust, rather than his shame, young Cadbury found himself and his lieutenants treated with scant courtesy by people and press alike. Previously to this, young Cadbury had never seen his name in the papers except in an "Among those present" list, or in the score of a polo game, and on the occasion that he married Beatrice Newnes and found himself and his bride widely headlined and halftoned.

But now he was universally advertised by his loving enemies. He and his sports and his business methods were omnipresent in news item, editorial and cartoon. It was especially unfair to ridicule Cadbury's "business methods," for he had none. His appearances at directors' meetings were a bore to him and a joke to the board. He sanctioned whatever was simplest to vote for, and whatever promised him larger dividends, for that meant to him another champion polo pony or a motor boat of higher horse-power.

And suddenly this hyacinthine youth found himself and his pleasances under the scowl of the mob; demagogues were howling the word Indictment. They were calling for his punishment, and Cadbury's own attorney could find no word to utter except his associate's password—Canavan.

"See Canavan," the lawyer said.

And Cadbury saw Canavan. He noted a curious look in the face that greeted him.

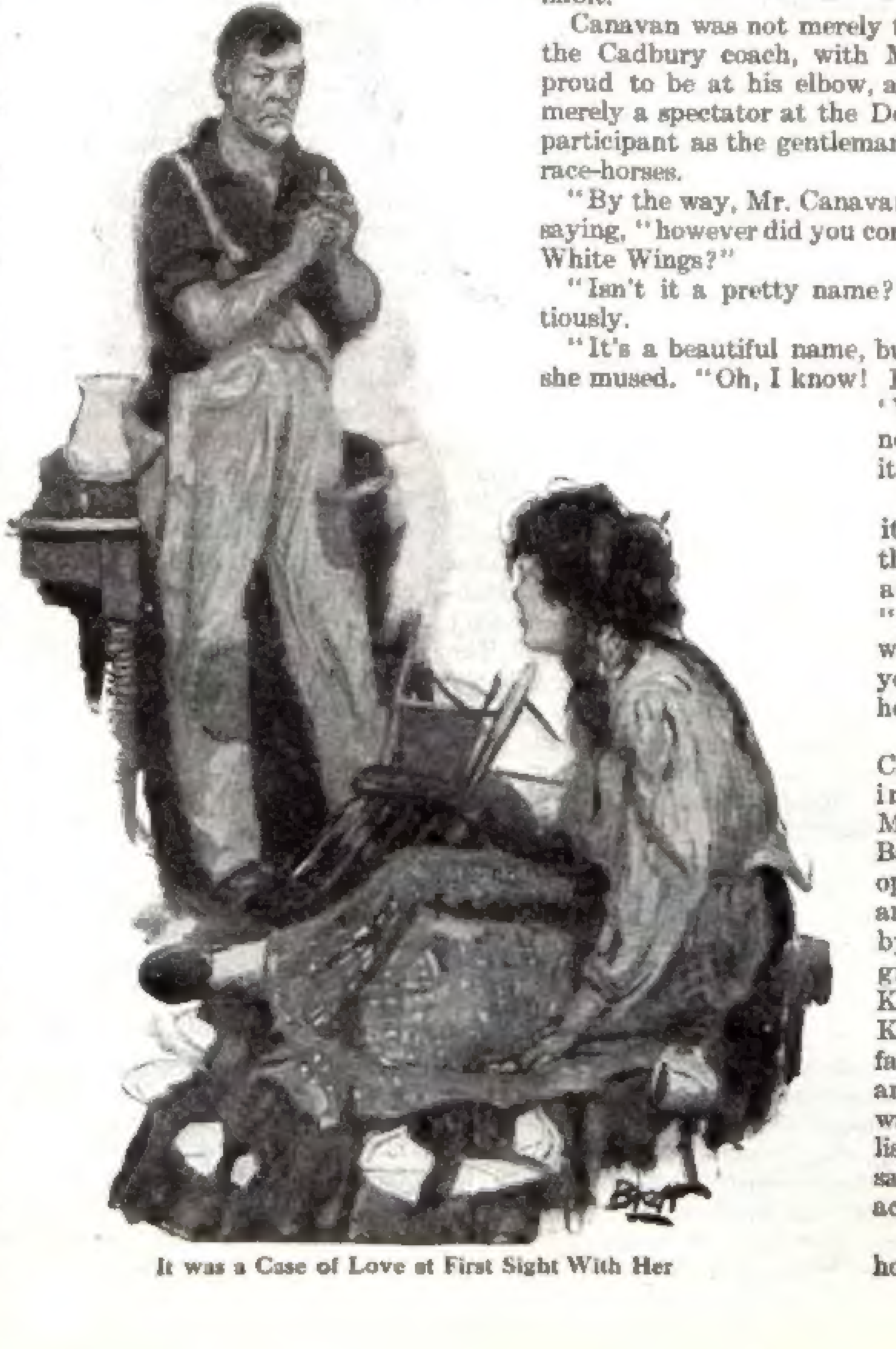
"Your face is familiar to me, Mr. Cadbury," said Canavan, "but I think we were never introduced."

Cadbury made known his errand with that air of condescending terror with which a lord might beg his valet not to desert him in an hour of need.

Canavan felt the snob's embarrassment, but his triumph was sufficient and he took no umbrage at what he felt to be a hopeless habit of mind.

"I'll use my infloonce—if I have anny," he said. "I'd rather like to help ye if I can. I'll see what can be done."

Cadbury overflowed with gratitude and stumblingly offered any compensation his benefactor might demand. Again, his manner was that of a man in a foreign country asking an obliging servant what he would consider an appropriate tip.



It was a Case of Love at First Sight With Her

People of lowly origin feel manner by intuition, but again Canavan was smilingly superior to insult. He refused any gratuity.

"I'm owing you a favor for some years," he said, "and I'm glad to get it off my chest."

But when Cadbury asked what the unimaginable debt could be, Canavan only shook his head and laughed. He would not tell. But he told his wife afterward:

"That Cadbury chump was in the Noonses' carriage when it went over me. And I owe everything to that Noons carriage. There's one thing I'll never get off me chest—it's the scar their horseshoes left on me."

His brogue was fading away like a mist from Killarney of a fine morning, but when he was with his wife it settled down over his speech with its old-time thickness.

Mrs. Canavan was fading away, too—in strength, but not in size. The brawn of her early life had softened to fat, and her husband's growth in power and pelf, though it brought him responsibilities and anxieties that kept him fine and taut, brought her only sloth and fatal luxury.

"Prosperity is not for the likes o' me, Danny darlin'," she would sigh from the depths of a heart sinking in an opulent despair.

She grew fat of mind as of body, and gross of both. She did not react to the new conditions, and, while she bedecked her huge frame with the gaudy silks and weighty jewels that accentuated her plebeiance, she could not follow her husband up the narrow, steep ladder where his success pushed him.

Cadbury needed more than one saving from public ire, and he began to find Canavan picturesque as well as valuable.

One night he had him to dinner and displayed him to his guests, much as he might have diverted them with a famous chimpanzee trained to wear clothes and sit at table. But the people who came to be amused remained to be amazed. Canavan was no man's fool, and he had a way of gaining the upper hand of anybody he met.

Mrs. Cadbury was especially impressed with the barbarian. She could not stop talking about him.

"He's a new sensation," she exclaimed; "you feel as if he were a live wire dangling about you. He is positively thrilling."

And as the weary rich would rather be thrilled than anything else, Canavan found himself drawn into society, ingurgitated as in a quicksand of gold.

And so, as the years rolled on and rolled him deeper and deeper in potency, and as the appetite for ostentation grew by the thing it fed on, behold Canavan at last so far cleansed of his street-cleaning odium that he was a distinguished guest at the Derby, traveling *en prince*, hatted, spatted, gloved and frocked like the King, with field-glasses slanting to his hip, and a brogue as faint as the tint of the soft gray gloves on the hands that had almost entirely forgotten the ungraceful tools of their early habit.

Canavan was not merely the guest of honor on the Cadbury coach, with Mrs. "Bice" Cadbury proud to be at his elbow, and Canavan was not merely a spectator at the Derby. Canavan was a participant as the gentleman owner of one of the race-horses.

"By the way, Mr. Canavan," Mrs. Cadbury was saying, "however did you come to name your horse White Wings?"

"Isn't it a pretty name?" said Canavan cautiously.

"It's a beautiful name, but I was wondering," she mused. "Oh, I know! It's from the old song, 'White wings, they never grow weary,' isn't it?"

"Well, you can lave it go—leave it go at that," said Canavan, and added hastily: "Besides, he has two white stockings. And you can take it from me, he's worth betting on."

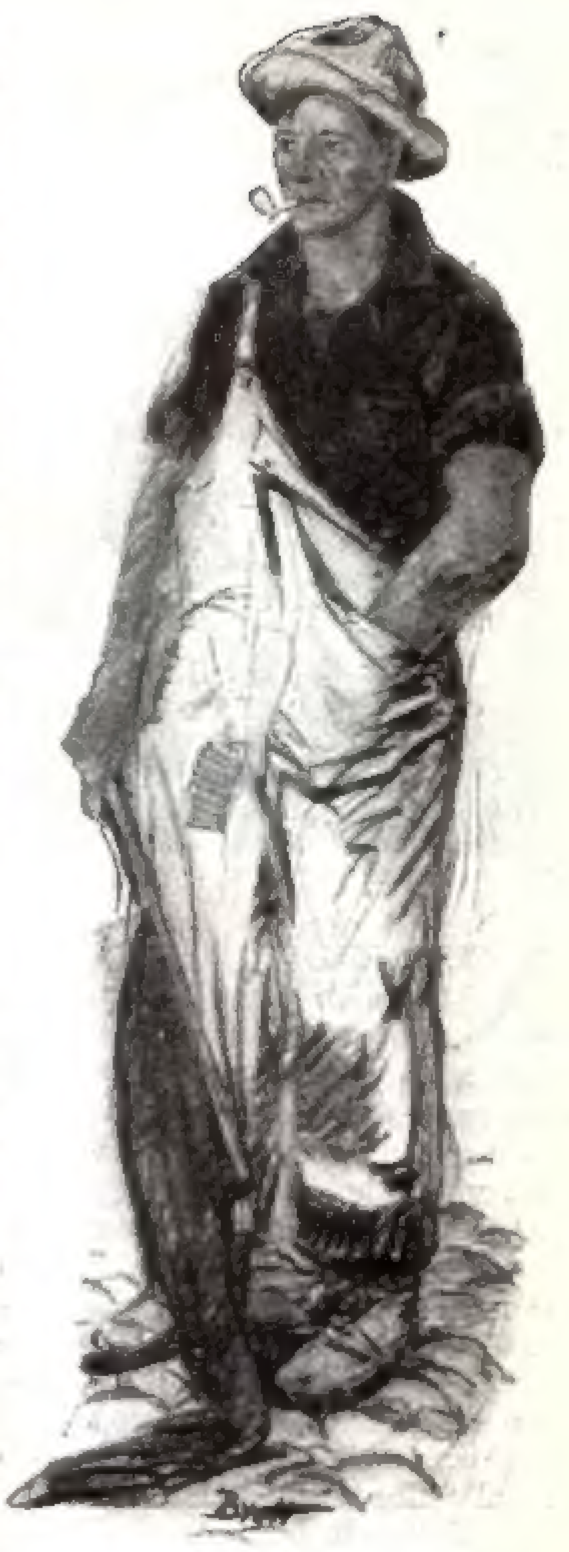
All the people in the Cadbury party, including the Comte de Marmier and the Baroness Zumsteeg, bet openly on White Wings and privately hedged by laying equal or greater sums on the King's horse. For the King's horse was the favorite in the betting, and Canavan's animal was at the foot of the list, though Canavan said: "He's at the top according to the odds."

Two Derbies back, a horse from his Majesty's stable had nosed in first and knitted the empire a little closer by the good-fellowship that abounds when a favorite wins, especially a royal favorite. This year the King had entered another runner whose trainers vouchsafed him fit as a fiddle. Every loyal Englishman and Englishwoman laid on him every bob and quid they could muster.

The favorite would not dare to lose—most of all to the dark horse of an expatriated Hibernian from New Erin.

But Canavan trusted to the pull of every four-leaved shamrock in snakeless Ireland, and he bet as much as he could get covered. Somehow he believed in the clean sweep of White Wings.

This is the story of the long, slow climb of a man, not of the short, swift run of a horse, and there is no place here for the brief, wild chronicle of that Derby. Only, after the jumbled chaos of the getaway, the shredding of the mass of horses into little scattered clumps of agitation, the great cavalry battle was gradually reduced to a duel of two leaders, with the rest nowhere.



"I Don't Wear Your Dirty Livery, and I Take No Orders From the Likes of You"

The long-staring eyes of the field-glasses on the Cadbury coach made out in the distance one fact: that the hunched jockeys on the two horses in the lead wore the colors of the King and the colors of Canavan.

The man who was up on White Wings wore a jacket of green with a red, white and blue sash. Canavan was the calmest man on top of the coach—the calmest outside, though the seethe within him was maelstrom. He hardly realized that Mrs. Cadbury was clinging to him for dear life, to keep from falling.

When the two horses came into the stretch, beating the resounding earth backward under their glorious hoofs, thousands of throats were split with the applause.

Two people alone, it seemed, were silent. They were too deeply stirred and too deeply concerned to make a noise. They were the white-bearded gentleman who owned the King's horse and the white-faced street-cleaner who owned Canavan's.

The thunder died in a gulp of national disappointment, and the frenzy of such Irishmen and Americans and Irish-Americans as were in the throng made hardly more than a little clatter in the universal silence of the broken-hearted, broken-pursed English.

Cadbury and Mrs. Cadbury and the rest of their party were riotous as only well-bred people can be when they let go. They beat Canavan with hands, umbrellas, parasols, fans. "Bice" (which rhymes with "Peachy") actually kissed Canavan before she knew what she was doing, but, as her husband's arm was round him at the time, and as the Comte de Marmier kissed him on the other cheek at the same moment, the incident lacked importance to everybody except Canavan. But all he said was:

"The best thing about White Wings is the long nose of him. An inch off that, and I'd have quit loser."

As he was clambering to the ground to run to his horse, Mrs. Cadbury called down:

"The King will send for you to congratulate you. He always does."

"If he does I'll not go," said Canavan.

"What!" screamed the whole coach-top in chorus. Mrs. Cadbury nearly swooned from the top of the coach.

"Oh, don't make a scene, I implore you!" and almost unconsciously she added, "for my sake."

Canavan gave her a curious look, then turned and plunged into the crowd, fighting his way through with an old-time zest and an old-time expertness. He knew how to penetrate even a solid wall of mankind like that, and he spared no expense of other people's ribs, toes or feelings.

The watchers from the coach followed his hat through the throng, and saw him reach the tossing head of his triumphant horse.

(Continued on Page 32)

Science and Sense in Farming

By DAVID BUFFUM

XENOPHON, in his *Œconomicus*—a treatise so full of sagacity, so lucidly expressed and so filled with the spirit as well as the letter of agricultural practice that it is as worthy of perusal now as in the remote time in which it was written—observes that "when agriculture flourishes all other pursuits are in full vigor, but when the ground is forced to lie barren other occupations are almost stopped, as well by land as by sea." This is so deeply and essentially true that, a thousand times since, in different parts of the world, it has been strikingly exemplified; and in the present time it has led to the bestowal of a degree of attention upon the science of agriculture and the making of farmers unprecedented in the history of our country. Agricultural colleges and experiment stations are everywhere.

And yet it may be doubted if the truth so clearly presented by Xenophon would, in itself, be sufficient to induce very many young men to take up agriculture as a calling unless it can also be demonstrated that the personal reward of their labors would be enough to make it worth while; in other words, unless, apart from its economic aspect and regarded strictly as a business, it offers a fair field for a young man of brains and ambition.

I submit that it does. But the proof of this, as demonstrated by figures, is not so easy to find as in many other callings, from the simple fact that the figures themselves are lacking. And this brings us to a point on which the schools of agriculture, notwithstanding the good work they are doing, are, I think, rather apt to be in error; and that is in treating agriculture wholly as a science rather than a business, an error that would be of little consequence were it not that the function of these institutions is to make real, bona fide farmers, just as West Point makes soldiers or Annapolis sailors. Agriculture has, I admit, a twofold aspect, and the experiment station, for instance, deals mainly with the scientific side. But the student should be made to realize fully that scientific knowledge is not itself the end, but should always be contributory to the doing of good business, regarded as such, on the farm—simply enabling the farmer to produce understandingly and in the most economical manner the results to which he looks for his profit.

To illustrate: Suppose a man is breeding fine horses. It is inconceivable that he should succeed without a knowledge of the laws of heredity and environment, the nutritive value of different foods and the requirements of the growing animal. He may attain this knowledge at the agricultural college or in the severer school of experience and individual research; but have it he must. Yet all this, so far as his business is concerned, is simply the means to an end—the production of an animal of the kind that he desires, raised at a cost which leaves a satisfactory profit on the operation.

Learning Farming in a Bank

IN FACT, the training in scientific knowledge and business methods should go hand in hand. And, notwithstanding the very common idea that the former is, of all things, the most important to the farmer, the latter is so indispensable to financial success that many farmers of very limited education who have practiced it have been notably successful; while I have never known of a single farmer, however proficient in technical knowledge, who ever succeeded without it.

But, putting aside all criticism of the agricultural schools—which I make in the friendliest spirit and with full appreciation of the work they are doing—let me cite a few instances that have come under my notice of what business methods will do in farming.

A young man, born in the city and whom I knew well, received a good common-school education, after which he worked for a while in a store as accountant and then spent several years as a clerk in a bank. Meanwhile, he had married and had several children. Then he came rather unexpectedly into possession of a good farm, well stocked and equipped. He had saved up a little money, though not much; and with this slender capital and no preliminary training in farming he began his career as a farmer. The first year, which he devoted almost wholly to learning the business, he dropped a little behind in his finances. After that, he not only made a very good living, but laid up an average of two thousand dollars a year besides. One day I asked him how, with his insufficient training, he managed to do it. "Simple enough," he replied. "Of course, my accounts show me which things pay the best. Well, those are the ones that I give most attention to. Then I see to it that my hired men are kept very busy during work hours, and I always study to produce everything at as low a cost as I can and sell at the best price. I've had a lot to learn about farming and I'm still learning, but the points I've mentioned I learned in the store and bank long before I began to farm."

This does not show, by any means, that an intimate knowledge of agriculture is not necessary, but it does show the immense value of business methods, without which this young man would have made a failure.

Learning How After Fifty

THE advantage to the farmer of knowing just where he stands in each and every department and thus being able to eliminate all features that do not pay and to amplify those that do is one that can only come from careful bookkeeping. There is no question that on many farms the lack of this knowledge causes certain operations to be gone through with, year after year, consuming precious time, labor and money, that have never yielded a fair profit and sometimes are even done at a loss. A striking illustration of this was furnished by a man who lived some ten miles from my home on a large farm that was left him by his father. The farm was of more than ordinary fertility, and he himself was reckoned a good farmer. And yet he had reached the age of fifty without ever having made much more than a living—"not even that, if we'd allowed ourselves any luxuries," as he told me afterward. One day when in conversation with a city friend, a shrewd business man, he made the statement that his farm really paid him very little, large and fertile as it was. "Maybe you're doing the wrong things here," said the man from town. "For instance, I see you're fattening a lot of steers. How much does it pay you? Aren't there other things that would pay much better?" The question elicited the fact that the farmer kept no books at all and that he did not know positively the amount of profit on any of the different departments of his farm. But the conversation set him to thinking, and during the following year he kept a careful account of the expenses and proceeds in each department.

The facts brought out by this account-keeping astonished him and showed him how little he knew of his own business. He found that his steer-feeding had been carried on at a slight loss; and his dairy, which had always been the main feature of his farm, was not much better. The two things that paid him a really good profit were his sheep and poultry, though of the latter he only kept a small flock and had never thought of them as anything more than a convenient adjunct on his farm.

Acting on the knowledge thus gained he proceeded to reorganize his farming. He bought cows of the strictly butter breeds and added improved machinery to his dairy, and this enabled him to make more and better butter from the same sized herd at less cost—changes which raised his dairy from a barely self-supporting condition to a profitable one. He ceased making beef and kept more sheep, and his poultry he increased till they ran into the thousands. These alone paid him an average profit of one dollar per head per year, to say nothing of his dairy and sheep.

This farmer was about sixty years of age when he told me of what he termed his "new lease of life in agriculture," and he stated that since he was fifty he had not only laid by more money than during his whole previous life, but also he felt an enjoyment and interest in his work that he never felt before. And no wonder, for, entirely apart from all money considerations, there is a satisfaction in having really become master of the land and its forces—in making it "bring forth abundantly," paying the farmer generously for his labor and contributing, as Nature intended it should, in full and overflowing measure to the support of mankind—that can never come in any other way. For the farmer who is alive to his calling is too near the base of the world's needs and the world's supplies not to feel, at least in some degree, the thrill and elation of the great life to which he contributes.

Some time ago an acquaintance of mine who ran a dairy of one hundred and two cows told me his farm was not paying, though practically self-supporting, and asked me if I could locate the trouble. After examining the herd I felt sure that some of the cows were not paying their way and told him so. We then had the herd tested by milking each cow separately and keeping a daily record of what she gave—making, of course, due allowance for the time she had been in milk—and this brought out the surprising fact that fourteen out of the one hundred and two were being kept at a loss! Some of them had once been good ones, but had outlived their usefulness; others were degenerate daughters of a supposedly good stock. These were promptly disposed of—according to the precepts of that ancient Roman farmer, Cato, who, along with his other legacies of wisdom to humankind, left the wise admonition to farmers to "sell their old cattle and worthless sheep."

I cannot refrain here from digressing for a moment to say that all of the old classical authorities on agriculture—Xenophon, Cato, Varro, Columella, and even Vergil, notwithstanding the fact he was a poet and an accomplished courtier—have left directions for farmers so sagacious, so minute and so essentially practical that, while I would not advise young farmers of the present day to take these old works as textbooks, I do say that with their aid alone they could, if necessary, conduct all their farming operations and make no great mistake. And why not? For they come down to us from a time when agriculture was accorded greater honor than now; when a patrician gentleman like Cincinnatus did not disdain to drive his own plow, and when farming, as Xenophon tells us, was considered the most fitting occupation "for men of honorable birth."

Cutting Out Unprofitable Production

THE reduction of the herd in question made it possible to dispense with one of the farmhands. I then suggested a less costly feed-ration, and it was soon proved that upon this the cows gave just as much milk as they did before. And these changes, by materially reducing the cost of production, put the farm on a paying basis with which the owner was well satisfied.

I might multiply instances of this kind, but I trust that those already cited make my point clear—which is that the farmer should use such practical methods as will enable him to cut out all unprofitable features of his business; to devote his energies to those that do pay; and to produce all he has to sell at the lowest possible cost.

I have sometimes been met by the absurd objection that, if every one did this, things which are unprofitable to produce would become scarce, and consumers suffer thereby. The objection carries with it its own answer When a commodity becomes scarce its price advances, so that it can then be produced at a profit.

In no way has this truth been better illustrated than in the horse market. Some years ago horses became so plentiful and cheap that many breeders abandoned the business. Now horses are higher than at any time within my recollection.

It is proper to add, too, that very frequently the production of those things which commonly do not pay very well can be made quite profitable if only produced of the very best grade. In farm products of ordinary quality the competition is tremendous, the market almost always full, and the price correspondingly low. But there is never an oversupply of superior goods and always a class of people who are willing to pay handsomely for them if they can only get them

Going Further for a Higher Market

AND this brings me to a point of no less importance than economy in production—the advantageous marketing of the output. On our own farm, for instance, we do not market our eggs at the nearest town, where, owing to the many farms near it, eggs are almost always plentiful and cheap. We send them to a city four times as far away, where we generally get fully ten cents more per dozen—a sum that makes a great difference in the run of a year. Also, by selling direct to consumers, guaranteeing our eggs fresh and seeing to it that no inferior ones ever get into the packages, we get an additional advance in price. Farmers who take their eggs to the nearer town say they save the extra cost of transportation, but this is so far less than the extra price realized as to weigh almost nothing against it. And I have frequently known farmers to be selling their eggs at their nearest crossroads store for twelve cents per dozen when the same commodity was retailing in the city for thirty-five cents—nearly three times as much. The country storekeeper, who, of course, had no sale for them to his customers, sold them to the city wholesaler at eighteen cents; the wholesaler, in turn, sold them to the city stores at twenty-five cents and the latter to their customers at thirty-five cents. It is rarely possible for the producer of eggs in large quantities to retail the whole of them, but he can always sell direct to the wholesaler, thus saving one profit, and he can very often find a market at city stores and hotels, thus saving two profits.

When the country producer takes the lowest of such a fearfully descending scale of prices it is no wonder that he so often finds "no money in farming."

A great many city business men would consider any effort that would raise the price of a given commodity ten or fifteen per cent abundantly worth while. But the farmer, by simply using plain, common-sense business methods, can frequently increase his prices more than that. I recall an experience of my own many years ago, when, rather unexpectedly, the management of a large dairy was thrown upon my hands. I was a little worried, for, although a long time a farmer, my livestock specialties had always been horses and sheep, and I did not know much about dairying. One thing, however, immediately impressed me: the cows were of a superior butter breed, and yet the butter was only of ordinary quality and was being sold at twenty cents per pound—the wholesale price current for ordinary butter.

My first move was to visit a certain private dairy where very fine butter was made and observe closely the buttermakers' methods. Here I learned that a very few simple but inexorable rules were all that was needed. I laid down these for the guidance of my buttermaker and held him rigidly to their observance, and in a short time our butter was as good as any in the market, bar none. And here I would say to all young farmers that there is not half the knack in getting fancy products that is commonly supposed. If you know of some one who is producing very fine goods, be assured that you yourself can do the same thing if you only give the same degree of work, care and attention to details.

We now had samples of our butter neatly put up and sent them to people whom we wanted as customers, stating that our price for ten pounds or more was thirty-five cents per pound. Soon the demand for our butter at this price was greater than we could supply. Thirty-five cents, at the present time, is not a very high price for butter in many localities, but it must be remembered that, at the time to which I refer, it was just seventy-five per cent higher than the price at which most butter was selling

This advance, however, could never have been realized without seeking a market at some distance; for only wealthy people buy goods at fancy prices, and there were not enough of them in our nearest market town. Within reason, good business always demands that goods be sold in the best market. Only a few farms are near large cities, and cost of transportation is a factor that always comes in for consideration.

Of course, there is always a limit to the distance which goods can be profitably carried, even to a good market, and of this matter common-sense must always be the judge.

I once had a fine stallion that was earning me very little in the stud, the trouble being that, although I was in a grass country and in the business of raising horses, most of my neighbors raised only cattle and had little use for the services of a stallion. Having acquired another that I liked better I took the first one to a section, nearly a thousand miles distant, where horse-breeding was the prevailing industry. "You're carryin' yer p'int to an extreme, takin' that hoss so fur," said one of my country neighbors. "It's doin' business too much at arm's length." He was right. Although the horse earned me far more money than he could at home the trouble of looking out for him at that distance was too great, and two years later I sold him.

The Value of Horse-Sense

THE examples of successful farming that I have given can very seldom be closely copied, owing sometimes to different surrounding conditions and sometimes to lack of means; but they illustrate principles which are applicable everywhere and which, with such modifications as conditions demand, can be applied by all.

At the close of an address that I delivered before a company of farmers one of them said: "I appreciate the points that you make. But you must remember that, even when the farmer keeps accounts and learns what features of his business pay him best, the amplifying of those features must often be made very slowly from lack of capital." The point was well taken, and just now a case comes into my mind of a young farmer who has made a rather striking success with his poultry, but who, having begun with almost no capital at all, has to depend for his improvements upon his profits as he goes along But this is by no means the drawback it appears, and a business built up in this slow and conservative way is generally on the surest of all foundations.

I have said that good horse-sense and business methods are of more importance than anything else in farming. Indeed, the instances I have cited are none of them of men who were specially educated for agriculture. Let us now look at the reverse of the picture—the men who essay to farm, relying upon a scientific education and neglecting good business methods. In seeking these instances we are confronted by the seemingly strange fact that comparatively few of the graduates of agricultural colleges are bona-fide farmers, the greater part of those who do not drift into wholly different callings being either themselves teachers in agricultural schools or managers of rich men's country properties. Note the advertisements of rich men who want farm managers and see what a large number say: "Must be an agricultural college graduate." The majority of these fancy farms do not pay and are not expected to.

The Losses of a Lazy Poultryman

ONE of the best illustrations one could wish, however, can be found on a farm in my native state. Here is a graduate of an agricultural college who has a very thorough knowledge of poultry-raising—inclusive, of course, of all such details as the values and constituents of different foods, nature of diseases, most approved methods in brooders and shelters; in fact, he is generally acknowledged as an expert. He has been in business at least a dozen years, hatching, every spring, many thousands of chickens; and yet he has made no money, and, a few years ago when grain jumped to inordinate prices, he cut down his laying flock to two hundred and fifty because, as he said, "there was no money in egg production with grain so high." Many other farmers did the same thing. But as our own fowls were still paying a fair profit—not what we might wish, but enough to warrant keeping them—we were, naturally, surprised at such an act in a "professional" poultryman, and it was only recently, when circumstances gave me a more intimate knowledge of this young man and his methods, that I knew the reason why.

It is not an unusual thing for him, if he feels tired of a morning, to remain in bed till ten o'clock or even later, leaving his work to his hired helpers. Time and again his incubator lamps have gone out from lack of filling and trimming—ruining, of course, the whole setting of eggs; and on at least three occasions the fire in his brooder-house furnace has gone out through neglect, resulting in the freezing to death of hundreds of chickens. He keeps no accounts, saying that he can tell without books whether he is making money or not.

Now, no business in the world, however profitable or however backed by scientific knowledge, could withstand such slipshod and unbusinesslike methods. This man's knowledge of the business does enable him to make some sort of a living—though not a good one, by any means; but, as already stated, he is making no money and, for several years, has been earnestly seeking a position as manager on some rich man's farm. Industry, economy and that eternal vigilance which is proverbially the price of freedom from poverty and loss—all these are very old-fashioned qualities. But they are as essential now as in the days when Solomon "went by the field of the slothful, . . . and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall

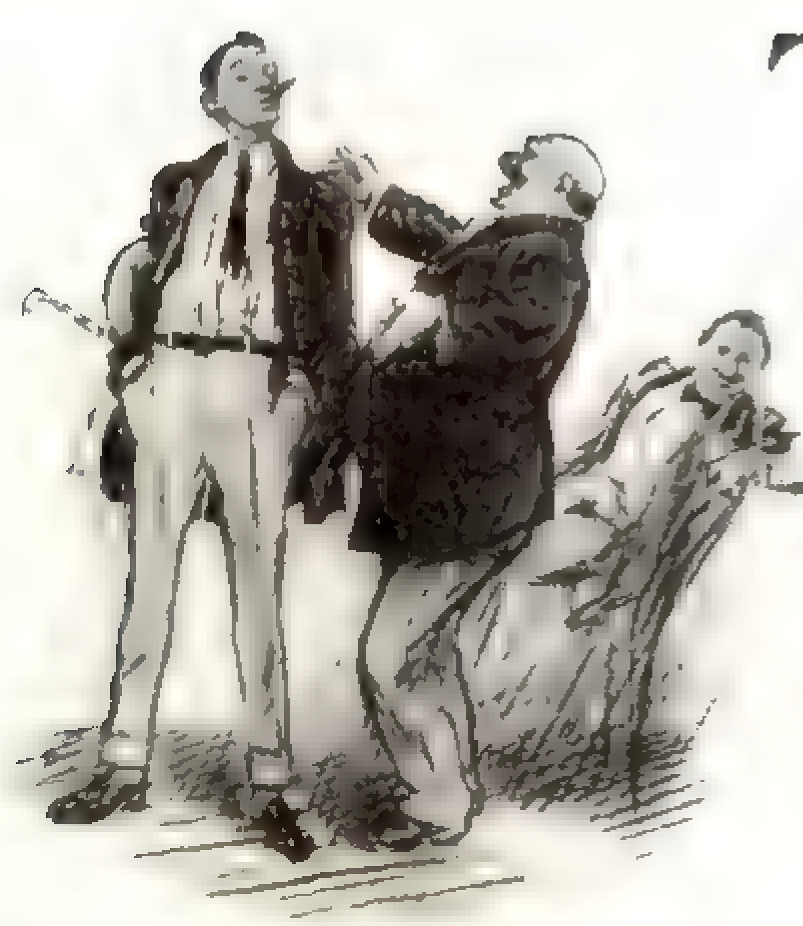
(Concluded on Page 30)

THE GIFT HOUSE

Potash & Perlmutter Nearly Eat a Contract

By Montague Glass

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



"We was Only Kidding You Along, Louis"

THERE ain't no seasons in real estate, Abe,' said Morris Perlmutter to his partner, Abe Potash, as they sat in the sample-room of their spacious cloak and suit establishment. "A tenement house this year is like a tenement house last year, Abe, also the year before. They ain't wearing stripes in tenement houses one year, Abe, and solid colors the next. All you do when you got a tenement house, Abe, is to go round and collect the rents, and when you got a customer for it you don't have to draw no report on him. Spot cash, he pays it, Abe, or else you get a mortgage as security."

"You talk like Scheuer Brumenkrohn, Mawruss, when he comes round here last year and wants to swap it two lots in Ozone Grove, Long Island, for a couple of hundred misses' reefers," Abe replied. "When I speculate, Mawruss, I take a hand at auction pinocle."

"This ain't no speculation, Abe," said Morris. "This is an investment. I seen the house, Abe, six stories and basement stores, and you couldn't get another tenant into it with a shoehorn. It brings in a fine income, Abe."

"Well, if that's the case, Mawruss," Abe rejoined, "why does Harris Rabin want to sell it? Houses ain't like cloaks and suits, Mawruss, you admit it yourself. We sell goods because we don't get no income by keepin' 'em. If we have our store full with cloaks, Mawruss, and they brought in a good income while they was in here, Mawruss, I wouldn't want to sell 'em, Mawruss; I'd want to keep 'em."

"Sure," Morris replied. "But if the income was only four hundred and fifty dollars a month, and next month you got a daughter what was getting married to Alec Goldwasser, drummer for Klinger & Klein, and you got to give Alec a couple of thousand dollars with her, but you don't have no ready cash, *then*, Abe, you'd sell them cloaks, and so that's why Harris Rabin wants to sell the house."

"I want to tell you something, Mawruss," Abe replied. "Harris Rabin could sell a phonograft to a deef-and-dummy. He could sell moving pictures to a home for the blind, Mawruss. He could also sell anything he wanted to anybody, Mawruss, for you know as well as I do, Mawruss, Harris Rabin is a first-class, A-number-one salesman. And so, if he wants to sell his house so cheap there's lots of real-estaters what know a bargain in houses when they see it. We don't, Mawruss. We ain't real-estaters. We're in the cloak and suit business, and why should Harris Rabin be looking for us to buy his house?"

"He ain't looking for us, Abe," Morris went on. "That's just the point. I was by Harris Rabin's house last night, and I seen no less than three real-estaters there. They all want that house, Abe, and if they want it, why shouldn't we? Ike Magnus makes Harris an offer of forty-eight thousand five hundred while I was sitting there already, but Harris wants forty-nine for it. I bet yer, Abe, we could get it for forty-eight seven-fifty—three thousand cash above the mortgages."

"I suppose, Mawruss, you got three thousand lying loose around your pants' pockets. What?"

"Three thousand to a firm like us is nothing, Abe. I bet yer I could go in and see Feder of the Kosciusko Bank and get it for the asking. We ain't so poor, Abe, but what we can buy a bargain when we see it."

Abe shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, Mawruss, if I got to hear about Harris Rabin's house for the rest of my life, all right. I'm agreeable, Mawruss; only, don't ask me to go to no lawyers' offices nor nothing, Mawruss. There's enough to do in the store, Mawruss, without both of us loafing around lawyers' offices."

A more grudging acquiescence than this would have satisfied Morris, and, without pausing for a cigar, he put on his hat and made straight for Harris Rabin's place of business. The Equinox Clothing Company, of which Harris Rabin was president, board of directors and sole stockholder, occupied the third loft of a building on Walker Street. There was no elevator, and as Morris walked upstairs he encountered Ike Magnus at the first landing.

"Hallo, Mawruss!" Ike cried. "Are you buying clothing now? I thought you was in the cloak and suit business."

"Whatever business I'm in, Ike," Morris replied, "I'm in my own business, Ike; and what is somebody else's business ain't my business, Ike. That's the way I feel about it."

He plodded slowly up the next flight, and there stood Samuel Michaelson, another real-estate operator.

' Ah, Mr. Perlmutter!" Samuel exclaimed. "You get around to see the clothing trade once in a while, too. Ain't it?"

"I get around to see all sorts of trade, Mr. Michaelson," Morris rejoined. "I got to get around and hustle to make a living, Mr. Michaelson, because, Mr. Michaelson, I can't make no living by loafing around street corners and buildings, Mr. Michaelson."

"Don't mention it," said Mr. Michaelson as Morris started up the last flight. When he entered the Equinox Clothing Company's office the clang of the bell drowned out the last words of Marks Henochstein's sentence. Mr. Henochstein, another member of the real-estate fraternity, was in intimate conference with Harris Rabin.

"I think we got him going," he was saying. "My wife seen Mrs. Perlmutter at a *Kaffeeklatsch* yesterday, and she told her I made you an offer of forty-eight four-fifty for the house. Last night when he came around to your place I told him the house ain't no bargain for any one what ain't a real-estater, y'understand, and he gets quite mad about it. Also, I watched him when Ike Magnus tells you he would give forty-eight five for it, and he turned pale. If he ——"

At this juncture the doorbell rang and Morris entered.

"No, *siree*, sir," Harris Rabin bawled. "Forty-nine thousand is my figure, and that ain't forty-eight nine ninety-nine neither."

Here he recognized Morris Perlmutter with an elaborate start and extended his hand in greeting.

"Hallo, Mawruss," he said. "Them real-estaters pester the life out of a feller. 'Tain't no use your hanging around here, Henochstein," he called in sterner tones. "When I make up my mind I make up my mind, and that's all there is to it."

Henochstein turned in crestfallen silence and passed slowly out of the room.

"Them sharks ain't satisfied that you're giving away a house, Mawruss," Harris went on. "They want it you should let 'em have coupons and trading stamps with it."

"How much did he offer you?" Morris asked.

"Forty-eight five-fifty," Harris Rabin replied. "That feller's got a nerve like a horse."

"Oh, I don't know," Morris murmured. "Forty-eight five-fifty is a good price for the house, Harris."

"Is it?" Harris cried. "Well, maybe you think so, but you ain't such a *grt*erion."

Morris was visibly offended at so harsh a rejoinder.

"I know I ain't, Harris," he said. "If I was I wouldn't be here, Harris. I come here like a friend, not like one of them them—fellers what you talk about. If it wasn't that my Minnie is such a friend to your daughter Miriam I shouldn't bother myself; but, knowing Alec Goldwasser as I do, and being a friend of yours always up to now, Harris, I come to you and say I will give you forty-eight six hundred for the house, and that is my last word."

Harris Rabin laughed aloud.

"Jokes you are making it, Mawruss," he said. "A joke is a joke, but when a feller got all the trouble what I got, as you know, Mawruss, he got a hard time seeing a joke, Mawruss."

"That ain't no joke, Harris," Morris replied. "That's an offer, and I can sit right down now and make a memorandum if you want it, and pay you fifty dollars as a binder."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mawruss," Harris said. "You raised Henochstein fifty dollars, so I'll come down fifty dollars, and that'll be forty-eight thousand nine hundred and fifty.'

He grew suddenly excited and grabbed Morris by the arm.

"Don't let's waste no time about it," he cried. "What's the use of memorandums? We go right away by Henry D. Feldman and fix up the contract."

"Hold on," Morris said with a stare that blended frigidity and surprise in just the right proportions. "I ain't said nothing about forty-eight nine-fifty. What I said was forty-eight six."

"You don't mean that, Mawruss," Harris replied. "You mean forty-eight *nine*."

Morris saw that the psychological moment had arrived.

"Look-y here, now, Harris," he said. "Forty-eight six from forty-eight nine is three hundred. Ain't it?"

Harris nodded.

"Then," Morris announced, "we'll split the difference and make it forty-eight seven-fifty."

For one thoughtful moment Harris remained silent, and then he clapped his hand into that of Morris.

"Done!" he cried.

II

TWENTY days elapsed, during which Potash & Perlmutter took title to Harris Rabin's house and paid the balance of the purchase price, moieties of which found their way into the pockets of Magnus, Michaelson and Henochstein. At length, the first of the month arrived and Abe and Morris left the store early so that they might collect the rents of their real property.

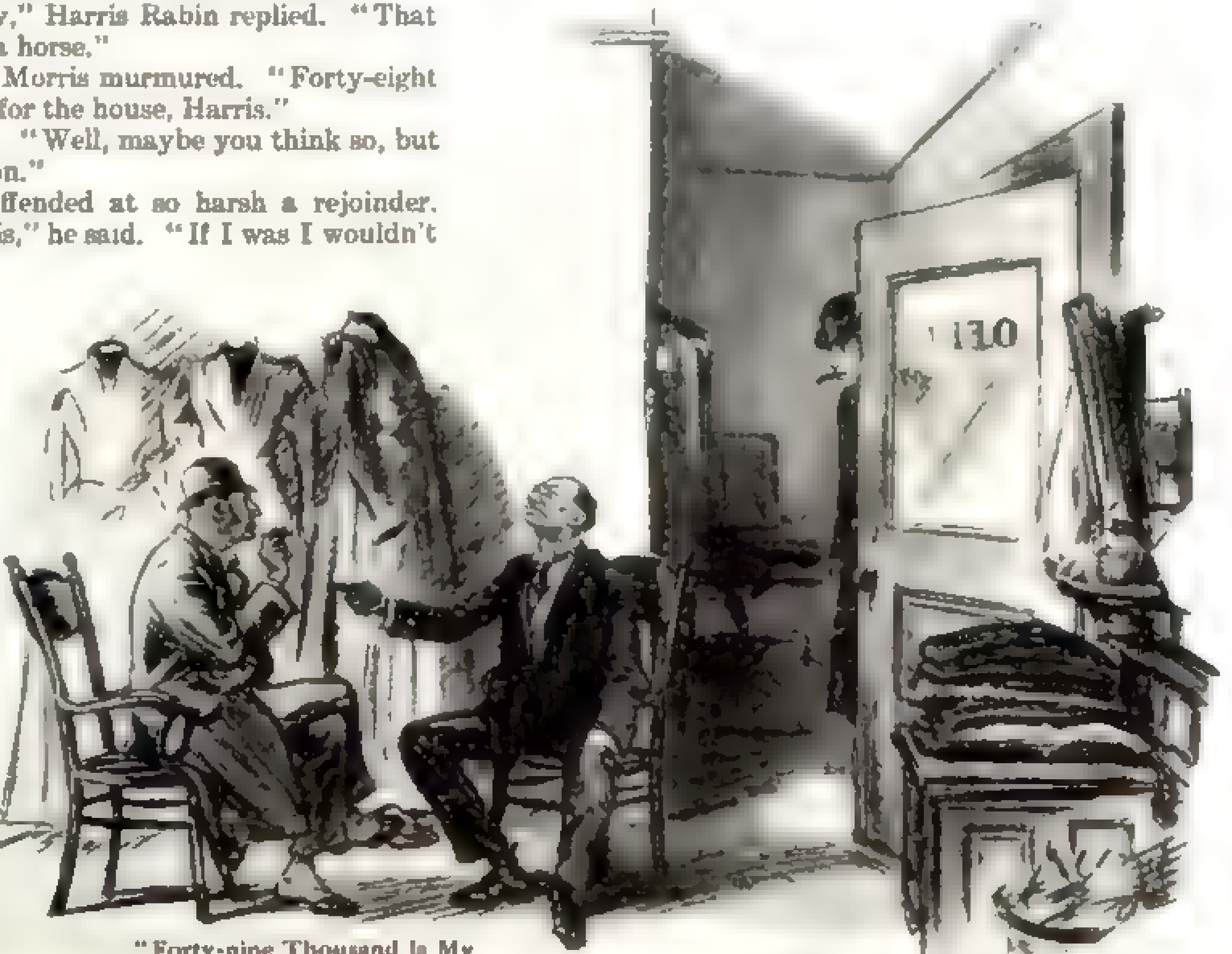
"*I* seen the house, Abe, and *you* seen the house," Morris said as they turned the corner of the crowded East Side street on which their property fronted, "but you can't tell nothing from looking at a property, Abe. When you get the rents, Abe, *that's* when you find it out that you got a fine property, Abe."

He led the way up the front stoop of the tenement and knocked at the first door on the left-hand side. There was no response.

"They must be out. Ain't it?" Abe suggested.

Morris faced about and knocked on the opposite door, with a similar lack of response.

"I guess they go out to work and lock up their rooms," Morris explained. "We should have came here after seven o'clock."



"Forty-nine Thousand Is My Figure, and That Ain't Forty-Eight Nine Ninety-Nine Neither"

They walked to the end of the hall and knocked on the door of one of the two rear apartments.

"Come!" said a female voice.

Morris opened the door and they entered.

"We've come for the rent," he said. "Him and me is the new landlords."

The tenant excused herself while she retired to one of the inner rooms and explored her person for the money. Then she handed Morris ten greasy one-dollar bills.

"What's this?" Morris cried. "I thought the rear rooms were fourteen dollars a month. I saw the receipts made out last month."

The tenant grinned fiendishly.

"Sure you did," she replied. "We've been getting all kinds of receipts. Oncet we got a receipt for eighteen dollars, when dere was some vacancies in de house, but one of de syndicate says he'd get some more of dem 'professional' tenants, because it didn't look so good to a feller what comes snooping around for to *buy* the house, to see such high rents."

"Syndicate?" Abe murmured. "Professional tenants?"

"Sure," the tenant replied. "Dere was four to de syndicate. Magnus was one. Sumpin about a hen was de other, and den dere was dis here Rabin and a guy called Michaelson."

"And what is this about professional tenants?" Morris croaked.

"Oh, dere was twenty-four families in de house, includin' de housekeeper," the tenant replied. "Eighteen of 'em was professionals, and when de syndicate sold youse de house de professionals moved up to a house on Fourt' Street what de syndicate owns."

Abe pulled his hat over his eyes and thrust his hands into his trousers' pockets

"S'enough, lady," he said: "I heard enough already."

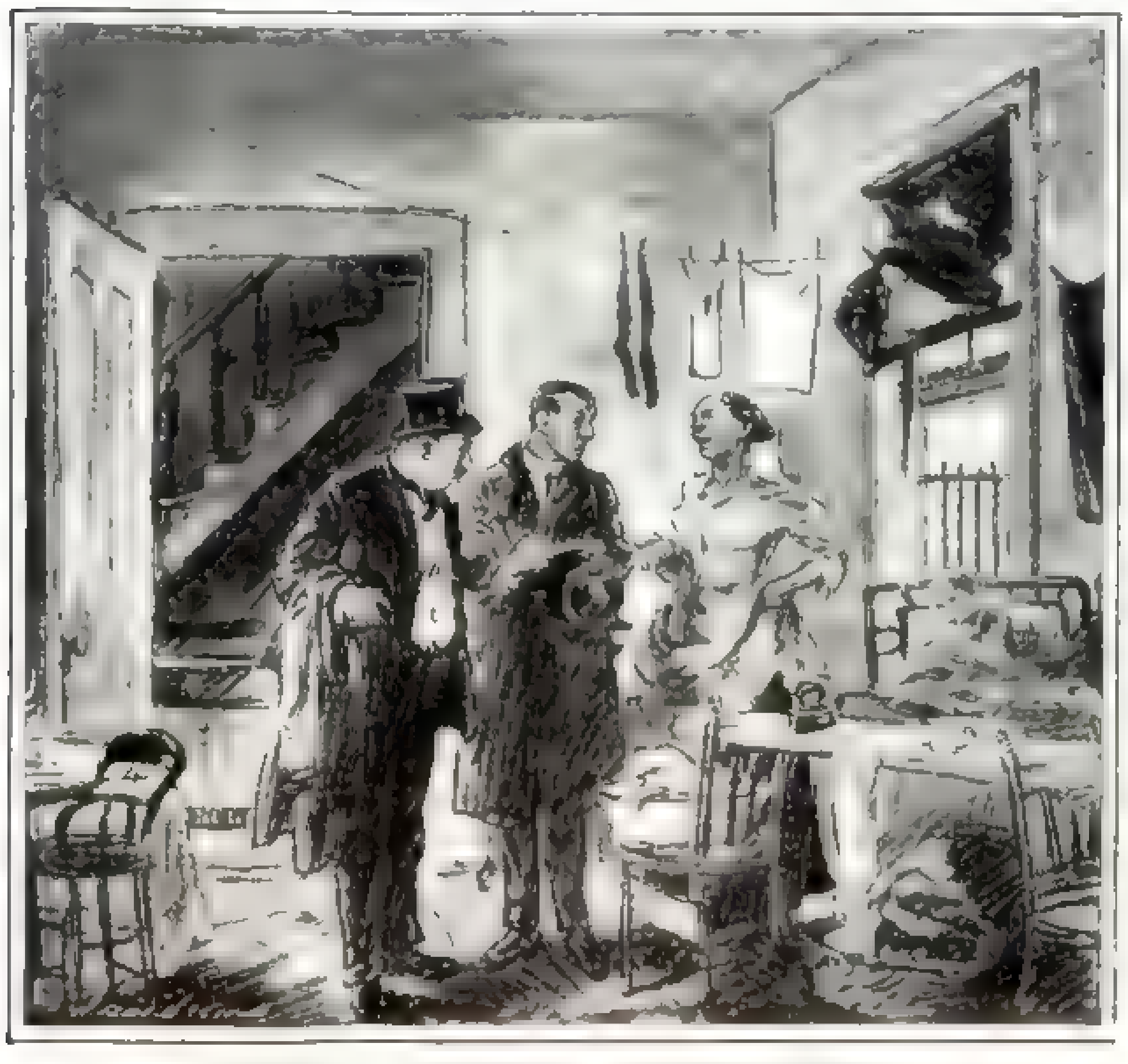
He turned to Morris.

"Yes, Mawruss," he said bitterly. "You're right. There ain't no seasons in real estate nor in suckers neither, Mawruss. You can catch 'em every day in the year, Mawruss. I'm going home, but if you need an express wagon to carry away them rents, Mawruss, there's a livery stable around the corner."

It was at least a week before Abe could bring himself to address his partner, save in the gruffest monosyllables; but an unusual rush of spring customers brought about a reconciliation, and Abe and Morris forgot their real-estate venture in the reception of out-of-town trade. In the conduct of their business Morris devoted himself to manufacturing and shipping the goods, while Abe attended to the selling end. Twice a year Abe made a long trip to the West or South, with shorter trips down East between times, and he never tired of reminding his partner how overworked he, Abe, was.

"I got my hands full, Mawruss," he said, after he had greeted half a dozen Western customers; "I got enough to do here, Mawruss, without running around the country. We ought to do what other houses does, Mawruss. We ought to get a good salesman. We got three thousand dollars to throw away on real estate, Mawruss; why don't we make an investment like Sammet Brothers made it? Why don't we invest in a crackerjack, A-number-one salesman?"

"I ain't stopping you, Abe," Morris replied. "Why don't we? Klinger & Klein has a good boy, Alec Goldwasser. He done a big trade for 'em, Abe, and they don't pay him much, neither."



"Syndicate!" Abe Murmured. "Professional Tenants?"

"Alec Goldwasser!" Abe cried. "I'm surprised to hear you, Mawruss, you should talk that way. We paid Alec Goldwasser enough already, Mawruss. We paid him that two thousand dollars what he got with Miriam Rabin."

Morris looked guilty.

"Ain't I told you yet, Abe?" he said. "I thought I told you."

"You ain't told me nothing," said Abe.

"Why, Alec Goldwasser and Miriam Rabin ain't engaged no longer. The way my Minnie tells me, Rabin says he don't want his daughter should marry a man without a business of his own, so the match is off."

"Well, Mawruss," Abe commented, "you can't make me feel bad by telling me *that*. But anyhow, I don't see no medals on Alec Goldwasser as a salesman, neither. He ain't such a salesman what we want it, Mawruss."

"All right," Morris replied. "It's you what goes on the road, not me, and you meet all the drummers. Suggest somebody yourself."

Abe pondered for a moment.

"There's Louis Mintz," he said finally. "He works by Sammet Brothers. He's a high-priced man, Mawruss, but he's worth it."

"Sure he's worth it," Morris rejoined, "and he knows it, too. I bet yer he's making five thousand a year by Sammet Brothers."

"I know it," said Abe, "but his contract expires in a month from now, and it ain't no cinch to work for Sammet Brothers, neither, Mawruss. I bet yer Louis' got throat trouble, talking into a customer them garments what Leon Sammet makes up, and Louis' pretty well liked in the trade, too, Mawruss."

"Well, why don't you see him, Abe?"

"I'll tell you the truth, Mawruss," Abe replied. "I *did* see him. I offered him all what Sammet Brothers gives him, and I told him we make a better line for the price, but it ain't no use. Louis says a salesman's got to work hard anyhow, so he may as well work a little harder, and he says, too, it spoils a man's trade when he makes changes."

Here a customer entered the store and Abe was busy for more than half an hour. At the end of that time the customer departed and Morris returned to the sample-room.

"Abe," he said, "I got an idea."

Abe looked up.

"More real estate?" he asked

"Not more real estate, Abe," Morris corrected, "but the *same* real estate. When we're stuck we're stuck, Abe, ain't it?"

Abe nodded.

"So I got an idea," Morris went on, "that we go to Louis and tell him we give him the same money what Sammet Brothers give him, only we give him a bonus."

"A bonus!" Abe cried. "How much of a bonus?"

"A *big* bonus, Abe," Morris replied. "We'll give him the house."

Abe remained silent.

"It'll look big, anyhow," Morris continued.

"Look big!" Abe exclaimed. "It is big. It's three thousand dollars."

"Well, you can't reckon stickers by what they cost," Morris explained. "It's what they'll sell for."

"You're right, Mawruss," Abe commented bitterly. "And that house wouldn't sell for Confederate money. I'll see Louis Mintz tonight."

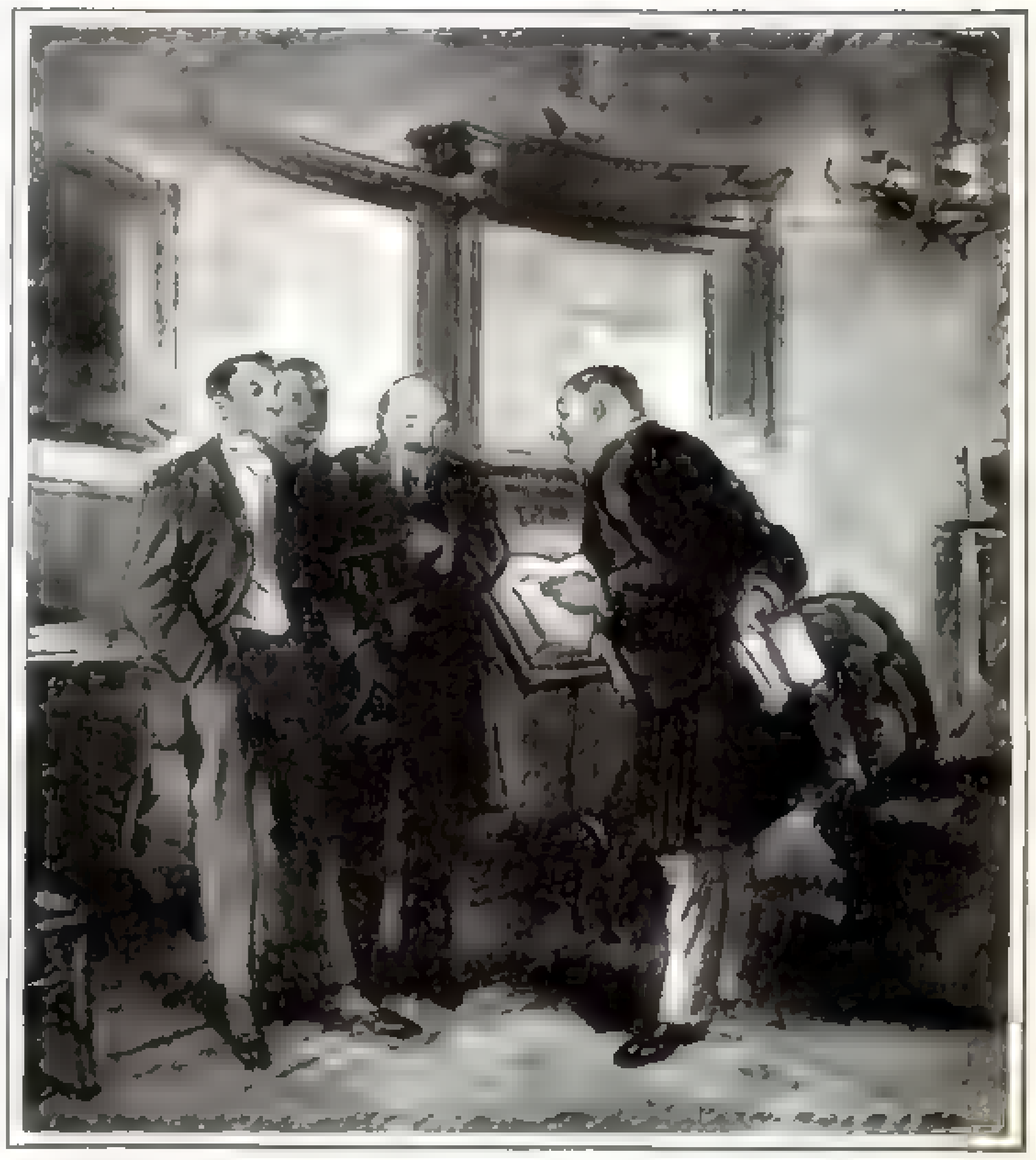
III

ABE saw Louis that very evening, and they met by appointment at the store ten days later. In the meantime Louis had inspected the house, and when he entered Potash & Perlmutter's sample-room his face wore none too cheerful an expression.

"Well, Louis," Abe cried, "you come to tell us it's all right. Ain't it?"

Louis shook his head.

"Abe," he said, "the old saying is you should never look at a horse's teeth what somebody gives you, but that house is pretty near vacant."



"This is Mr. Louis Mintz What Comes to Work by Us as a Salesman"

"What of it?" Abe asked. "It's a fine house, ain't it?"

"Sure, it's a fine house," Louis agreed. "But what good is a fine house if you can't rent it? You can't eat it, can you?"

"No," Morris replied, "but you can sell it."

"Well," Louis admitted, "selling houses ain't in my line? Maybe if I knew enough about it I could sell it."

"But there's real-estaters what knows all about selling a house," Morris began.

"You bet there is," Abe interrupted savagely.

"And you could get a real-estater to sell it for you," Morris concluded with a malevolent glance at his partner.

Louis consulted a list of the tenants which he had made.

"I'll think it over," he said, "and let you know tomorrow."

The next day he greeted Abe and Morris more cordially.

"I thought it over, Abe," he said, "and I guess I'll be all right."

"Fine!" Abe cried. "Let's go down and see Henry D. Feldman right away."

Just as a congenital dislocation of the hipbone suggests the name of Doctor Lorenz, so the slightest dislocation of the cloak and suit business immediately calls for Henry D. Feldman. No cloak and suit bankruptcy would be complete without his name as attorney, either for the petitioning creditors or the bankrupt, and no action for breach of contract of employment on the part of a designer or a salesman could successfully go to the jury unless Henry D. Feldman wept crocodile tears over the summing up of the plaintiff's case.

In the art of drawing agreements relative to the cloak and suit trade in all its phases of buying, selling, employing or renting, he was a virtuoso, and his income was that of six Supreme Court judges rolled into one. For the rest, he was of impressive, clean-shaven appearance, and he was of the opinion that a liberal sprinkling of Latin phrases rendered his conversation more pleasing to his clients.

Louis and Abe were ushered into his office only after half an hour's waiting at the end of a line of six clients, and they wasted no time in stating their business.

"Mr. Feldman," Abe murmured, "this is Mr. Louis Mintz what comes to work by us as a salesman."

"Mr. Mintz," Mr. Feldman said, "you are to be congratulated. Potash & Perlmutter have a reputation in the trade *nulli secundum*, and it is generally admitted that the goods they produce are *summa cum laude*."

"We make fall and winter goods, too," Abe explained. "All kinds of garments, Mr. Feldman. I don't want to give Louis no wrong impression. He's got to handle lightweights as well as heavyweights, too."

Mr. Feldman stared blankly at Abe and then continued: "No doubt you have quite settled on the terms."

"We've talked it all over," said Louis, "and this is what it is."

He then specified the salary and commission to be paid, and engaged Mr. Feldman to draw the deed for the tenement house.

"And how long is this contract to last?" Feldman asked.

"For five years," Abe replied.

"Five years nothing," said Louis. "I wouldn't work for no one on a five years' contract. One year is what I want it."

(Continued on Page 45)

Autobiography of a Show Girl

At a First Rehearsal

MY FIRST appearance on any stage was without my consent and almost without my knowledge. My mother was taking me downtown in New York on a surface car when Robert Hilliard got on at Herald Square. He sat down next to us and began to play with me. I was five years old and he remarked that I was a very beautiful child. Of course, my mother agreed with him. That started a conversation between them during which he told mother who he was. At that time he was appearing in a play called Blue Jeans at the Fourteenth Street Theater. He said that he needed a child of my age in the play and finally asked my mother if she would let me go on with him. At first she refused, but finally she gave in. The following night she took me down to the theater. I was told that all I had to do was to go out on the stage, holding a nice man's hand. As an inducement to keep my mouth shut and not get frightened I was further told that if I was good I would get a piece of candy that was hidden in the nice man's other hand. So I kept still, did not once cry out or get afraid, and when the actor made his exit I got the piece of chocolate. That first audience looked very scary. But I soon got used to it. Everybody in the company was good to me. The ladies brought me candy and fruit and I had a fine time

Four weeks later my mother's sister, who represented the aristocratic wing of the family—which means that she was our only rich kin—happened to be passing the Fourteenth Street Theater. Out in front of the house was a large frame containing photographs of the people in the cast and some scenes from the play. My aunt stopped, looked sharply at the frame, and then gave a start.

"That's May's child!" she almost shrieked to her husband. She started for our house in Harlem. By the time she got there she was pretty mad. Marching up to my mother she said:

"What do you mean by letting that child go on the stage?"

"I thought it was all right," was the reply.

Looking for a Bread-and-Butter Job

"IT WILL disgrace the family!" retorted my aunt hotly. All the while I sat on the floor, playing with a doll that the leading lady in the company had given me. A fine family row developed over my innocent stage appearance, humble as it was. The upshot of it all was that my aristocratic aunt had her way, and I retired from the cast after an appearance of four consecutive weeks. I missed the excitement of the theater and especially that piece of candy after every performance.

Later on, when I was much older, I thought many times about my aunt's remark about disgracing the family's fair name. I went on the stage and, so far as I know, have done no serious damage to the name, while my aunt with the aristocratic tendencies got mixed up in a very sensational divorce case, and the newspapers printed columns of matter about her.

I had a very ordinary and unemotional girlhood We lived in a Harlem flat, and nothing very exciting happens in them. I did not even recite pieces at school, was not a "child wonder," and was never picked out as having "marked histrionic talent."

When I was barely seventeen years old my father died suddenly. He was a mechanical engineer, and with his death our family income ended. He had some insurance. The money kept going out, and none came in. Something had to be done. One day I went to my mother and told her I was going to work. She had to consent, for it was the only thing to do. I did not want to be a shop girl and earn seven or eight dollars a week behind the counter. There was no time to study stenography or even manicuring. It seemed that about the easiest thing to do was to go on the stage.

I had no inspired idea about being a second Mary Anderson, nor did I want to uplift the drama or elevate the stage. All I wanted was a job that would provide me with bread, butter and clothes. This has been my feeling about the show business ever since. It is a business and unsentimental proposition. I had read a lot in the newspapers about Klaw & Erlanger and I believed that the whole theatrical business revolved around them. Later on I found that this early impression was not far wrong. I looked up Klaw & Erlanger's address in the telephone book and went down to Mr. Klaw's office. A very important-looking negro sat outside. He asked me my business and when I told him he advised me to go downstairs to see a Mr. Gresham. I found him an agreeable man. He looked me over critically. Although I was only seventeen I was large for my age. Then he asked:

"Have you had any experience?"

"No," I replied

"Can you sing or dance?"

I had to say No again.

"You are pretty good-looking," he added. "I think I will give you a chance."

I was to receive eighteen dollars a week, and I was to go into the chorus of Bluebeard, a big spectacle that began rehearsals at once

Getting Ready for an Effect

The Reign of the Costume Man

I COULDN'T sing a note and I had no experience, yet I was to go into the chorus of a production put out by the greatest theatrical organization in the country. It seemed very curious then. But when I got into the show business I found that, in so far as the modern musical piece is concerned, voice and talent count for very little in the chorus. Good looks, the ability to wear fine clothes and the power to attract are the things that make you useful and valuable to the management.

If I had been foolish enough to have any ideals or illusions about the stage, or that particular end to which I was about to apply myself, they were knocked silly at the first rehearsal. It was held at nine o'clock one morning on the stage of a big Broadway theater. It was a chorus rehearsal, for the principals had not yet been called in for work. About seventy-five girls showed up. Usually, at least two weeks are given up to rehearsing the music and four weeks to the "business." Sometimes, after working all these six weeks, the show or chorus girl finds that the production fails, and she is out of a job. Meanwhile, she has not received a cent for her services. But this is not a hard-luck story.

The girls who showed up for that first rehearsal were a dizzy bunch. I believe I was the only green one there. Some looked as if they had been out all night, others had just come from supper. Some drove up in cabs attended by maids. They stood about in groups and talked. Every one told where she had been the night before, what they ate, or how great they were. I was scared, for I saw I was up against the wisest lot of females I had ever encountered. Many of them came from small towns. A few, like myself, had been born in New York. Every stage of matrimonial or near-matrimonial arrangement was represented. There were grass and sod widows, engaged ladies and some who wanted to be widows.

Finally, the stage manager, the musical director and the costume man came in. The buzzing stopped a bit. Then the stage manager yelled:

"Line up!" Everybody got in line, like recruits waiting for inspection. I had always thought that the stage manager was the whole works, but I soon saw I was wrong. The stage manager and the costume man started down the line. Stopping before a tall, stunning-looking girl the former said:

"Step out!"

She moved out as a horse responds to the call of his name. The men looked her over.

"She can't work," said the stage manager

"But she can wear the clothes all right," answered the costume man. Both men were smoking and in their shirtsleeves

"You are dead wrong," said the stage manager They discussed it back and forth while the girl stood patiently, looking very bored Finally the stage manager said:

"Well, have your way, but she won't last"

The phrase "work" is always used by theatrical managers to express "art" on the musical stage. Everybody "works," or is "worked."

You may have gathered from the conversation between the stage manager and the costume man that a girl's ability to sing or act cuts little figure with her prospects. But the thing goes even further than this The clothes for some big productions are first made and then the girls fitted or adjusted to them and to the color scheme of the piece. The management's sole desire is to make a pretty picture on the stage. A high C note wouldn't stand a ghost of a chance in comparison with a smart face and hair coloring that matched the star's complexion perfectly

To get back to the rehearsal, what happened to the girl I mentioned happened all up and down the line. Here a girl was picked because she had fine hair, there one was selected because she had a figure that carried a Gibson-girl gown. When they came to me I was trembling. The stage manager's comment was: "Pretty foxy-looking. She'll make a specialty girl."

By "specialty" is meant a stunt like a march or a dance.

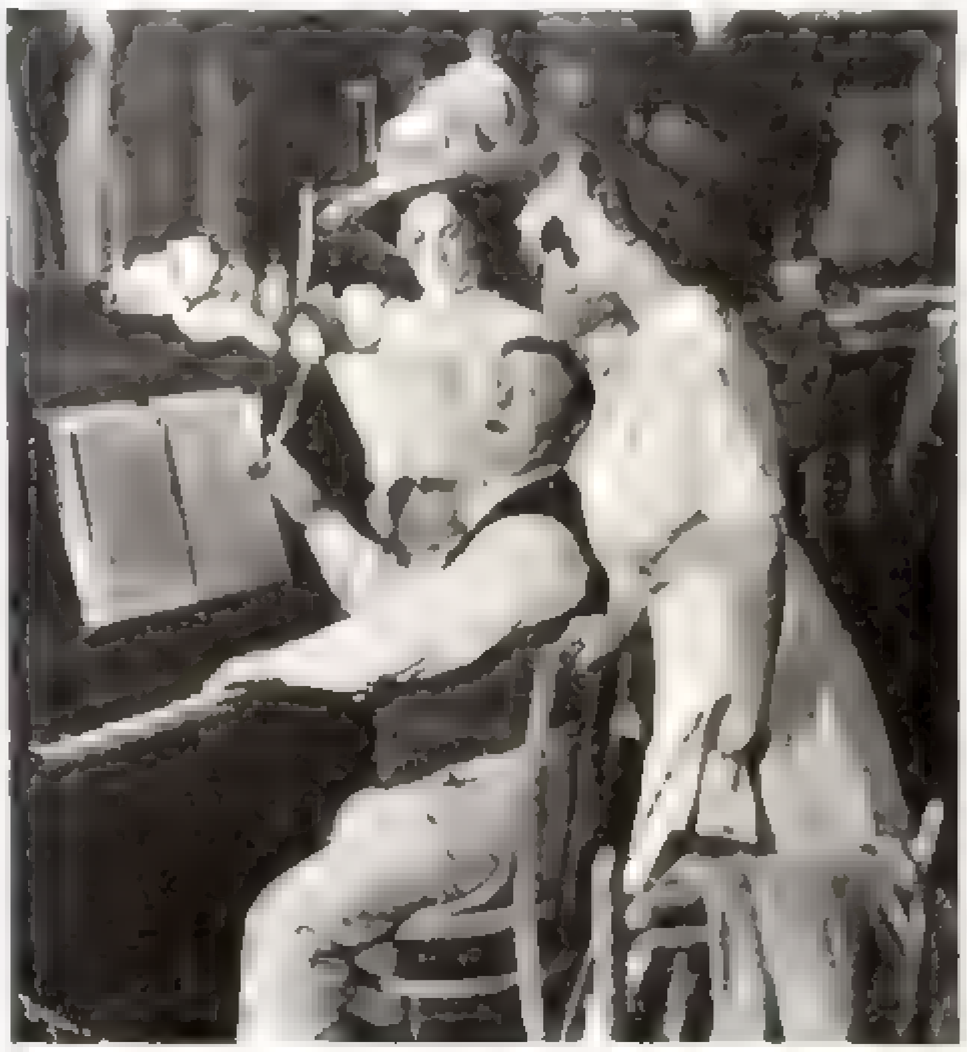
Then we began to rehearse the music. As I said before, I did not know one note from the other, but it was easy to listen to the tunes and remember them. The words required no especial talent to remember. The dancing was easy. I only had a few steps, and to do them properly it was only necessary to step lively and keep out of the way of the principals.

As the rehearsals progressed I got to know most of the other girls. I found that they were not so hard as their faces betokened. We "opened" at Pittsburgh, "the chorus girl's paradise." But it was no paradise for me.

An Interrupted Christmas Feast

THE Pittsburgh engagement was only for a week, but it broke me in, and by the time we got to Chicago, our next stand, I had got used to everything. We opened at the Iroquois Theater, and it was an eventful engagement. My sister had joined the company, and we lived together in a boarding-house.

Christmas came not long after this. One afternoon in holiday week I was sitting on the floor of our dressing-room eating some cake that had been sent in a box from home. One of the chorus men came along and yelled: "There's a fire upstairs." Then we heard engines and a great trampling of feet. We could smell smoke, too. I had on only a pair of tights and a kimono. I rushed out, and a big stage hand grabbed me and pushed me through a door. I found myself on the street in the midst of a panic. I thought of my sister, and I rushed back. I could not find her, and a man pushed me up to the sidewalk through a coal-hole. I stood shivering until a policeman gave me his coat. Then my sister showed up. The first thing she said was:


Trying the Chorus Girl's Voice

"Look! I still have my make-up on." I wasn't thinking of make-up, but of our narrow escape in the most horrible theater disaster in a lifetime

Of course, the Iroquois fire ended the Bluebeard season. I was out of a job, but I had seen enough of tights and show girls to last me a little while. I went back to New York and tried to get a small speaking part. One day I met Mr. Wilton Lackaye at a professional matinée. He was playing The Pit. I told him I wanted a job. One morning not long after this a man was announced at our flat. He told me he was Mr. Lackaye's stage manager, that the leading juvenile woman was sick, and that I could have the part. "But I don't know the part," I said. "We'll rehearse it here," he answered.

He arranged our little parlor as a stage, using the couch to represent the theater that figured in the scene. The chairs were stood up as people. He and I went through the "business," and that night, wearing the clothes of the girl who was sick, I went on. I got sixty dollars a week more money than I had ever earned before or since in that time.

After that I got a number of small speaking parts. I played for a time with Mrs. Leslie Carter. This was a liberal education. Mrs. Carter had a finely-assorted artistic temperament. She would call you down before audience or anybody. In Zaza I played the artist's model and had to smoke a cigarette on the stage. I had not smoked very much, and it often made me cough. At the first regular performance, and despite the fact that the house was full of people, Mrs. Carter came over excitedly and said: "Stop that coughing or throw away the cigarette." The audience thought it was part of the piece and laughed. I quit the next day

Then I got a part in The Little Gray Lady. After a week of one-night stands we struck Louisville, Kentucky. As I was making up on the opening night the manager came back and said "Never mind. We close tonight."

"What are we going to do?" I asked

"Beat it back to New York," he said

"How about my money?" I asked

"Nothing doing," he said. "Wire to mother."

I was stranded for fair. I was stopping at the best hotel in the town and owed two days' board already. I wired my mother and then told the hotel manager of my plight. To my great surprise he was very nice and told me to wait until I heard from home My mother sent me some money. When I offered to pay the hotel man he told me to wait until I was on my feet. As I went down to the station I met a man in our company who borrowed a dollar from me. Five years later I met him on Broadway and he paid me back.

Having stranded in the "legit," so to speak, I thought it safer, if less elevating, to go back to the musical show. Louis Mann gave me a job in The White Hen. I thought I'd have to go back to the chorus, but, to my surprise and delight, I found that I was picked for a show girl

Social Lines Drawn on the Stage

PERHAPS you don't catch at once the distinction between a chorus girl and a show girl. When I say that I became a show girl it simply means that I had reached the pinnacle of chorus class altitude. There is a very big difference between the mere chorus girl and the show girl. Any girl can be a chorus girl if she will wear anything—or nothing—and stand for anything. The show girl, on the other hand, is the aristocrat who will not wear tights, who stands in the front line, and her principal work on the stage is to be a beautiful clothes-rack and look agreeable. She does not have to sing, although she sometimes makes a noise that sounds like singing.

To be a show girl, a girl must be not less than five feet seven inches tall, have a good figure and know lots of New York men. Yet, despite her gorgeous gowns and big picture hats and a general air of well-dressed luxury, she only gets twenty-five dollars a week in New York

On the road the show girl gets thirty dollars a week. A few who are very well known get more. Out of this she must buy her shoes and stockings. In pieces where you change costume four or five times, each time with stockings to match your dress, this item becomes a big one. We are not permitted to buy our stockings ourselves. If we did we could save money. The stockings are bought by the management and their cost taken out of our pay-envelopes.

The ordinary garden variety chorus girl gets from fifteen to eighteen dollars a week. She is in the back row and often helps to fill in the stage scenery. Next come the "girlies." They are the little girls with the baby faces. They are also known as "ponies" and "broilers," and are mostly dancers. They get from eighteen to twenty dollars a week. Between the "girlies" and the show girls are the "mediums," girls who are literally medium in height. They get about twenty dollars a week. Sometimes they put extra soles in their shoes or build up their hair with pounds of puffs, or wear extra big hats in order to get into the show-girl size. Most of these have their salaries increased by a few dollars when the show goes on the road.

(Continued on Page 47)

Dressing for Rehearsal

Getting the Right Effects

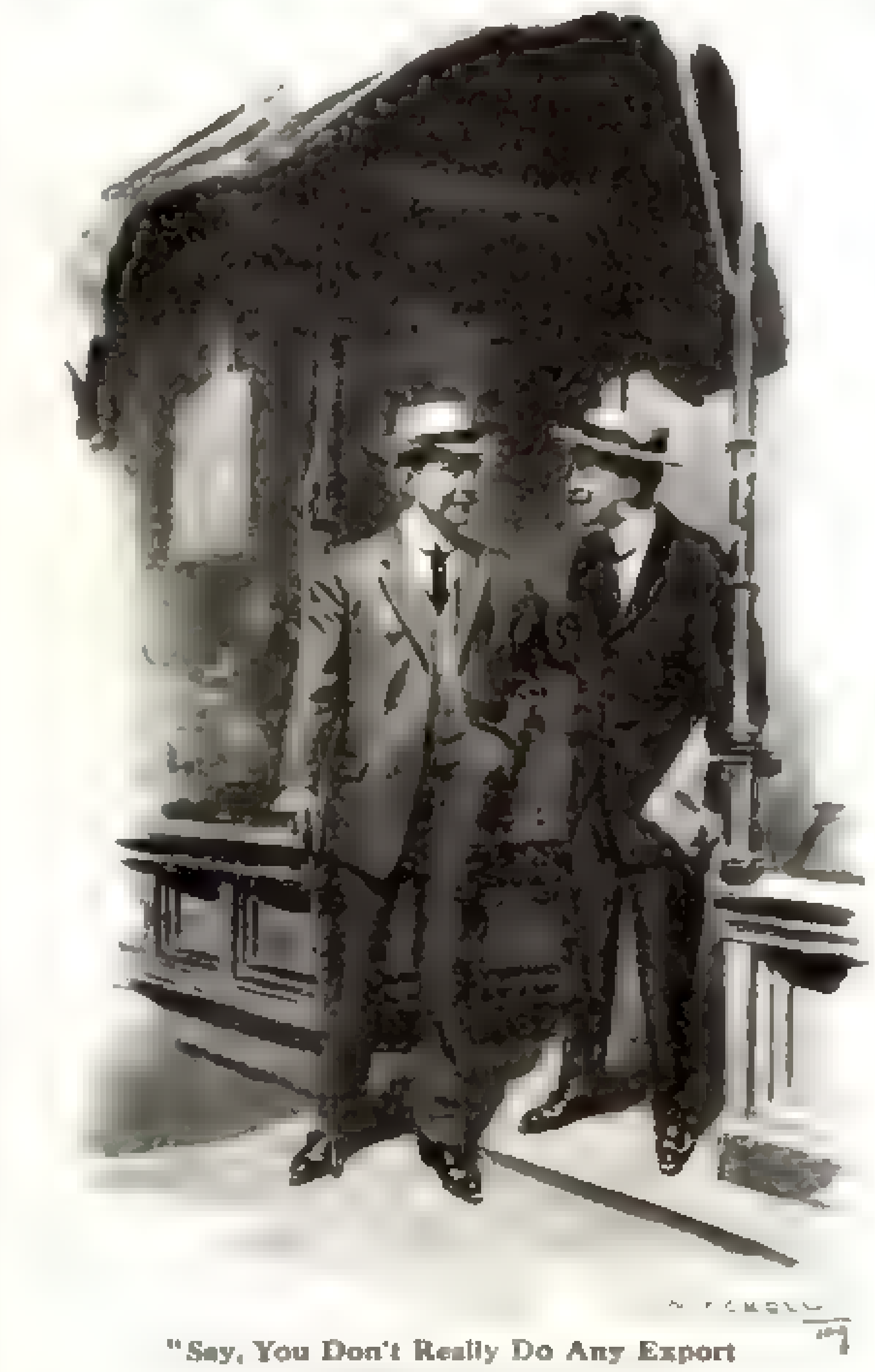
SELLING WITHOUT SAMPLES

The Work of the Traffic Man

By JAMES H. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. MITCHELL

UNLESS you control freight, the traffic solicitor is a salesman you seldom see. It is his business to get freight for the railroads, steamship lines and express companies, and his work takes him into regions where he is not often in the public eye. This morning he threads a factory district to find some obscure little office from which freight is sent, and this afternoon dodges teams in a wholesale street to find other bare little offices where freight is received. In one office sits the shipper and in the other the consignee, and these make up the traffic man's world. They control freight. He is constantly on the lookout for freight, and thinks in terms of freight, and measures human greatness by it. You might take him through the biggest mercantile palace in the world, show him acres of merchandise, armies of clerks, millions of annual turnover. He would quickly reduce it all to tonnage controlled, and then tell you about business concerns you never heard of that control ten times as much—a hundred times—thousands of tons daily.


"Say, You Don't Really Do Any Export Business, Do You?"

Ask the traffic man to give an economic account of himself, showing why he is useful and necessary and entitled to hold his job, and it would be second nature to explain himself in tonnage.

Our railroads carry a net tonnage of freight exceeding that of Europe—far over a billion tons yearly. The business of transporting it, the traffic man would tell you, is bound by two hard conditions. First, freight rates are always going down. In twenty years the average railroad rate per ton per mile has decreased more than twenty-five per cent, and this item travels steadily on the down-peak. Second, the cost of hauling freight is always going up. Locomotives, cars, track and labor travel steadily on the up-peak. One item is going one way and the other in an opposite direction, both apparently bound for infinity.

Rewarding Friends; Punishing Enemies

IN BETWEEN sits the railroad traffic manager, forever preparing to meet his doom, yet never meeting it. For, by better management, the railroads contrive to straighten tracks, reduce grades, buy bigger cars and engines, put more freight into a car, more cars into a train, and increase the traffic units carried per employee, per locomotive and per mile. Our railroads have met the issue so successfully that, in 1905, it took only half as much capital to produce a dollar of gross earnings as was needed twenty years before. Today, on five cents capital, they will haul one ton of freight one mile.

Of course, selling ability is an indispensable part of management of this sort, and it is here that the traffic solicitor comes in. There is only just about so much freight to be hauled each year, anyway. Some years there isn't even that much—poor crops reduce tonnage going and coming. Every railroad has competitors. If its general traffic manager wants to hold his job he must have volume to put into his big trains. The traffic solicitor gets that necessary volume. He goes out after it, and brings it back by sheer selling ability.

In the good old days before the Interstate Commerce Act put all the carriers on an even footing as to rates, the traffic man had a wider range of activity, because rates were then competitive, and he could take care of his friends and punish his enemies.

The city of Chicago asked bids on several thousand chairs and desks for its public schools. One of the leading manufacturers of such furniture had his factory in Michigan, within short shipping distance. Another manufacturer, able to compete on prices, was handicapped by a seven-hundred-mile freight haul from his factory in New York State. But the traffic man came to the second manufacturer's rescue, quoted him a special rate for those chairs and desks, and put him on an even footing with his Michigan competitor, so that, perhaps, he got the contract and the railroad got the tonnage. Perhaps the traffic man brought that furniture manufacturer first news of the Chicago contract, and persuaded him to bid. Today such assistance cannot be rendered

Again, there was an ice famine in New York City soon after the Interstate Commerce Act went into effect. A small ice dealer two hundred miles away had several cars of surplus stock which would have helped the sweltering town and turned him a nice profit. To get it into New York, however, a special rate would be needed. In the old days his railroad would have granted such a rate instantly. Under the new law that new rate must be posted thirty days in advance. Consulting published schedules, it was found that rates already in effect made it impossible for the small dealer to ship his ice into New York at a profit.

For his enemy, too, the traffic man could then lay up a sword for a day of extremity. Suppose some crusty old shipper on our main line had been going out of his way for years to spite us, sending every pound of his freight over a branch of a competing road. Suppose a car shortage came, and Crusty got jolly well pinched, and had to plead with us to help him out of difficulties. He certainly had no intention of giving us any permanent traffic. Our regular shippers, Crusty's competitors, were being pinched by the shortage, too. In the old days we might act as private individuals and firms still act in business generally—take care of our good friends and see that our enemy got less than Mother Hubbard's dog. But now, under the new law, we may have to give Crusty cars badly needed by our regular shippers.

The new law has greatly altered the traffic man's selling conditions.

One of the express companies, for example, does a large business in changing Canadian currency for customers. It might do this as an accommodation and a bid for other business, paying flat par, a dollar of our currency for a dollar of Canada's. But the express company is also a carrier, and in shipping this Canadian money back home, for itself, must not carry it free, or at a rate lower than would be charged another shipper. So a slight discount is necessary in changing—a small fraction of one per cent, representing the shipping rate.

Freight rates are now practically on a level, all things considered, and the traffic solicitor, as a salesman, cannot bid for business in bald prices. Instead, he must rely on friendship, better service, differences in cartage charges at various terminals, differential rates made possible by sending slow freight part of the way over water routes, and like points. These are the arguments upon which he now secures and holds traffic.

If you gave him the option of going back to the good old days of unrestricted rates and free fighting he wouldn't take it. The present order suits the traffic man very well. In those times it was necessary to yield too much to shippers in the way of secret rates and rebates, and shippers shopped around, played one road against another, and were never satisfied. There was no bottom anywhere.

Today, on the contrary, there is a solid bottom to everything in the shape of a freight rate governing merchandise traveling inside our national boundaries, and the traffic man, rid of those old uncertainties, goes into the field as a salesman, knowing that when he does land business his road will get full rates for it.

Friendship routes many a freight shipment, so the traffic man is one of the few sellers who still find it profitable to be good fellows. In a busy wholesale street you may see him taking a shipping-clerk round the corner for a glass of beer. An hour later he calls on some manufacturer whose hobby is temperance, bringing not even the fragrance of the harmless, necessary clove. A born freight solicitor must be all things to all men.

Methods That Bring Traffic

IN ONE instance a steamship traffic solicitor called repeatedly on a manufacturer who was said to have a fine export trade in silverware. The latter was jovial, and at the same time secretive. He would listen to the steamship man's arguments about facilities, yet refuse to say anything about his own shipments.

"I'm all fixed in that line," he laughed. "But come in whenever you're passing through town. I like you. Some of these days I'm going to buy you a good cigar."

A few weeks later the steamship man stopped there again. He was about to purchase some of the fine goods displayed in the office when the manufacturer saw him.

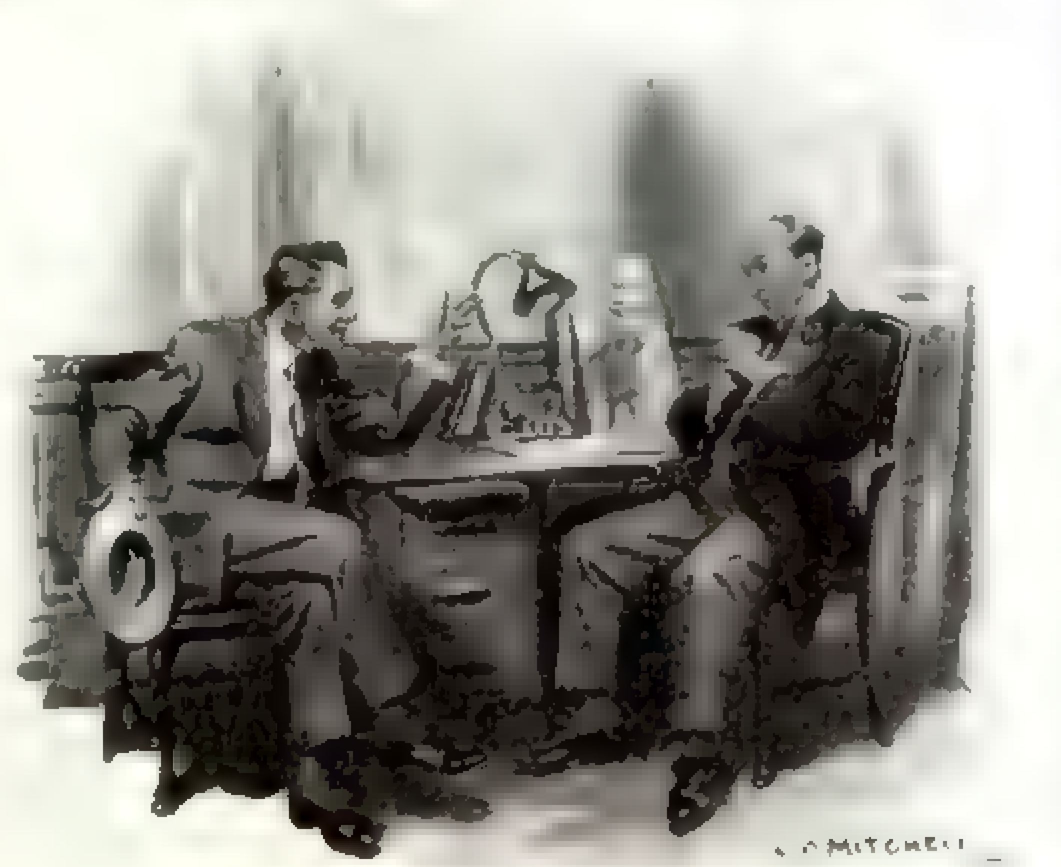
"I'll just postpone this shopping and let you buy me that cigar," said the solicitor. Around the corner, at Hermann's, he tried more arguments on the exporter, but made no apparent impression. At last he opened up with some of that magnificent banter which is often a fine resource in selling, properly used.

"Jones, I'm mighty glad you came in before I spent any of my good money for that bum silverware you make," chaffed the traffic man. "Say, you don't really do any export business, do you? I've got my doubts. We couldn't do anything for *you*, Jones. Our boats only run to civilized countries, you know. The people we reach are too wise to be taken in by your junk. This is the last time I stop here. There's no export business in your whole town. Have another cigar, and say good-by and hurry back to the factory and turn out a lot more of that cheap tinware."

Jones took this half-humorous grilling in good part. At the same time, it carried just enough bite to make him feel he ought to demonstrate that he sold goods abroad.

"My son, you come in here next October, when our present contracts expire," he said, "and I'll show you what we ship." Some months later that steamship man took over a nice traffic.

Service is the strongest selling argument, however, in these days of uniform freight rates. The solicitor for a great railroad system will rest his case on abundant cars, quick handling, ample facilities. The traffic man of a humble little road makes capital of his great rivals' freight congestions.


"And We Need Freight"

Traffic men are often able to go to manufacturers and point out distant markets, and to merchants, produce men and other traders, bringing information of sources of supply. The solicitor exerts a very good influence on his road by keeping in close touch with shippers and consignees, finding out what they need in the way of service, and getting it for them.

An excellent service argument is the retort used by solicitors for a prominent railroad with a checkered past. Several times it has been in receivership, and for years the criticism of public and press has been so caustic that not every one understands that today, under new management, it is really a very good road. When one of its freight men lays his card before a strange shipper the latter invariably laughs.

"Oho! The poor old Northeastern! What would it do with freight?"

"Yes, the poor old Northeastern," echoes the solicitor significantly. "And we need freight." Which is another way of saying that the road values traffic enough to give good service.

This particular road, because of its record and strong competition on all sides, has one of the best traffic soliciting forces in the country.

What service can accomplish in landing a shipment is shown by the experience of a steamship solicitor who heard that a prominent Philadelphian, going to Europe, would take three automobiles.

"No use seeing him," said another solicitor, "because he's a director in the Transatlantic Line, and will ship them that way."

Notwithstanding this apparent obstacle—for the Transatlantic is a competing line—the solicitor called on the Philadelphian and explained his special facilities for packing automobiles securely, getting them off the boat quickly, and doing all for one simple aggregate charge instead of a number of separate charges. With a rough diagram he showed how the machines are crated and braced, and the Philadelphian was especially impressed with technical details such as anchorage, chocks and wheel-cradles. In the end he sent all three cars over to New York, and they went to Europe by the competing steamers.

Trying to Fire the Boss

THIS same steamship man got into a factory town in the Middle West during the depths of the industrial depression, when it was disheartening to walk around among the silent mills. Nobody seemed to have any hopes of ever shipping freight again. But one plant in that town, he was told, had been busy all through the panic on foreign orders. He hurried there. A languid, blond young man, in an old straw hat and seersucker coat, came out when he asked for the manager of the shipping department. Handing in his card, the steamship man began talking about his facilities for export traffic. The languid young man did not seem interested at all, but handed back the unread card, saying, in a tired way:

"Nothing doing."

The steamship man ignored the card, and started in on another tack, speaking of certain advantages in speed possessed by his line. But the listener now seemed quite exhausted.

"I said there was nothing doing, didn't I?" he repeated gently.

That angered the steamship man a bit, and he took a bold course, turning the talk on to a personal issue.

"Do you know what I'm going to do, young man? I'm going to see your boss. When he understands what we can accomplish in ocean transportation you'll be likely to lose your job. Do you understand?"

"Oh, is that so!" said the languid young man scornfully

"Yes, it is. If you won't listen to me I'm justified in going to the president of this company with my proposition. And when I do you'll get fired—see?"

"Well, well, you don't say!" said the languid young man with a grin. "But, perhaps, you're right. Suppose you come in and talk it over. *I'm* the president of this company."

"Nothing Doing"

It is a Simple Enough Matter to Learn to Whom He is Shipping in Europe

He opened the office gate to the abashed steamship man, and sent out for the shipping-clerk.

"Charley," said he to the latter, reading from the visitor's card, "we have with us this morning Mr. Julius Innbad, of the Interoceanic Steamship Company, general forwarding, marine insurance and commission, through rates to and from inland points, through freight booked for all ports reached by the company's service in Europe, South America, and so forth. What do you know about that?"

Charley didn't know anything about it, and, moreover, seemed as well satisfied with their present freight arrangements as the boss. Besides, shipments were falling off now. Today he had only that trial order to go via Gibraltar.

Gibraltar! When the steamship man heard this he ventured on a prophecy. Gibraltar is a fortress, not a shipping point, and goods sent that way are fairly certain to be delayed. He predicted that if this trial order went by Gibraltar it would be so long on the way that their customer would never buy again. Which prediction came true in a few months, and gave the steamship man a footing as adviser with that concern. Today he handles the bulk of its ocean shipments.

One singular point in freight traffic of all kinds, from the selling side, is that for every shipment there are two persons who may be influenced instead of one customer, as in most selling. First, there is the shipper to be canvassed If he cannot be influenced or persuaded, then the traffic man may go to the consignee.

A manufacturer in Massachusetts, for example, ships hundreds of cases of goods to Western merchants. For some reason he sends every possible pound over one railroad entering Chicago. Other Eastern roads canvass him for part of this traffic, but to no purpose. When nothing is to be had from the shipper, traffic solicitors in the West canvass the merchants or consignees. Very likely they have the help of Western roads over which this freight will come if diverted, so that strong pressure is put upon the consignee.

When the traffic man goes gunning for a consignee he carries a certain blank form, no larger than a check, bearing a dozen printed words and some ruled lines. At the bottom is a line for the consignee's signature, as in a life-insurance application, and the fact that this signature must be obtained adds to traffic work some of the difficulty and relish of life-insurance selling. This is the routing order. It directs the manufacturer back East to ship the consignee's freight by a specified line until otherwise ordered. A cardinal point in getting routing orders, it is said, is to have the blank as small and informal as possible—routing order blanks are studies in simplicity.

This alternative of working on the consignee has brought about interesting competition between our express companies and the foreign steamship lines. The express companies have strong selling organizations throughout the United States. Wherever freight is shipped or received they have offices, solicitors and drivers. A Chicago merchant places an order for goods with a German manufacturer. The express company has facilities for learning what is going on, and can reach anybody in the United States through a personal representative. This merchant is persuaded to have that merchandise come from Germany by express. The company will relieve him of details such as getting it through customs in New York, transfer to rail, and so forth, making one lump charge for direct delivery. This appeals to the Chicago merchant, and he orders the German manufacturer to ship by express. One of our express companies now handles so much of this import traffic that it is credited with an import tonnage exceeding its whole domestic traffic.

Some ocean business is also obtained through the express companies' money-order service. A Greek merchant in Athens buys an express money order for a thousand dollars, payable to a shoe manufacturer in Boston. It takes little insight to see behind that an order for American shoes to be shipped to Athens, and the express traffic men in Boston will not fail to solicit their local manufacturer for the shipment.

Foreign steamship companies, on the contrary, have the major portion of their selling forces in foreign countries. Some of the large lines doing business from our Atlantic ports send traveling freight solicitors over the United States, but these men are relatively few, and can spend but two or three days a year in a city the size of Detroit, so that express companies have little to fear from them here at home.

But suppose a steamship company hears of the Boston shoe manufacturer's growing export trade. It canvasses him, but fails to get a share of the traffic. It is a simple enough matter to learn to whom he is shipping in Europe. A pencil, a pad, half an hour spent copying shipping marks on his cases, and a list of his consignees is obtained, to be forwarded to the steamship representatives in Europe, where territory is covered closely. These representatives visit the European consignees and get routing orders instructing the Boston manufacturer to ship thereafter by their line.

At the same time, these foreign steamship solicitors learn which European manufacturers are sending goods to America, and solicit them as shippers, and if they do not get the traffic in competition with our express companies it will certainly not be for want of effort.

Many business houses with large freight transactions now employ their own traffic experts to look after their interests—men who, as a rule, have come up through the railroad organizations. The traffic superintendent of a wholesale house in St. Louis follows every shipment of goods coming to or leaving his house, step by step. Wake him up at night, and he will know where all goods in transit are at the moment, or ought to be. Traffic superintendents of large factories may control ore, coal and other heavy shipments amounting to several hundred cars daily. Boards of trade in cities now have traffic experts who work on behalf of local shippers who could not employ men in their service.

The Traffic Man's Nightmare

THESE experts wield great powers. It is benign power when one of them gives a transportation company steady patronage. But when, for some reason, they withhold traffic to punish a carrier, that is just the opposite, in the traffic solicitor's opinion.

Claims are the nightmare of the traffic solicitor—claims for goods damaged or lost in transit. A wholesale house in San Francisco receives a case of bottled goods from New York, broken somewhere along the three-thousand-mile journey. A claim is entered against the railroad company that handled this case last. Railroads are slow in paying claims. Fraud is unhappily common, so a claim must be backed by proof, and is handled on a legal basis. This takes time.

Again, where a shipment had been hauled by half a dozen different railroads, it is necessary to investigate thoroughly and decide who is responsible. That takes a lot more time.

The private traffic superintendent is paid to get all possible advantages for his employers, of course. If he fancies that a certain road is tardy in adjustments he may bring pressure to bear, withholding from it his traffic.

And this brings in the traffic man. Breakage is a thing of modern air-brakes, fast trains, careless packing—matters out of the traffic man's control. Claims are a matter of cautious weighing by adjusters—out of his control, too. But the irate traffic superintendent, the threatened loss of freight, the angry feeling toward the road—these are matters with which he must deal at first hand. That is what he gets paid for.

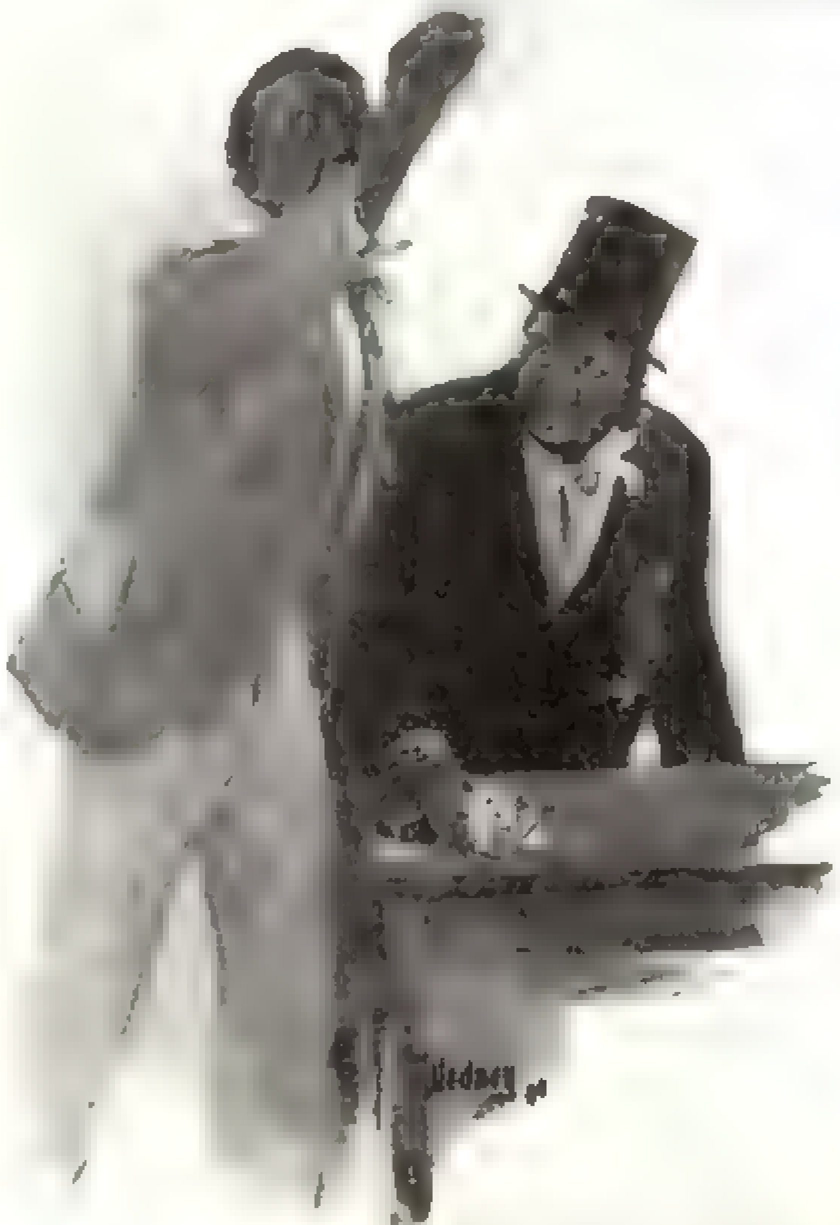
Editor's Note—This is the second of Mr. Collins' articles on the new methods of Selling Goods Without Samples. The third will appear in an early number.

THE GENT FROM JOSEPHINE

Uncle Potter Attends a Political Convention

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY



"'Dis Nigger is Castin' Dem Votes Wrong!'"

"TAKE the witness stand, Uncle Potter." John Wexford spoke with a confidence that he did not feel. Twice before the old negro had been dragged to the bar of justice, and twice the young lawyer had managed to laugh the prosecution out of court. The district attorney leaned over and whispered: "He's gone up, John; you can't get him out of this."

Uncle Pot shuffled around to the witness stand, his black face shining with an innocence far stronger than the legal presumption. The jurors—all white—regarded him with amused curiosity and wondered what fairy story he would tell. Nobody blamed John Wexford—the Wexfords always stood by their friends. The sympathy of court and jury was with John; but the facts seemed to be with the district attorney. Even he secretly hoped that something might happen which would furnish the jury with a legitimate excuse for letting the old negro go.

Uncle Potter raised his hand and swore to tell the truth. "I'll sho do dat," he said. John Wexford drew his chair closer. "Now, Uncle Pot, speak out. What is your name?"

"Potter Wexford."

"Where do you live?"

"Now, Mister Johnny, you ain't fergot whar I lib. 'Taint no white gent'mun in Josephine Parish whut don't know Uncle Potter's house, right dar in de fust forks o' de road."

"You are charged with stealing Mrs. Hogan's cow. Tell the jury all about it."

"Fust place, 'twarn't no cow; second place, I never stole it. 'Twarn't nuthin but a little, ole, wobbly, red heifer. Yaller Tom Winston stirred up dis here lawsuit agin me, den come here an' swore to dat pack o' lies. Me an' Tom lives in de same ward. Him bein' de parish leader, he wants to go to de convention in N'Yawleens an' from dar to de big convention in St. Louis. Tom ain't reg'lar wid de '92 fraction, an' don't stand square wid de 'Publican flatform. Dat's how come my ward 'fused to indorse 'im an' indorsed me. Tom got riled an' hiked hisself to de cotehouse. De gran' jury didn't had no bizness listenin' to his string o' nigger news."

"How did you happen to have the cow?"

"Yaller Tom done it. 'Bout a munt' ago he come to my gate. I was settin' on my gallery an' warn't studyin' no heifer. Tom say: 'Dere's a stray heifer; turn her in yo' lot an' when somebody claims her we'll git a dollar!'

"'What you got to do wid dat heifer?' sezzi.

"He say: 'I takes keer ob all de stock in town—Mr. Darwin's, Mr. Fairchild's and all de mos' qualified white folks.' Tom chased dat heifer in my yard an' come to town to find out whose 'twuz. Dat's de last I seen o' Tom. Den he gits mad 'bout de ward meetin' an' goes to Mrs. Hogan an' starts dis rookus."

"Why didn't you tell somebody you had the cow?"

"I plum fergot it. De very next day atter Tom turned de heifer in my yard Major Wexford tuk down sick. O' cose, he hollered fer me; every time he moved dat leg he hollered; you could hear him clear to my house. I drapped my hoe an' come a-runnin'. Den I set up night an' set up day! Did any o' you gent'mun ever set up wid Major? I ain't had no time to be studyin' 'bout no heifer. She warn't hid from nobody; right dar in my front yard beside de big road. Yaller Tom is tricksy, an' ——"

Uncle Potter stopped and pricked up his ears. Then he ran to the window and yelled across the street: "Comin', Major, comin'! 'Scuse me, Jedge; Major is woke up."

Potter climbed the low railing and darted through the courtroom. A bailiff caught him at the door.

"Lemme go, please, suh; lemme go! I ain't got no time fer skylarkin' whilst de Major's leg is a-hurtin' him."

Above the murmur of the courtroom came the peremptory rapping of a stick on the window-sill of a house across the way. Everybody recognized Major Wexford's voice: "Come here, Pot. Where the devil are you?"

"Comin,' Major!" Uncle Potter shouted as he struggled with the bailiff, then appealed to the judge.

"Jedge, you'll hafter 'scuse me. I'll be back jes' as soon as I kin rub Major's leg. You-all got me so flustered I fergot Major's three-o'clock medicine."

The judge nodded gravely to the bailiff, and the bailiff let Uncle Potter go. Dozens of men crowded to the windows and saw the negro scurry across the courtyard. Jurors leaned out of the windows and watched that low white house across the way with no interest in human affairs except to hope that Major Wexford had his leg properly rubbed.

The district attorney swore to himself. Everybody laughed at him; then he turned to John Wexford with a broad smile. "John, you are a bully stage manager. How did the Major get his cue?"

John Wexford drew a long breath. "It's an acquittal?" he said.

"Sure," answered the district attorney.

The two went up together, leaned over the judge's railing and held a whispered consultation. The judge glanced at the jury.

"Well, Judge," suggested the district attorney, "I might as well dismiss this case. That jury wouldn't convict old Potter if a regiment of archangels came down and testified against him."

"We are wasting time," said the judge. He turned to the jury. "Gentlemen, you are instructed to find the defendant not guilty. Mr. Clerk, call the next case."

. . . .

Late in the afternoon of Potter's vindication two old cronies sat together on the gallery, talking of nothing in particular, of everything in general. The Major propped his game leg on a pillow; Potter rested on the steps. For a while he chuckled to himself, then spoke out:

"Major, dat sho wuz one good holler you made—it teetotally busted up dat lawsuit."

After a period of silence the Major asked: "Potter, what makes you so crazy about going to that convention at New Orleans?"

Out of a broad grin Potter showed his double row of perfect teeth: "Lawdy, Major, ain't you heerd about it? Senator Murray's man is gwine ter be at N'Yawleens wid seben barrels o' money."

They talked for a while about the certainty of Murray's nomination for the Presidency and the almost equal certainty of his election. But, talking or silent, Uncle Potter kept his weather eye upon the street. He had a reason. Presently the reason came along—a meanly-dressed white man, who glanced at the negro, then halted imperceptibly and almost put his hand upon the gate.

Uncle Potter drew closer to the Major. He had no eyes in the back of his head, but he saw every movement of the white man. The man hesitated and passed on. When he got behind the cedar hedge he turned back again. Potter shifted his position; again the man failed to catch his eye. Finally, the man seemed to get disgusted and went away. Intensely relieved, Potter settled back upon the step. Then Major Wexford gave him a scare.

"Potter, run up to the drug store and get some cigars."

"Yas, suh." He moved reproachfully—like a pointer that has been ordered out of the house; only he went into the house, instead of out. From a safe place behind the dining-room blinds he searched the street in all directions. Then he dodged uptown by way of the back gate and the alleys.

Potter had overplayed his luck that morning; consequently, he was due a bad streak in the afternoon.

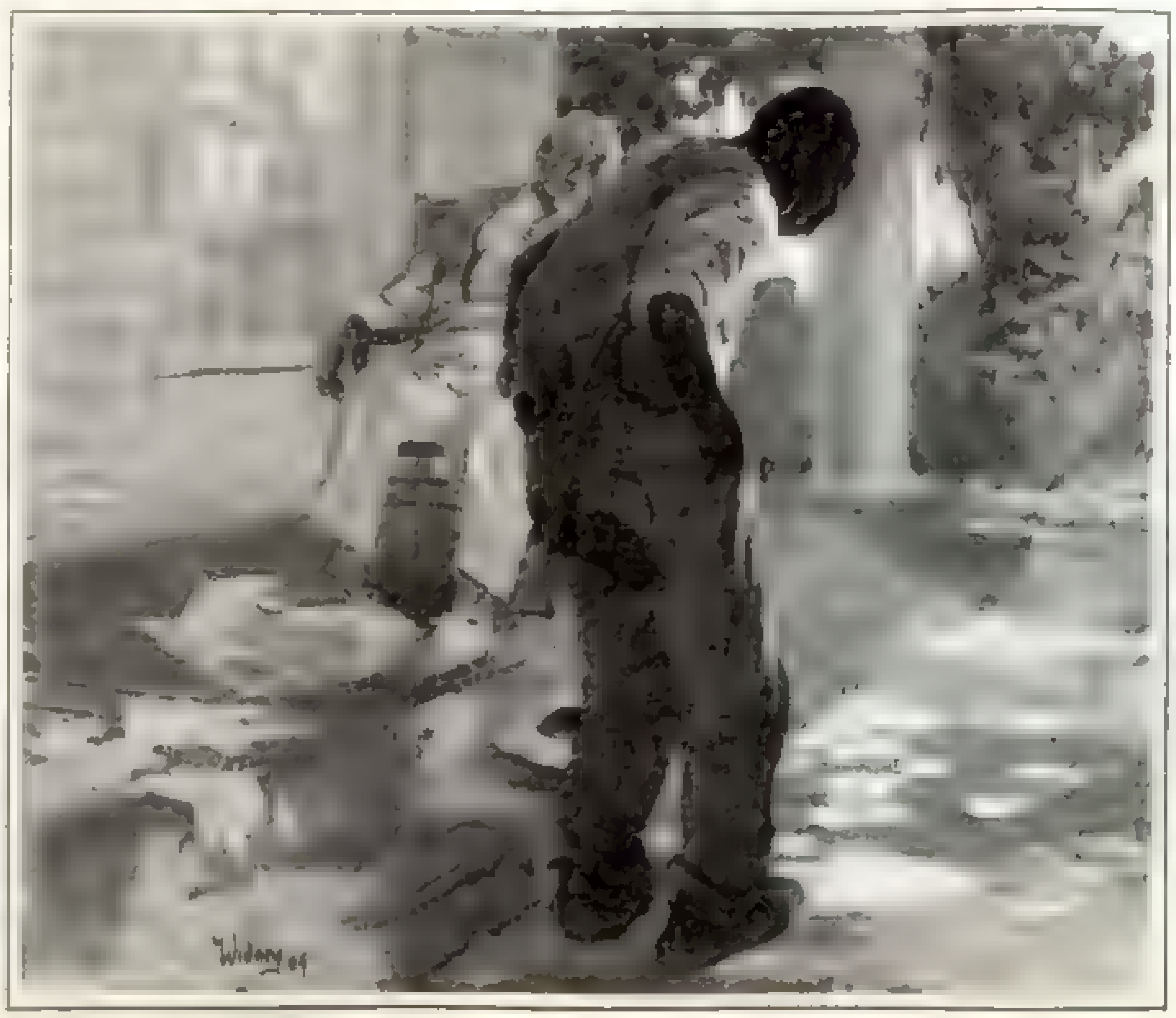
In spite of every precaution the man met him coming out of the drug store and caught his sleeve. Uncle Potter turned and smiled blandly. "Howdy do, Mister Rigg; I war jes' hurryin' 'round to yo' office."

"See here, old man, you haven't paid me for two weeks. The constable will arrest you tomorrow for false pretenses. You won't work. Your crop is all grown up in grass."

"Now, Mr. Rigg," he protested, "what chance is I got to work a crop whilst de Major's leg is hurtin' 'im?"

"Get the money from him."

Potter's eyes bulged out of his head. "Lawd, Mr. Rigg! When Major paid you dat last time he say he gwine to wear me out wid his stick ef I borrowed any mo' money fum you an' paid two bits on de dollar intrust. I wouldn't ax him fer dat money, not to pay de angel Gabriel."



He was Mumbling to Himself and Wincing at the Tenderness of His Feet

Rigg half dragged the old negro into his dingy shop, which displayed the sign, "Loan Office."

Uncle Potter sat down on the edge of a chair and asked: "Mr. Rigg, how much does I owe you now?"

"Fifty-eight dollars."

"How come dat, Mr. Rigg? I ain't borrowed but twenty dollars an' I been paying you five dollars a munt'——"

"You paid some interest; but you didn't pay for lawyers' fees and discounts."

Potter had three dollars in his pocket, which Major Wexford had given him to buy provisions. He handed this to the loan shark.

"Credick dis on de 'count, an' please, suh, gimme a receipt."

"Receipt? What use have you got for a receipt while you are using my money?"

Uncle Potter signed a new paper, mopped his brow and hurried out where he could breathe. Suddenly he forgot the loan shark, for, in the glare of a lamp across the street, he saw a prosperous-looking mulatto sauntering along, smoking a cigar.

"Huh! Dat's Will Bowling whut come here a munt' ago and talked to Yaller Tom Winston. Tom had plenty money when dat nigger went away." Potter stepped into a blind doorway and watched. Bowling strolled through the grocery to a barroom in the rear, and Tom Winston followed.

"I'm gwinter see whut dey's up to." Potter slipped around to the back yard and hid among some barrels near the window, where he had no difficulty in keeping up with their conversation. "I kin deliver de goods all right," said Tom; and Potter knew that he meant the delegation from Josephine Parish.

"Well, Mr. Winston, that puts you in the bandwagon. Senator Murray is the next President." Potter noted the nonchalance with which Bowling used the magic name of Murray.

Tom went on to explain: "Niggers ain't takin' no interest in dis election. 'Twon't be more'n a dozen at de mass meetin', an' dey'll do 'zactly whut I sez."

Bowling began counting crisp bills into the hands of Yaller Tom. The sight of it took Potter's breath away He shoved his face close to the window, then dropped back and gasped: "Lawd! Dey's twenties. I'd git dat ef I wuz de leader instid o' Tom. I'm gwinter git it, anyhow 'Bleeged to git it or de constable gits me." Potter hurried back to Major Wexford with the cigars, and kept up a mighty lot of thinking.

. . . . .

Tom Winston was right. On the day of the mass meeting not more than a dozen negroes loafed toward the courthouse There were fifty others uptown who showed no inclination to meddle with politics. In his pocket Tom carried the list of delegates, the platform and the set of ringing resolutions of the Parish. This general apathy played into his hand; otherwise some fool negro might have got up and started an argument.

Bowling held himself in the background; every interview meant a demand, and every dollar he could save was that much to the good. A nickel cigar and a ten-cent drink ought to satisfy these country negroes.

On the stroke of twelve Tom Winston led his string of dummies into the courthouse "Come on, boys!" he said. "Let's put her through and be done wid it."

Uncle Potter watched him from behind the corner, then pushed a barefooted boy into the middle of the road and whispered: "Run for the band." The little negro jerked off his cap and stirred up a mighty dust. Uncle Potter sauntered into the mass meeting and took a back seat.

Tom shone in all his glory. "Honorable Alfred Jackson, will you kindly take the chair?" The Honorable Alfred Jackson rapped with his gavel. Tom took the floor, pulled some papers from his pocket and squared himself for a speech

Uncle Potter calculated on this speech consuming the time until reinforcements could arrive. But Tom's breath gave out, and Uncle Potter began to get uneasy.

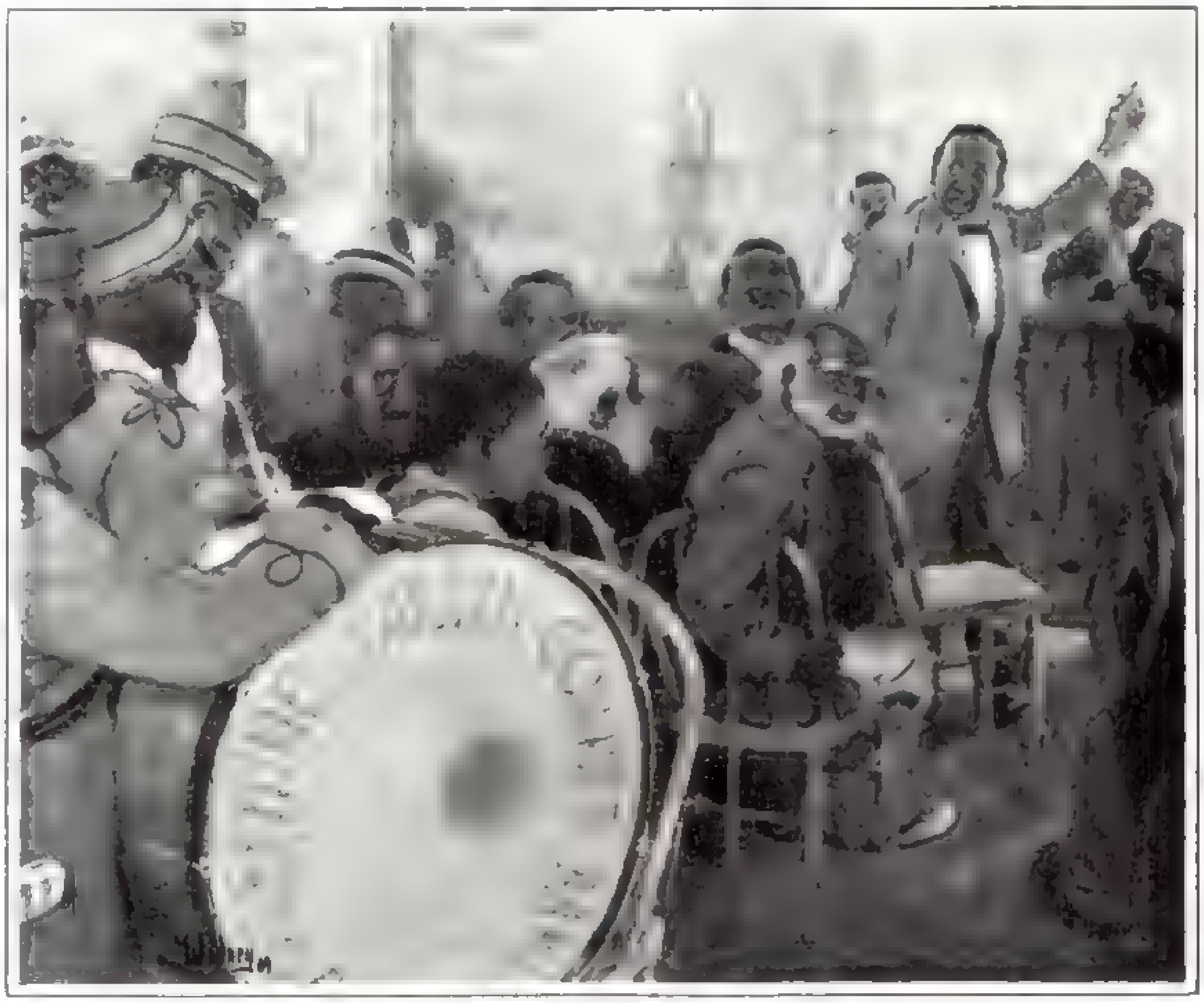
"The next thing in order," announced the Honorable Alfred Jackson, "is to 'lect a castin' voter for de N'Yawleens Convention."

Immediately a little sawed-off negro sprang up:

"I nominate Honorable Thomas Winston."

Uncle Potter arose; he had to rise. "Mr. Chairman," he began. Then the blare from a brass band drowned his voice. Every negro turned his head; then they rose and cheered. Through the hallway came the tramp of many feet. Alf Jackson hammered on the rostrum and shouted: "Dere's a motion befo' de meetin'!" But the negroes were listening to the band and had no time for motions. Nearly a hundred men, of all colors from light yellow to dense black, marched around the room, keeping time to the tap of a drum. They yelled and jeered and took their seats

In a moment of silence the sawed-off negro spoke: "I 'sists on my motion."



"You Ain't Gwine to Send a Man to N'Yawleens Who is Jes' Been Tried fer Stealing a Cow!"

"Put him out!" shouted a dozen voices, and the band played. The band kept on playing until in sheer weariness the Honorable Alf recognized old man Reuben Gowdy.

"I makes a move, ef I gits a second, dat our popular fellow-citizen, Honorable Potter Wexford, be nominated fer castin' voter in de state convention at N'Yawleens."

Fifty negroes sprang to their feet: "Second de motion! Second de motion!"

Yaller Tom went frantic. "Whut you niggers doin'? You ain't gwine to send a man to N'Yawleens who is jes' been tried fer stealing a cow!"

Potter jumped up and roared: "Twelve white gent'-muns turned me loose. You spent three years in de penitenchery at Baton Rouge."

Tom defended himself stoutly: "Yas, everybody knows dat I served my time like a genterman and got a honorable discharge "

"Vote! Vote! Vote! Vote!" A hundred voices took up the cry. The Honorable Alfred dared not refuse to put the question. Then "Wexford," "Wexford," burst into a mighty uproar.

Before Tom Winston caught his breath the Wexford slate had been elected with a hurrah, resolutions passed, the platform adopted and the meeting adjourned.

Victorious Potter and his friends marched out of the hall with the brass band at their head. Tom Winston stood aside and sneered: "You fools can't git to N'Yawleens. Potter ain't got no money." That remark hitched a hearse-horse to the Wexford bandwagon. The cornet-blower stopped with a jerk and shook his battered instrument in Uncle Potter's face. "What did dat nigger say? Uncle Potter, you *got* to pay dis band. Five dollars cash!"

"Ain't I good fer it?" demanded Uncle Potter.

The newly-elected delegates came crowding up: "I can't go to N'Yawleens wid dese britches on. I gotter have ten dollars."

Yaller Tom jeered at them. "Huh! Done 'lected a castin' voter what can't buy a second-hand postage stamp "

Uncle Potter looked bewildered. "You-all jes' wait a minit," he said. "Lemme go see de Major."

"Dar now!" burst out Yaller Tom; "I knowed de white folks wuz behine dis. Potter done sold out to de Demmycrats."

"Less hang 'im!" suggested the Honorable Alfred.

While Potter was himself in trouble he had created a more than delicate situation for other people. Will Bowling came rushing out of his hiding-place and caught Tom Winston excitedly by the arm. "Gimme back dat money; mass meeting done turned you down!"

"Shut up!" Tom whispered. "We'se fixin' to compromise." The row broke out in a new place, and Uncle Potter discreetly made a sneak to the edge of the crowd. When he felt sure he had a fair start to Major Wexford he stopped and listened to Yaller Tom and Bowling.

"Dem niggers put up a job on me wid a brass band."

"Give me back that money; that's all I want!"

"What money?" said Tom contemptuously. "You ain't gib me no money."

For an instant the men glared at each other, then Bowling realized that he was up against it.

"What are you goin' to do?" he asked. Tom took him aside and whispered a few words in his ear. Bowling immediately began to inquire: "Where is the Honorable Potter Wexford?" If he had waited thirty seconds Potter would have come to him. Bowling couldn't wait. He rushed up and introduced himself. "This is the Honorable Potter Wexford?"

The old man held the whip hand and couldn't keep from grinning.

"Mr. Wexford, you seem to be in control of the situation. But how are you going to get your delegates to New Orleans?"

"Ain't dere steamboats and railroad trains a-plenty?"

"Takes money to ride."

"Dat's so. 'Pears to me like you's got de money an' I'se got de delegates."

That made the situation very clear.

Bowling conducted the negotiations. Uncle Potter had his heart set on the glory of rising in that big convention and casting the vote of his native Parish. Tom itched to handle the emoluments thereof. Bowling made an obvious suggestion, which was agreed to. Uncle Potter held his job and Tom went along as financial agent for the delegation. By means of a few judicious alterations the credentials bore the Honorable Thomas Winston's name as chairman. Uncle Potter knew no better, for he could not read. But the astute pair dared not go so far as to cut the old man out of his right to cast the vote.

. . . . .

At the first chance Uncle Potter sneaked away and went straight to Major Wexford.

The Major chuckled. "I thought that brass band would fix 'em. Now you'll get a chance at that seven barrels o' money. But you've got to fix yourself; you look too cheap for a chairman."

"Yas, suh." Uncle Potter glanced first at his baggy breeches and dusty brogans, then at the Major.

"We'll rig you up in style."

Out of the cedar chest came a long-discarded suit of broadcloth, built according to Prince Albert. It inclosed the negro voluminously and allowed him plenty of room to slosh around inside. Major's vest covered the middle man. The collar choked mightily, but Uncle Potter wriggled his neck and managed to breathe. Robed in dignity Uncle Potter looked like a portrait of Daniel Webster—with straw hat at the top and brogans at the bottom.

"Uncle Potter," asked Mrs. Wexford, "what size hat do you wear?"

"I wears any size."

She glanced at his head and smiled. Potter's head started on a broad base and tapered to a point, like a cone. The size of his hat made no difference. It was merely a question of how far down it came. He could have worn a foot-tub or a pill-box.

When Mrs. Wexford brought out a stovepipe hat the old man approved of himself and laughed happily at the mirror. But he glanced at his feet, and his feathers fell.

"Shoes are a hard proposition," said the Major. "You can't wear mine, or John's, or anybody's." Potter's feet covered a generous acreage.

"Go to the store and get a pair of patent-leathers. I'll pay for them."

Potter shucked his new harness and wrapped it carefully.

"We'se gwine away tomorrow mornin'."

"Good luck to you," said the Major. And the two old men shook hands.

. . . .

Two weeks went by—a fortnight of blue skies and cooling winds and peace for the people of St.-Marie-by-the-River. The nomination of Senator Murray—a foregone conclusion—had passed into history. The national campaign had begun. Major Wexford smoked and dozed on the gallery; oftentimes he wondered what had happened to Uncle Potter upon his great mission to the great city.

Any returning pilgrim might have known that the Major would be sitting on his gallery in the afternoon, looking out between the cedars. And so it happened when the gate clicked. A bent and battered ruin limped along the gravel walk, dragging the Major's gold-headed cane behind him. To this apparition the Major called. "Hello, Honorable Wexford! What did you do to 'em in New Orleans?"

Uncle Potter smiled painfully, but answered not a word. He collapsed like a dish-rag on the bottom step and began unlacing his patent-leather shoes. These shoes were already split across the top, slashed down the sides, and a black toe stuck out at every slit. He jerked them off, stood up and hurled them far into the street. Then he sank down with a sigh and clasped his hands about his knee. Major Wexford asked no questions; the floodgates of conversation would burst when Potter got easy in his feet. The negro devoted his entire attention to operating his toes. As the toes began to work the tongue began to loosen.

"Major," he remarked over his shoulder, "country niggers ain't got no bizness in N'Yawleens—not wid dese kind o' clo'se on."

"Didn't you have a good time?"

"Yas, suh, sometimes I did—an' den agin I didn't."

Major Wexford prodded him. "Potter, is it true what these niggers are saying, that you disgraced the parish? All the other delegates got big money, while you took the leavings—nickels and dimes."

"Now, Major, 'twarn't *quite* bad as dat. I got my pratter like de rest."

"Your what?"

"My pratter o' what was coming to de delegates."

This was near enough to "pro rata," and Major Wexford understood.

"You see, Major, it all come o' dis Yaller Tom. His brains is shaller. He didn't have sense enough to cook dat convention, so —— Major, please, suh, gimme a drink."

"Go get the decanter."

Old Potter walked across the gallery like a barefooted boy on a hot sidewalk.

With the glass in his hand Uncle Potter began to talk. The Major had only to lean back and listen.

"You see, Major, I had de delegates an' Tom had de money; just like one nigger had de buggy and de yudder had de mule. Bill Bowling hitched us togedder, an' fust thing I know Tom wuz drivin'. All us delegates went to Vicksburg, whar we were gwine to ketch de train dat night. We started out wid fifteen delegates, and Tom he say to me: 'Look here, Potter: 'tain't no sense taking all dis crowd. Me an' you kin run dat convention jes' as good as a thousand.' Wid dat he commenced tellin' fust one nigger, den anudder to go back home. Some wuz easy to bluff, an' some of 'em wuzn't. Hike and Wesley an' Ed got on to de train anyway, widout a cent of money. Tom kep' tellin' 'em he warn't gwine to pay deir way, an' de conductor kep' tellin' 'em he war gwine to put 'em off. Hike drapped off 'bout ten miles below Vicksburg; Ed drapped at Big Black. But ole man Wesley helt on to de railing till we got to Port Gibson—jes' like a crawfish holds on to de bait. Dat left me an' Tom an' Aleck an' Jim Fulton an' Reuben Gowdy.

"Major, you jes' oughter seen de swarm o' niggers whut met de train at N'Yawleens, pullin' us dis way and dat, an' yellin' 'Bodin' House.' Tom didn't go to de same place wid us, but lit out unbeknownst an' helt a meetin' wid de leaders. Common niggers don't git nuthin' fer deir votes; de big leader pays de little leader, an' de little leader bites off a piece fer de common nigger. Sometimes it's a five-cent cigar, sometimes it's a five-dollar bill, 'cordin' to how loud de common nigger is gwine to holler.

"Dat day we organized de convention—two hundred white folks an' more'n seven hundred niggers. A shiny black nigger wuz president. Befo' we sot down good a gent'mun riz up an' made his move. 'There is men here,' he said, 'that is not regular with the '92 fraction an' don't stand square on de 'Publican flatform. Whilst I am on my feet I makes a move dat dey shall not be seated in dis convention.'

"Dat raised a mighty humbug; dey jowled an' squabbled an' den turned a heap of 'em out. Tom never blinked his eye. Instid of goin' out he walks into de side room whar dey wuz unloadin' de gripsacks o' money. I seen Tom whisperin' wid some gent'muns dat wuz settin' roun'. Ever so often he tuk out a book an' writ sumpin' in it. Dere wuz a spry little brown-colored man wid bristly hair, same as a possum. Him an' Tom got mighty thick. Somebody said 'twuz Adam Wiggins used to be postmaster. Tom writ him down in de book. Mos' everybody roun' de convention wanted to be Murray delegates, 'cause he war shore to be 'lected. Dem others sweated a whole lot widout gettin' many votes.

"Atter while a gent'mun named Mr. Andrews come over an' sot down by me. He war runnin' fer delegate to de St. Louis convention, like all de balance. Some way or other dey wuz fixin' to leave 'im out in de cold. Dat's how come he wanted my fifteen votes, an' offered me six hundred dollars. He sho talked low an' soft; den he writ his name down on a piece o' paper an' called a young man an' sez: 'Honorable Wexford, dis gent'mun will set here an' punch you when it comes time to git up an' vote.'

"'All right,' sezzi. 'But who's gwine to punch me when it comes time to git up an' git dat six hundred?' He jes' laughed: 'Oh, we'll arrange dat satisfaction.'

"Major, dere was money down dere jes' same as chickens pickin' up corn. At de table whar Tom sot dey had two or three gripsacks full of money. Folks wuz runnin' to 'em an' runnin' back all de time. Ever so often dey'd git up an' go to de barrel in de back room fer a fresh load. Tom he kep' settin' at dat table an' fergot to come out whar de votin' wuz goin' on.

"Presently dey commenced callin' de roll. When de clerk called 'Josephine,' dis young gent'mun punched me: 'Git up an' say fifteen votes fer the Honorable Joshua K. Andrews, Murray delegate to St. Louis.'

Good Times

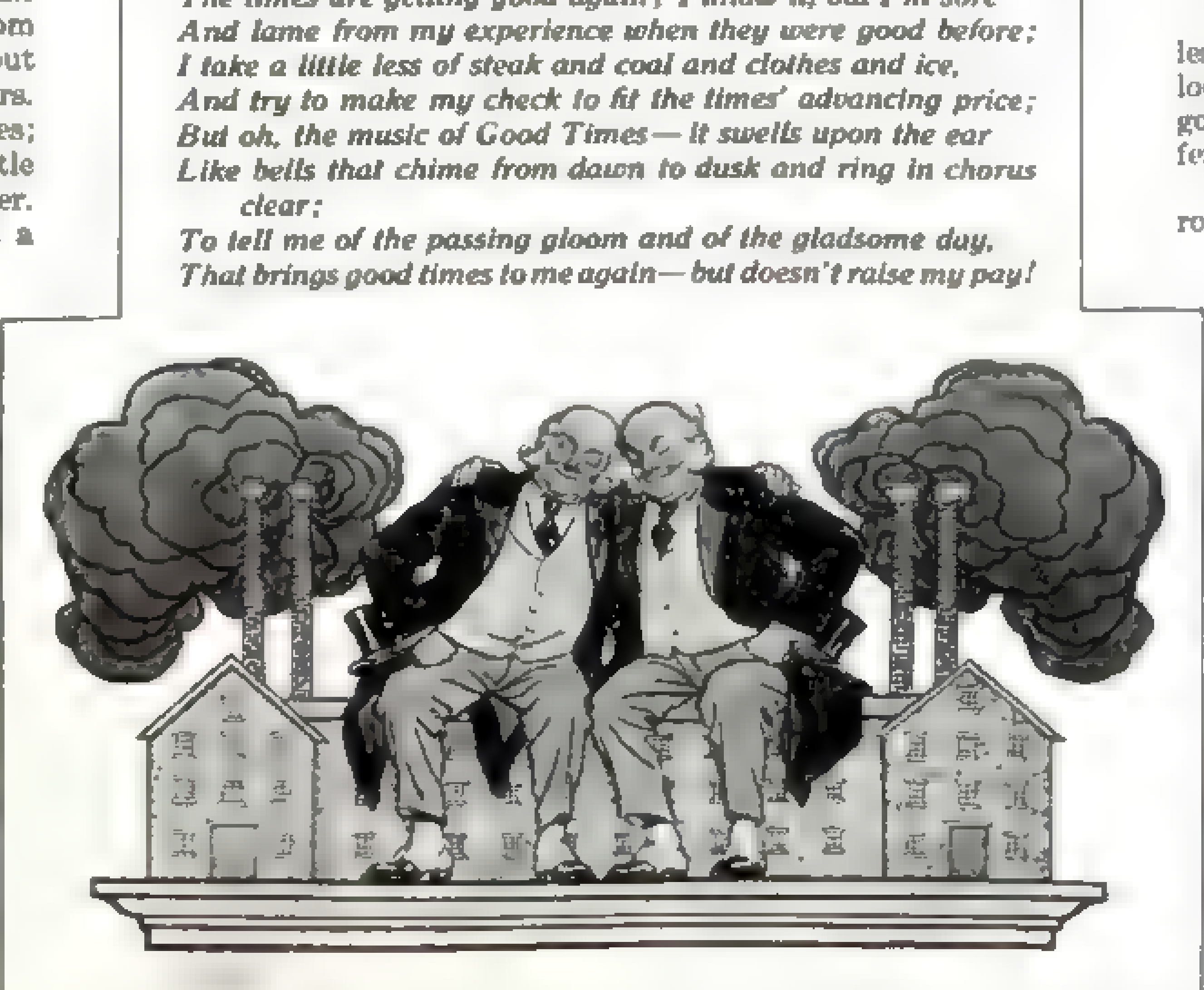
By J. W. Foley

The times are getting good again; the Grocer tells me so;
For sugar's on the aeroplane and coffee's on the go;
The sirloin steak is on the rise, and goes up day by day;
I find good times affect the things I have to buy that way;
The hen by some mysterious means lays eggs in sympathy
With all the other goods and things and brings the bill to me;
The cream still rises on the milk, and when I come to lay
My fiscal plans I find Good Times pinch me the same old way.

The times are getting good again; I have the Iceman's word
Of how the market for his wares has been so greatly stirred.
He tilts his prices with my cake and gets himself in line
With all the other things that climb when times become so fine;
The Huckster greets me with a grin and joins the glad array
Of prophets who declare the sums that are for me to pay;
And beans go up and gasoline and bread and butter climbs
Clear up the scale of price and cries the joyous news: "Good Times!"

The times are getting good again; I hear it in my greens;
It's echoed from my mutton stew and sung by my baked beans;
It's chanted in my mush and milk and warbled from my soup,
And my prospective Sunday fowl shrill crows it from his coop;
I find it in my lighting bill, and everywhere I go
Some jolly tradesman lifts his wares a notch and tells me so;
And when my wife brings home a gown, by some rare artist made,
I find the Good Times' trademark in the buttons, stuff and braid.

The times are getting good again; I know it, but I'm sore
And lame from my experience when they were good before;
I take a little less of steak and coal and clothes and ice,
And try to make my check to fit the times' advancing price;
But oh, the music of Good Times—it swells upon the ear
Like bells that chime from dawn to dusk and ring in chorus clear;
To tell me of the passing gloom and of the gladsome day,
That brings good times to me again—but doesn't raise my pay!



"I gits up, jesso, wipes my hat wid a silk hankercher an' sets it on de desk. Den I lifted my hand, jesso. Some nigger said, 'Hurry up!' an' I looked at 'im, jesso. I warn't gwine to hurry, becase it might not look like it war wuth six hundred dollars. Everybody got quiet, an' I spoke out real loud what dat young man tole me.

"I hadn't no more'n got de words out o' my mouf when Tom comes bulging out o' dat room, climbing over white folks an' niggers alike. He got to me jes' as I sot down, an' sez: 'You fool! You ain't castin' dem votes right. We'se votin' fer Honorable Wiggins.'

"'Who? Dat foxy ole nigger? No, suh.'

"Den Tom snatched de paper out o' my hand an' hollered: 'Dis nigger is castin' dem votes wrong!'

"Things got in a hurrah. Some gent'mun snickered an' some of 'em got mad. Dey went on callin' de roll whilst me an' Tom had dat argument. Tom set down an' pulled out a roll of bills big as my leg. 'Potter, you ain't got no sense. I fixed dis up regular till you butts in an' gits our bizness in a jam.'

"Sezzi: 'Ain't *I* de casting voter?'

"Sezzee: 'Ain't *I* de business manager?'

"To tell you de honest truth, Major, dem folks made so much fuss an' called dat roll so many times dat I felt like I wuz ridin' a flyin' jinny. Didn't have nuthin' but scrambled brains in my head. When de convention 'journed I didn't know which way to go.

"Whilst I wuz standin' dere waitin' fer Tom ole man Reuben grabbed my arm. 'Look yonder!' he sez. 'Whut you reckon Tom is doin'? He sneaked out de side door an' turned dat corner right brief.'

"Me an' Reuben an' Aleck an' Jim hot-footed it down de street after Tom. We never would 'a' cotch 'im ef he hadn't stopped in a barroom.

"'Take a drink,' sez Tom. 'I wuz jes' lookin' fer you.'

"'Mighty curyus'—ole man Reuben passed dat remark. 'Kin you look outen de back o' your head whilst you's runnin' away? I'm hongry.'

"Tom reached in his jeans an' give Reuben six dollars. 'Git yourself sumpin' to eat an' ketch de Natchez boat fer home.' He give Jim six dollars likewise an' tole him to ketch de boat. When he come to Aleck, Aleck sez he had to get a heap more'n dat. Tom 'lowed he didn't have no more. Aleck went down fer a knife an' 'lowed he might begin to do some trimmin'. Tom coughed up six dollars more, an' Aleck sez: 'Now, *dat's* bizness.'

"When dey wuz gone Tom handed me six dollars an' sez: 'Ketch de boat!'

"I jes' look at 'im. 'Tom, can't you say nuthin' 'cept "Ketch de boat"? You ain't gwine to choke me off like you done dese cheap niggers. Whut kin *I* do wid six dollars?'

"He sez: 'Ketch de Natchez an' go home.'

"'Not me. Whar's all dat money you had?' He say 'twarn't his—a feller loaned it to him fer to show delegates, an' he gin it back. Wid dat he tried to sidle off, but I swung on to his arm.

"'Come on, den,' sezzee. 'Le's go see de Honorable Wiggins an' e'lect our pratter.'

"Me an' him went togedder. Honorable Wiggins wuz pow'ful proud to see us—'cept when I spoke dem words 'bout de pratter. Den he got up in de middle o' de flo' an' made a speech concernin' de honor whut we had done 'im. Money couldn't pay fer no honor ——

"I say: 'Dat's all right 'bout de honor, but how 'bout dat bode-bill?' He let on like he didn't hear.

"'Dar now, Tom!' sezzi, 'dis nigger is fixin' to leave us bareheaded and barefooted, den turn us loose like rabbits in a canebrake. I could have got six hundred dollars an' I tole you not to vote fer him.'

"I sho got riled at Honorable Wiggins—jes' turned roun' an' walked out perpendickler.

"Me an' Tom stopped in several barrooms till I got took down drunk. Leastways, I woke up next mornin' in my room and some one say a policeman fotch me dar on account o' whut wuz writ on my delegate badge.

"Dar I wuz, two hunded miles from home an' my bode-bill due. I had to do sumpin'. So I hollered downstairs: 'Is dey got my udder shirt done up?' Den I brushed my Prince Albert an' squeezed into dem shoes. Dey mos' kilt me, but I cocked dat stovepipe hat on one corner o' my head an' kep' thinkin' o' de hat instid o' de shoes. Wid dem fixin's I went to de St. Charles Hotel an' sez: 'Does Mister Yammer live here?'

"'Yes. Do you desire to see him or send a message?'

"'I'll go to 'is room,' sezzi. An' dey sent a bell-boy to show me de way. You see,

(Concluded on Page 30)

THE DANGER MARK

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE AND THE FIRING LINE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

XV

AUGUST in town found an unusual number of New York men at the clubs, at the restaurants, at the summer theaters. Men who very seldom showed their noses inside the metropolitan oven during the summer baking were now to be met everywhere and anywhere, within the financial district and without. The sky-perched and magnificent downtown "clubs" were full of men who under normal circumstances would have remained at Newport, Lenox, Bar Harbor, or who at least would have spent the greater portion of the summer on their yachts or their Long Island estates

And in every man's hand or pocket was a newspaper.

They were scarcely worth reading for mere pleasure—these New York newspapers; indeed, there was scarcely anything in them to read except a daily record of the steady decline in securities of every description; paragraphs noting the passing of dividends, columns setting forth minutely the opinions of very wealthy men concerning the business outlook; chronicles in detail of suits brought against railroads and against great industrial corporations; accounts of inquiries by State and by Federal authorities into combinations resulting in an alleged violation of various laws.

Here and there a failure of some bucket-branded broker was noted the reports echoing like the first dropping shots along the firing line.

Even to the most casual and uninterested outsider it was evident that already the metropolis was under a tension; that the tension was increasing almost imperceptibly day by day; that there seemed to be no very clear idea as to the reason of it, only a confused apprehension, an apparently unreasoning fear of some occult danger ahead which daily reading of the newspapers was not at all calculated to allay.

Of course, there were precise reasons for impending trouble given and reiterated by those amateurs of finance and politics whose opinions are at the disposal of the newspaper-reading public.

Prolixity characterized these solemn utterances, packed full of cant phrases such as "undigested securities" and "the treacherous attack on the nation's integrity"

Two principal reasons were given for the local financial uneasiness, and the one made the other ridiculous: first, that the nation's Executive was mad as Nero and had deliberately begun a senseless holocaust involving the entire nation; the other, that a "panic" was due anyway. It resembled the logic of the White Queen of immortal memory who began screaming before she pricked her finger in order to save herself any emotion after the pin had drawn blood

Men knew in their hearts that there was no real reason for impending trouble; that this menace was an unreal thing, intangible, without substance—only a shadow cast by their own asininity.

Yet shadows can be made real property when authority so ordains. Because there was once a man with a donkey who met a stranger in the desert.

The stranger bargained for and bought the donkey; the late owner shoved the shekels into his ample pockets and sat down in the mule's shadow to escape the sun; and the new owner brought suit to recover the rent due him for the occupation of the shadow cast by his donkey.

There was also a mule which waited seven years to kick.

There are asses and mules, and all sorts of shadows. The ordinance of authority can affect only the shadow; the substance is immutable.

Among other serious gentlemen of consideration and means who had been unaccustomed to haunt the metropolis in the dogdays was Colonel Alexander Mallett, president of the Half-Moon Trust Company, and, incidentally, Duane's father.

His town house was still open, although his wife and daughter were in the country. To it, in the comparative cool of the August evenings, came figures familiar in financial circles: such men as Magnelius Grandcourt, father of De Lancy, and Remsen Tappan and James Cray.

Others came and went, men of whom Duane had read in the newspapers—very great men who dressed very simply, very powerful men who dressed elaborately; and some were young and red-faced with high living; and one was damp of hair and long-nosed, with eyes set a trifle too close together; and one fulfilled every external requisite for a "good fellow"; and another was very old, very white, with a nutcracker jaw and faded eyes blue as an unweaned pup's, and a cream-colored wig curled glossily over waxen ears and a bloodless and furrowed neck

All these were very great men, but they and Colonel Mallett journeyed at intervals into the presence of a greater man who inhabited, all alone, except for a crew of a hundred men, an enormous yacht, usually at anchor off the white masonry cliffs of the seething city.

All alone, this very great man inhabited the huge white steamer, and they piped him fore and they piped him aft, and they piped him over the side. Many a midnight star looked down at the glowing end of his black cigar; many a dawn shrilled with his boatswain's whistle

Duane, one evening late in August, sat smoking his after-dinner cigar in the empty conservatory and watching his father furtively. The trim, elastic figure was less upright this summer; the close, gray hair and cavalry mustache had turned white very rapidly since spring. For the first time, too, in all his life, Colonel Mallett wore spectacles, and the thin, gold rims irritated his ears and the delicate bridge of his nose. Under his pleasant eyes the fine skin had darkened noticeably; thin, new lines had sprung downward from the nostrils' clean-cut wings; but the most noticeable change was in his hands, which were no longer firm and fairly smooth, but were now the hands of an old man, restless if not tremulous, unsteady in handling the cigar which, unnoticed, had gone out.

They—father and son—had never been very intimate. An excellent understanding had always existed between them, with nothing deeper in it than a natural affection and an instinctive respect for each other's privacy.

This respect now oppressed Duane because long habit and the understood pact seemed to bar him from a sympathy and a practical affection which, for the first time, it seemed to him, his father might care for.

That his father was worried was plain enough; but how anxious, and with how much reason, he had hesitated to ask, waiting for some voluntary admission, or, at least, some opening which the older man never gave

That night, however, he had tried an opening for himself, offering old stock stories which had always, heretofore, amused his father. And there had been no response.

In silence he thought the matter over; his sympathy was always quick: it hurt him to remain aloof when there might be a chance that he could help a little.

"It may amuse you," he said carelessly, "to know how much I've made since I came back from Paris"

The elder man looked up preoccupied, inquiring. His son went on:

"What you set aside for me gives me ten thousand a year, you know. So far, I haven't touched it. Isn't that pretty good for a start?"

Colonel Mallett sat up straighter, with a glimmer of interest in his eyes

Duane went on, checking off on his fingers:

"I got fifteen hundred for Mrs. Varick's portrait, the same for Mrs. James Cray's, a thousand for each for portraits of Carl and Friedrich Gumble; that makes five thousand. Then I had three thousand for the music-room I did for Mrs. Ellis; and Dinklespiel Brothers, who handle my pictures, have sold every one I sent, which gives me twelve thousand so far."

"I am perfectly astonished," murmured his father.

Duane laughed. "Oh, I know very well that sheer merit had nothing much to do with it. The people who gave me orders are all your friends. They did it as they might have sent in wedding presents; I am your son; I come back from Paris; it's up to them to do something. They've done it—those who ever will, I expect -and from now on it will be different."

"They've given you a start," said his father.

"They certainly have done that. Many a brilliant young fellow, with more ability than I, eats out his heart unrecognized, sterilized for lack of what came to me because of your influence."

"It is well to look at it in that way for the present," said his father. He sat silent for a while, staring through the dusk at the lighted windows of houses in the rear Then:

"I have meant to say, Duane, that I—we"—he found a little difficulty in choosing his words—"that the trust company officers feel that, for the present, it is best for them to reconsider their offer that you should undertake the mural decoration of the new building."

"Oh," said Duane, "I'm sorry!—but it's all right, Father."

"I told them you'd take it without offense. I told them that I'd tell you the reason: we do not feel quite ready to incur, at this moment, any additional expenses."

"Everybody is economizing," said Duane cheerfully, "so I understand. No doubt—later ——"

"No doubt," said his father gravely

The son's attitude was careless, untroubled; he dropped one long leg over the other knee and, idly examining his cigar, cast one swift, level look at the older man:

"Father?"

"Yes, my son."

"I—it just occurred to me that if you happen to have any temporary use for what you very generously set aside for me, don't stand on ceremony."

There ensued a long silence. It was his bedtime when Colonel Mallett stirred in his holland-covered armchair and stood up.

"Thank you, my son," he said simply; they shook hands and separated, the father to sleep if he could, the son to go out into the summer night, walk to his nearest club, and write his daily letter to the woman he loved:

> Dear, it is not at all bad in town—not that murderous, humid heat that you think I'm up against; and you must stop reproaching yourself for enjoying the delicious breezes in the Adirondacks. Women don't know what a jolly time men have in town. Follows the chronicle of this August day:
>
> I had your letter: that is breeze enough for me; it was all full of blue sky and big, white clouds and the scent of Adirondack pines. Isn't it jolly for you and Kathleen to

be at the Varicks' camp! And what a jolly crowd you've run into. I note what you say about your return to the Berkshires, and that you expect to be at Berkshire Pass Inn with the motor on Monday. Give my love to Naida. I know you three and young Montrose will have a bully tour through the hill country.

I also note the little red-pencil cross at the top of the page—which always gives me, as soon as I open a letter of yours, the assurance that all is still well with you and that victory still remains with you. Thank God! Stand steady, little girl, for the shadows are flying and the dawn is ours.

After your letter, breakfast with father—a rather silent one. Then he went downtown in his car and I walked to the studio. It's one of those stable-like studios which decorate the cross streets in the fifties, but big enough to work in.

I didn't bother about luncheon; and about five I went to the club, rather tired in my spinal column and arm-weary.

There was a letter at the club for me from Scott. He says he's plugging away at the rose-beetle's life history as a hors-d'œuvre before tackling the appetizing problem of its total extermination. Dear old Scott! I never thought that the boy I fought in your garden would turn into a spectacled savant. Or that his sister would prove to be the only inspiration and faith and hope that life holds for me!

I talked to De Lancy. He is a good young man, as you've always insisted. I know one thing: he's high-minded and gentle. Dysart has a manner of treating him which is almost offensive, but it only reflects discredit on Dysart.

So much for gossip. Now a fact or two: my father is plainly worried over the business outlook, and he's quite alone in the house; and that is why I don't go to Roya-Neh just now and join your brother. I could do plenty of work there. Scott writes that the new studio is in good shape for me. What a generous girl you are! Be certain that at the very first opportunity I will go and occupy it and paint, no doubt, several exceedingly remarkable pictures in it which will sell for enormous prices and enable us to keep a maid-of-all-work when we begin our ménage!

Father has retired—poor old governor!—it tears me all to pieces to see him so silent and listless. I am here at the club, writing this before I go home to bed. Now I am going. Good-night, my beloved. DUANE.

The weather became hotter toward the beginning of September; his studio was almost unendurable, nor was the house very much better.

To eat was an effort; to sleep a martyrdom. Night after night he rose from his hot pillows to stand and listen outside his father's door; but the old endure heat better than the young, and very often his father was asleep in the stifling darkness which made sleep for him impossible.

The usual New York thunderstorms rolled up over Staten Island, covered the southwest with inky gloom, veined the horizon with lightning, then burst in spectacular fury over the panting city, drenched it to its steel foundations and passed on rumbling up the Hudson, leaving scarcely any relief behind them.

In one of these sudden thunderstorms he took refuge in a rather modest and retired restaurant just off Fifth Avenue, and it being the luncheon hour he made a convenience of necessity and looked about for a table, and discovered Rosalie Dysart and De Lancy Grandcourt *en tête-à-tête* over their grapefruit salad.

There was no reason why they should not have been there; no reason why he should have hesitated to speak to them. But he did hesitate—in fact, was retiring by the way he came when Rosalie glanced around with that instinct which divines a familiar presence, and gave him a sign for him to join them. So he shook hands, but remained standing.

"We ran into town in the racer this morning," she explained. "De Lancy had something on downtown and I wanted to look over some cross-saddles they made for me at Thompson's. Do be amiable and help us eat our salad. What a ghastly place town is in September! It's bad enough in the country this year; all the men wear long faces and mutter dreadful prophecies. Can you tell me, Duane, what all this doleful talk is about?"

"It's about something harder to digest than this salad. The public stomach is ostrich-like, but it can't stand the Philippine water-cure. Which is all Arabic to you, Rosalie, and I don't mean to be impertinent; only, the truth is, I don't know why people are losing confidence in the financial stability of the country, but they apparently are."

"There's a devilish row on downtown," observed De Lancy, blinking as an unusually heavy clap of thunder rattled the dishes.

"What kind of a row?" asked Duane.

"Greensleeve & Co. have failed with liabilities of a million and microscopical assets."

Rosalie raised her eyebrows; Greensleeve & Co. were once brokers for her husband, if she remembered correctly. Duane had heard of them, but was only vaguely impressed.

"Is that rather a bad thing?" he inquired.

"Well—I don't know. It made a noise louder than that thunder. Three banks fell down in Brooklyn, too."

"What banks?"

De Lancy named them; it sounded serious, but neither Duane nor Rosalie was any wiser.

Rosalie laughed. "This is pleasant information for a rainy day," she said. "Duane, have you heard from Geraldine?"

"Yes, today," he said innocently; "she is leaving Lenox this morning for Roya-Neh. I hear that there is to be some shooting there Christmas week. Scott writes that the boar and deer are increasing very fast and must be kept down. You and De Lancy are on the list, I believe."

Rosalie nodded. De Lancy said: "Miss Seagrave has been good enough to ask the family. Yours is booked, too, I fancy."

"Yes, if my father only feels up to it. Christmas at Roya-Neh ought to be a jolly affair."

"Christmas anywhere away from New York ought to be a relief," observed young Grandcourt dryly.

They laughed without much spirit. Coffee was served, cigarettes lighted. Presently Grandcourt sent a page to find out if the car had returned from the garage where Rosalie had sent it for a minor repair.

The car was ready, it appeared; Rosalie retired to readjust her hair and veil; the two men standing glanced at one another.

"I suppose you know," said De Lancy, reddening with embarrassment, "that Mr. and Mrs. Dysart have separated?"

"I heard so yesterday," said Duane coolly.

The other grew redder. "I heard it from Mrs. Dysart about half an hour ago." He hesitated, then frankly awkward: "I say, Mallett, I'm a sort of an ass about these things. Is there any impropriety in my going about with Mrs. Dysart—under the circumstances?"

"Why no," said Duane. "Rosalie has to go about with people, I suppose. Only—perhaps it's fairer to her if you don't do it too often—I mean it's better for her that any one man should not appear to pay her noticeable attention."

"I suppose so. Do you think it's all right for me to motor back with Mrs. Dysart?"

"Are you afraid?" asked Duane, smiling.

"Only on her account," said Grandcourt, so simply that a warm feeling rose in Duane's heart for this big, ungainly, vividly-colored young fellow whose direct and honest gaze always refreshed people even when they laughed at him.

"Are you driving?" asked Duane.

"Yes. We came in at a rattling clip. It made my hair stand, but Mrs. Dysart likes it. . . . I say, Mallett, what sort of an outcome do you suppose there'll be?"

"Between Rosalie and Jack Dysart?"

"Yes."

"I know no more than you, Grandcourt. Why?"

"Only that—it's too bad. I've known them so long; I'm friendly with both. Jack is a curious fellow. There's much of good in him, Mallett, although I believe you and he are not on terms. He is a—I don't mean this for criticism—but sometimes his manner is unfortunate, leading people to consider him overbearing.

"I understand why people think so; I get angry at him, sometimes, myself—being, perhaps, rather sensitive and very conscious that I am not anything remarkable.

"But, somehow"—he looked earnestly at Duane—"I set a very great value on old friendships. He and I were at school. I always admired in him the traits I myself have lacked. . . . There is something about an old friendship that seems very important to me. I couldn't very easily break one. . . . It is that way with me, Mallett. . . . Besides, when I think, perhaps, that Jack Dysart is a trifle overbearing and too free with his smiles I go somewhere and cool off; and I think that, in his heart, he must like me as well as I do him, because, sooner or later, we always manage to drift together again. . . . That is one reason why I am so particular about his wife."

Another reason happened to be that he had been in love with her himself when Dysart gracefully shouldered his way between them and married Rosalie Dene. Duane had heard something about it, and he wondered a little at the loyalty to such a friendship that this young man so naïvely confessed.

"I'll tell you what I think," said Duane: "I think you're the best sort of an anchor for Rosalie Dysart. Only a fool would mistake your friendship. But the town's full of 'em, Grandcourt," he added with a smile.

"I suppose so. . . . And I say, Mallett—may I ask you something more? . . . I don't like to pester you with questions——"

"Go on, my friend. I take it as a clean compliment from a clean-cut man."

De Lancy colored, checked, but presently found voice to continue:

"That's very good of you; I thought I might speak to you about this Greensleeve & Co. failure before Mrs. Dysart returns."

"Certainly," said Duane, surprised; "what about them? They acted for Dysart at one time, didn't they?"

"They do now."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am. I didn't want to say so before Mrs. Dysart. But the afternoon papers have it. I don't know why they take such a malicious pleasure in harrying Dysart—unless on account of his connections with that bunch—what's their names?—Skelton! oh, yes. James Skelton—and Emanuel Klawber, with his millions and his string of enterprises; and that plunger, Max Moebus; and old Amos Flack—Flack, the hack stalking-horse of every bull market. How on earth, Mallett, do you suppose Jack Dysart ever got himself mixed up with such a crowd?"

Duane did not answer. He had nothing good to say or think of Dysart.

Rosalie reappeared at that moment in her distractingly-pretty pongee motor-coat and hat.

"Do come back with us, Duane," she said. "There's a rumble, and we'll get the mud off you with a hose."

"I'd like to run down some time, if you'll let me," he said, shaking hands.

So they parted, he to return to his studio, where models booked long ahead awaited him for canvases which he was going on with, although the great trust company that ordered them had practically thrown them back on his hands.

That evening, at home, when he came downstairs dressed in white serge for dinner, he found his father unusually silent, very pale, and so tired that he barely tasted the dishes the butler offered, and sat for the most part motionless, head and shoulders sagging against the back of his chair.

And after dinner in the conservatory Duane lighted his father's cigar and then his own.

"What's wrong?" he asked, pleasantly invading the privacy of years because he felt it was the time to do it.

His father slowly turned his head and looked at him—seemed to study the well-knit, loosely-built, athletic figure of this strong young man—his only son—as though searching for some support in the youthful strength he gazed upon.

He said very deliberately, but with a voice not perfectly steady:

"Matters are not going very well, my boy."

"What matters, Father?"

"Downtown."

"Yes, I've heard. But, after all, you people in the Half-Moon need only crawl into your shell and lie still."

"Yes."

After a silence:

"Father, have you any outside matters that trouble you?"

"There are—some."

"You are not involved seriously?"

His father made an effort: "I think not, Duane," he said slowly.

"Oh, all right. If you were I was going to suggest that I've deposited what I have subject to your order, with your own cashier."

"That is—very kind of you, my son. I may find use for it—for a short time. Would you take my note?"

Duane laughed. He went on presently: "I wrote Naida the other day. She has given me power-of-attorney. What she has is there any time you need it."

His father hung his head in silence; only his colorless and shrunken hands worked on the arms of his chair.

"See here, Father," said the young fellow, "don't let this thing bother you. Anything that could possibly happen is better than to have you look and feel as you do. Suppose the very worst happens—which it won't!—but suppose it did and we all went gayly to utter smash.

"That is a detail compared with your going to smash physically. Because Naida and I never did consider such things vital; and mother is a brick when it comes to a show-down. And as for me, why, if the very worst hits us, I can take care of our bunch. It's in me to do it. I suppose you don't think so. But I can make money enough to keep us together, and, after all, that's the main thing."

His father said nothing. "Of course," laughed Duane, "I don't for a moment suppose that anything like that is on the cards. I don't know what your fortune is, but judging from your generosity to Naida and me I fancy it's too solid to worry over. The trouble with you gay old capitalists," he added, "is that you think in such enormous sums, and you forget what little sums are required to make us all very happy; and if some of the millions which you cannot possibly ever use happen to escape you, the tragic aspect as it strikes you is out of all proportion to the real state of the case."

His father felt the effort his son was making; looked up wearily, strove to smile, to relight his cigar, which Duane did for him, saying:

"As long as you are not mixed up in that Klawber, Skelton, Moebus crowd I'm not inclined to worry. It seems, as of course you know, that Dysart's brokers failed today."

"So I heard," said his father steadily. He straightened himself in his chair. "I am sorry. Mr. Greensleeve is a very old friend——"

The library telephone rang; the second man entered and asked if Colonel Mallett could speak to Mr. Dysart on the wire on a matter concerning the Yo Espero district

Duane astonished, sprang up, asking if he might not take the message, then shrank aside as his father got to his feet. He saw the ghastly pallor on his face as his father passed him, moving toward the library, stood motionless in troubled amazement, then walked to the open window of the conservatory, and, leaning there waited

His father did not come back. Later a servant came

"Colonel Mallett has retired, Mr. Duane, and begs that he be undisturbed, as he is very tired "

XVI

THE possibility that his father could be involved in any of the spectacular schemes which had evidently caught Dysart seemed so remote that Duane's incredulity permitted him to sleep that night, though the name, Yo Espero, haunted his dreams

But in the morning something he read in the paper concerning a vast enterprise, involving the control of the new radium mines in Southern California, startled him into trying to recollect what he had heard of Yo Espero and the Cascade Development and Securities Company Through it all, someway, the name of Moebus seemed to reoccur persistently in his confused imagination. Dysart's name too, figured in it. And somehow he conceived an idea that his father once received some mining engineer's reports covering the matter, he even seemed to remember that Guy Wilton had been called into consultation

Whatever association he had for the name of the Cascade Development and Securities Company must have originated in Paris a year before his father returned to America. It seemed to him that Wilton had been in Spain that year examining the recent and marvelously-rich radium find, and that his father and Wilton exchanged telegrams very frequently concerning a mine in Southern California known as Yo Espero

His father breakfasted in his room that morning, but when he appeared in the library Duane was relieved to notice that his step was firmer and he held himself more erect, although his extreme pallor had not changed to a healthier color

"You know," said Duane, "you've simply got to get out of town for a while. It's all rot, your doing this sort of thing

"I may go West for a few weeks," said his father absently

"Are you going downtown?"

"No. . . . And, Duane, if you don't mind letting me have the house to myself this morning ——" He hesitated, glancing from his son to the telephone.

"Of course not," said Duane heartily

"I don't mean to throw you out," murmured his father with a faint attempt to smile, "but there's a stenographer coming from my office and several—business acquaintances."

Duane rose, patted his father's shoulder lightly

"What is really of any importance," he said, "is that you keep your health and spirits. What I said last night covers my sentiments. If I can do anything in the world for you, tell me."

His father took the outstretched hand, lifted his faded eyes with a strange, dumb look; and so they parted

On Fifth Avenue at Fifty-ninth Street Duane, swinging along at a good pace, turned westward, and half-way to Sixth Avenue encountered Guy Wilton going east, a packet under one arm, stick and hat in the other hand, the summer wind blowing the thick curly hair from his temples

"Ah," observed Wilton, "early bird and worm, I suppose? Don't try to bolt me, Duane; I'm full of tough and undigested—er—problems myself. Besides, I'm fermenting. Did you ever silently ferment while listening politely to a man you wanted to assault?"

Duane laughed, then his eye by accident caught a superscription on the packet of papers under Wilton's arm: Yo Espero! His glance reverted in a flash to Wilton's face

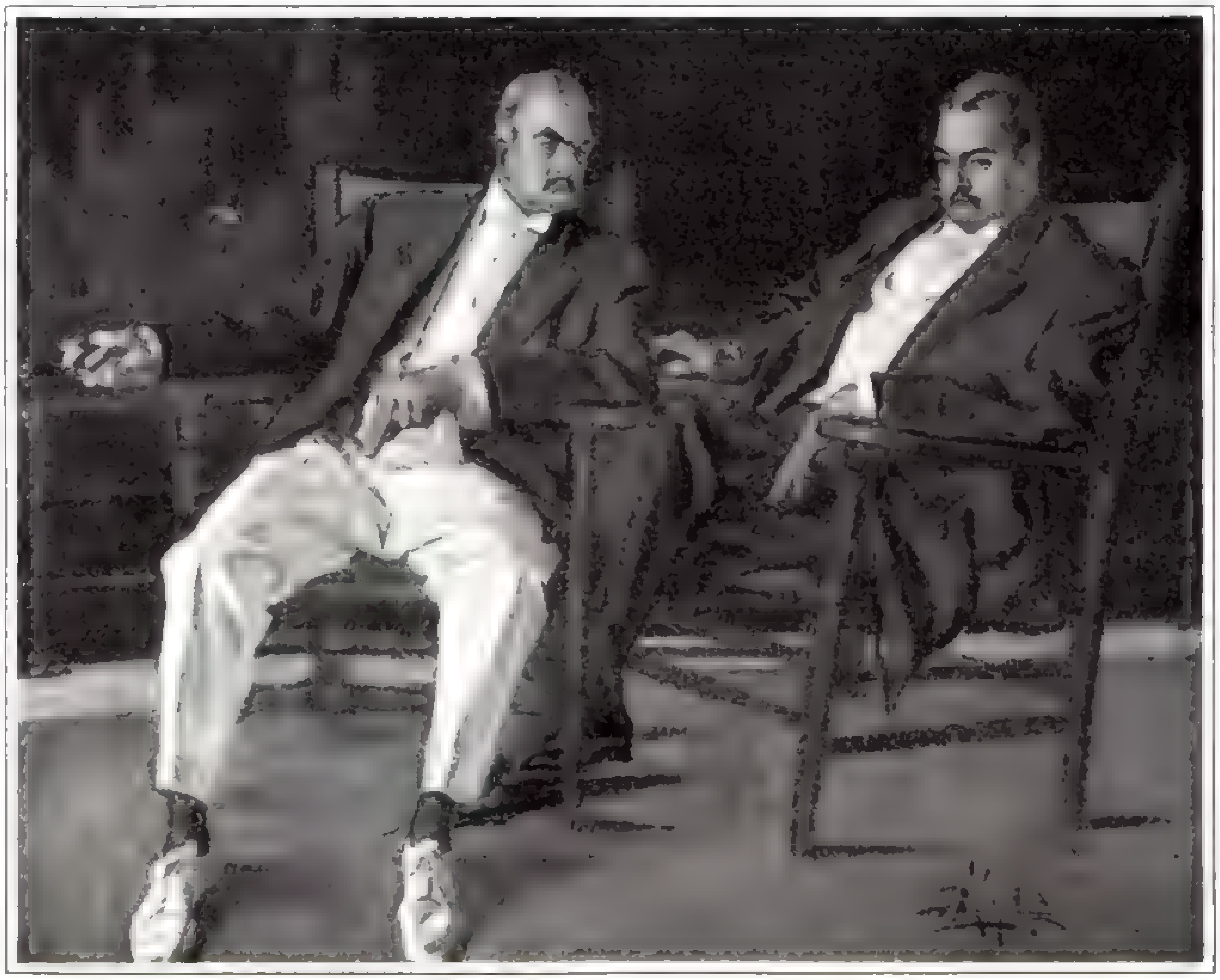
The latter said: "I want to write a book entitled Gentlemen I Have Kicked. Of course, I've only kicked 'em mentally, but my! what a list I have!—all sorts, all nations, Duane, have I kicked mentally. I've just used my foot on another social favorite ——"

"Dysart!" said Duane, inspired, and, turning painfully red, begged Wilton's pardon

"You've sure got a disconcerting way with you," admitted Wilton, very much out of countenance

"It was rotten bad taste in me ——"

Wilton grinned with a wry face: "Nobody is standing much on ceremony these days. Besides, I'm on to your trail, young man," tapping the bundle under his arm; "your eye happened to catch that superscription; no doubt your father has talked to you, and you came to—a rather embarrassing conclusion."



Many a Midnight Star Looked Down at the Glowing End of His Black Cigar

Duane's serious face fell

"My father and I have not talked on that subject, Guy Are you going up to see him now?"

Wilton hesitated: "I suppose I am. . . . See here, Duane; how much do you know about—anything?"

"Nothing," he said without humor: "I'm beginning to worry over my father's health. . . . Guy, don't tell me anything that my father's son ought not to know; but is there something I should know and don't?—anything in which I could possibly be of help to my father?"

Wilton looked carefully at a distant policeman, then his meditative glance became focused on vacancy

"I—don't—know," he said slowly. "I'm going to see your father now. If there is anything to tell I think he ought to tell it to you. Don't you?"

"Yes. But he won't. Guy, I don't care a rap about anything except his health and happiness. If anything threatens either he won't tell me, but don't you think I ought to know?"

"You ask too hard a question for me to answer."

"Then can you answer me this? Is father at all involved in any of Jack Dysart's schemes?"

"I—had better not answer, Duane."

"You know best. You understand that it is nothing except anxiety for his personal condition that I thought warranted my butting into his affairs and yours."

"Yes, I understand. Let me think over things for a day or two. Now I've got to hustle. Good-by."

He hastened on eastward; Duane went west, slowly, more slowly, halted, head bent in troubled concentration; then he wheeled in his tracks with nervous decision, walked back to the Plaza Club, sent for a cab, and presently rattled off uptown

In a few minutes the cab swung east and came to a standstill in front of a house a few doors from Fifth Avenue, and Duane sprang out and touched the button at a bronze grille.

The servant who admitted him addressed him by name with smiling deference and ushered him into a two-room reception suite beyond the tiny elevator.

There was, evidently, somebody in the second room; Duane had also noticed a motor waiting outside as he descended from his cab, so he took a seat in the first room and sat twirling his walking-stick between his knees, gloomily inspecting a room which, in pleasanter days, had not been unfamiliar to him

Instead of the servant returning there came a click from the elevator, a quick step, and the master of the house himself walked swiftly into the room wearing his hat and gloves.

"What do you want?" he said briefly

"I want to ask you a question or two," said Duane quietly, shocked at the change in Dysart's face. Haggard, thin, snow-white at the temples, with the light in his eyes almost extinct, the very precision and freshness of linen and clothing seemed brutally to accentuate the ravaged features.

"What questions?" demanded Dysart, still standing, and without any emotion in either voice or manner

"The first is this: Are you in communication with my father concering mining stock known as Yo Espero?"

"I am."

"Is my father involved in any business transactions in which you figure or have figured?"

"There are some Yes"

"Is the Cascade Development and Securities Company one of them?"

"Yes, it is"

Duane looked at him, stunned. Dysart stepped nearer, speaking almost in a whisper:

"Well, what about it? Once I warned you to keep your nose out of my personal affairs ——"

"I make some of them mine!" said Duane sharply. "When crooks get hold of an honest man every citizen is a policeman!"

Dysart, face convulsed with fury, seized his arm in a viselike grip:

"Will you keep your cursed mouth shut!" he breathed "My father is in the next room. Do you want to kill him!"

At the same moment there came a stir from the room beyond, the tap-tap of a cane and shuffling steps across the polished parquet. Dysart's grip relaxed, his hand fell away, and he made a ghastly grimace as a little, old gentleman came half trotting, half shambling to the doorway He was small and dapper and pink-skinned under his wig—the pink was paint; his lips and eyes peered and simpered. From one bird-claw hand dangled a monocle.

Jack Dysart made a ghastly and supreme effort:

"I was just saying to Duane, Father, that all this financial agitation is bound to blow over by December. Duane Mallett, Father"—as the old man raised his eyeglass and peeped up at the young fellow—"you know his father, Colonel Mallett."

(Continued on Page 26)

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Counting Noses

THE Constitution provides that a census of the United States shall be taken every tenth year. It does not, however, say when it shall be published, and regrettable advantage has been taken of this omission. The last census was an improvement upon any of its predecessors, but there is room for still greater expedition. The excuse for delay has usually been that the census was a vast work which must be accurate, and to achieve accuracy it was necessary to take time. But everybody knows that a census never yet did achieve real accuracy and never will. That quality in a census is beyond human power. Among the many thousand enumerators employed there are no two who could count the inhabitants of a single block and get the same results. Probably no two could count the residents in a single large apartment building alike. The Census Bureau has always been perfectly aware of this, and employed various ingenious systems of averaging and equating after the figures were turned in from the field. But speed—combined with the best average approximation to accuracy that is humanly attainable—is an achievable quality. We hope very much that in the enumeration which will soon begin the achievableness of that quality will be kept in mind. We want to know approximately how many people, cattle, horses and sheep there are before the course of Nature reduces them all to common terms of dust.

Up to the Bankers

THE idea of guaranteed bank deposits seems to be gaining ground rather steadily in the West. Recently a Texas law to that end became effective, and in Oklahoma—the pioneer in this respect—a good many national banks have reorganized under state law in order to become eligible under the guarantee plan. But not all the reports are encouraging. The ancient difficulty of restraining cutthroat competition and other manifestations of greed crops out here and there. To attract deposits some banks will pay excessive interest. The idea itself is a feasible one. The question is whether sufficiently vigorous control will be exercised over the banks, preventing speculation and reckless competition. Upon this administrative point the final success or failure of the plan will turn.

When bankers were principally money-changers certain Italian practitioners of that honorable calling made a handsome thing by minting shortweight coins and palming them off upon innocent tradesmen. Means of preventing this injurious device were finally discovered. A problem of about the same nature confronts the states which adopt the deposit-guaranty idea. They can solve it successfully if they will.

The Need of an Eight-Day Week

WE SEEM to owe somebody an apology. A great number of Slavs and Italians, employed in Pennsylvania steel mills, work twelve hours a day for seven days in the week. Mentioning that fact, we used expressions which may have given rise to an impression that this complete emancipation from the old observance of Sunday was a monopoly of our foreign-born steel-mill hands. From a way station of a Western railroad comes a moving word of protest: "Thousands of native-born Americans who are employed as railroad telegraph operators," writes our correspondent, "are on duty twelve hours a day every day in the week, including Sunday; but don't mention my name or address as it would cost me my fifty dollars a month."

Certainly we had no wish to reflect upon our native-born citizens, nor to imply that the railroads were inferior to the steel mills either in the matter of liberalizing the religious ideas of their employees or of underpaying them. We mentioned the steel-mill case, in short, without any prejudice whatever to other employers in the same category.

Not that these employers have any particular hostility to Sunday in itself. Their object is simply to get seven days of labor for the price of six. If it were physically possible to do that without using up the whole week they would as soon the men rested on Sunday as on Tuesday.

The Chase for Cheap News

EVERYBODY is aware of the enormous difficulties which our yellowest press daily surmounts in order to get the news. Take the Honorable Bill Jones' elopement with his cook. To begin with, there was the merest shadow of a clew—that is, the cook's husband visited the city editor to say he suspected Bill had alienated his wife's affections because the lady had told him so and hit him over the head with a skillet. Following that tenuous thread with sleepless vigilance it was necessary to bully distracted Mrs. Jones into giving up the letter which her recreant spouse had left, and to interview the Jones children—all except James, aged four, who in spite of the reporter's best efforts could not be brought to understand the nature of the catastrophe. To procure the photograph of Jones was a comparatively simple matter of taking it off the mantel when Mrs. Jones had a handkerchief over her eyes; but to get the snapshot of the kitchen range required housebreaking.

With such vast effort do the most enterprising papers drag forth the news. Meanwhile, a few things are happening elsewhere. In Spain there is an insurrection verging on civil war; in Sweden a general strike shaking the social frame. To get information about these things requires no herculean effort, but only payment of cable tolls. For a couple of days your enterprising journal may give you half a column, or even a full column with ancient pictures if the fatalities run high. But about three times out of four for any intelligible account of an important foreign event you have to wait for a magazine article. In behalf of the most enterprising press it should be noted, however, that interviewing distracted wives is much cheaper than paying cable tolls, and requires very little intelligence.

Macbeth in a Real Castle

FORMERLY Shakspere was acted, but not read. During about a hundred years, when only three or four thousand copies of his works were printed to satisfy the reading demand, the plays held their own as popular theatrical entertainments. Latterly, broadly speaking, this condition has been reversed; the plays are read, but not acted. Lamb maintained, very plausibly, that to act the tragedies is impossible, because the characters, like heroic statues, while in perfect proportion, are of far more than human size.

"They might more easily," he said, "propose to impersonate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures."

With one or two notable exceptions, modern efforts to overcome this handicap have devolved mostly upon the scene painter and costumer. Irving and Mansfield put stunning mediæval pictures upon the stage, with garments, arms and furniture historically correct. But their famous "revivals" probably stimulated a greater interest in archæology than in Shakspere. A more ambitious and promising attempt is announced in Belgium. Macbeth is to be presented in a real mediæval castle. The murder will be discussed in a corridor; the fuddled porter will speak his lines in the court; the sleep-walking scene will take place in a bedroom and the banquet scene in a dining-room. The witches will make their pleasant broth upon a heath not far from the castle. Malcolm's soldiers will cut down branches of a real wood. We understand that the Society for Psychical Research will undertake to supply a real ghost of Banquo. This may be followed by Othello with a real voyage to Cyprus and Hamlet with the killing of a real king.

If Shakspere doesn't revive after that we are in favor of accepting Lamb's opinion and giving him up as a theatrical possibility—which, in fact, is what a great number of those who delight to read him have already done.

More Dogs Than Bones

CHICAGO street-car lines are said to employ ten thousand persons. In August the men threatened to strike and were offered higher pay. The companies are not earning an unreasonably great profit on their actual investment. Out of every nickel taken in, about three and a half cents go for operating expenses. Their ability to raise wages is limited. The new offer was thirty cents an hour for experienced hands, which at ten hours a day, six days a week, is eighteen dollars weekly.

Is this good pay? The companies, in view of their own necessities and of wages paid elsewhere for like work, affirm that it is. Certainly it is better than the old rate of twenty-seven cents. But as to its being positively good, any one who has tried supporting a family in a city on eighteen dollars a week at current prices for rent, food and clothing will have grave doubts.

It is, in fact, poor pay. Yet it is just about as good pay as the companies can give and maintain themselves. If the workers in the street-car industry, in short, are to get materially better pay, the industry itself must yield more than it does now

Forty dollars a month is not good pay. That, in round figures, was the average wage of the five and a half million employees of manufacturers in the United States in 1905 In 1840 the average was only twenty dollars a month, or half that of 1905. Yet that labor at twenty dollars a month in 1840 was more costly to the employer than the forty-dollar labor of 1905; the pay-roll then consumed a greater portion of the total product of the factory.

To represent the whole wage question as a simple dog fight over a bone between capital and labor seems to us inadequate.

The deeper problem is to multiply the bones.

Busy With Burning Questions

ON THE basis of a recent official report it is estimated that the three great provinces of the Canadian Northwest may harvest a hundred and fifty-seven million bushels of wheat this year—which is more wheat than the United States raised in 1866. The report indicates a yield of twenty-two bushels an acre, while our average yield was under ten bushels in the year named, and only fourteen bushels last year.

It is only yesterday, relatively speaking, when some of the land that now waves with this cereal treasure was going begging at one and two dollars an acre. In 1901, while many of us were busy with burning questions of the hour, a company of adventurous Americans—against the advice of experienced Canadians, it is said—undertook the settlement of the Saskatchewan Valley, buying two million acres of its empty land. Since then since Roosevelt's first inaugural, to measure the briefness of the time—a very healthy infant empire has come into being across the border, affecting many problems, such as pressure of population and world's bread supply. With not much more than half the crop forecast for this year, Canada has exported nearly fifty million bushels of wheat. Our own ability to export a hundred and fifty million bushels in 1879, thereby drawing gold from Europe, probably saved the day for us in the matter of resuming specie payments. Canada's ability in that line will put a strong staff in her hands, useful in solving problems of national finance.

Many of us are still busy with burning questions of the hour. But we won't get anywhere in particular with them. We seldom do. The really important thing usually happens all by itself when nobody is looking.

No Snobs Under Eighteen

WE APPROVE, on the whole, of this ruthless war against high-school fraternities and sororities. It serves to draw a line. In effect, it declares that no citizen of the United States, under eighteen years of age and duly enrolled in a public school, shall be a snob between the hours of 9 A. M. and 3 P. M., Saturdays and Sundays excepted. To segregate that bit of chronological territory and dedicate it to the ideals of democracy seems to be a useful and beautiful thing.

It is generally admitted that fraternities introduce, or rather typify, a rule of caste and clique which is undemocratic. At college, of course, a great many people (ourselves included) warmly approve of them. The pupils are then of an age when to be initiated in the rule of caste and clique is not only permissible, but fairly incumbent in view of their approaching social responsibilities and opportunities.

What mamma doesn't wish her daughter or son to return from college with a visiting-list including as many as possible of the very best people and as few as possible of the other sorts? For a boy the college fraternity is an admirable anteroom to the most desirable clubs, from which, a little later on, he will virtuously fulminate against fraternities in the high schools.

While giving our moral support to the war we cannot, however, help feeling some sympathy for the enemy. In a world where nearly everybody else pursues social exclusiveness, high-school pupils probably fail to understand why they should be lariated out on the otherwise vacant commons. The young things are too immature to see the difference.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Sunflower Solon

WE ARE prone—perhaps fain would be the better word—prone—fain—no—prone—we are prone to think of the honorable justices of the Supreme Court of the United States as leading quiet, studious, retiring, not to say cloistered lives, far from the madding crowd, interpreting the interpretations of the reinterpretations of the original interpreters of the Constitution until that historic document is so thickly strewn with expositions, explanations, definitions and constructions that it looks like a huckleberry tart; and some of them do—the justices—not the tarts

For example, there is the Chief Justice, the Honorable Melville W. Fuller, who never enunciates anything when he is off the bench and lives in scholarly seclusion among his books, entirely surrounded by the Constitution, an island of erudition, so to speak with numerous expository peaks, retaining, however, that virile grasp on current affairs that leads him to the keen perception that a Chief Justice of the United States, active, is of far more consequence than a Chief Justice of the United States, retired, no matter whether he might retire, if he wished, under the operation of the statute and retain his emoluments.

There are one or two others who wrap their dignity about them as they wrap about them their silken robes, and are heard only in public when they read a few columns of nonpareil opinion concerning the constitutional aspects of the United States *vs.* Mr. Thomas Smith on some moot and mooted point. However, there is one Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court who utterly refuses to link himself everlastingly to the Constitution and now and then makes an expedition out into national affairs, saying what he thinks on various subjects that occupy the public mind, and not, apparently, giving a hoot whether he is violating precedent, tradition or anterior arrangement, the same being Mr. Justice Brewer, formerly of Kansas, and longer on the bench than any of the other justices except the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Harlan, the Chief Justice antedating Mr. Brewer only by eighteen months in point of service.

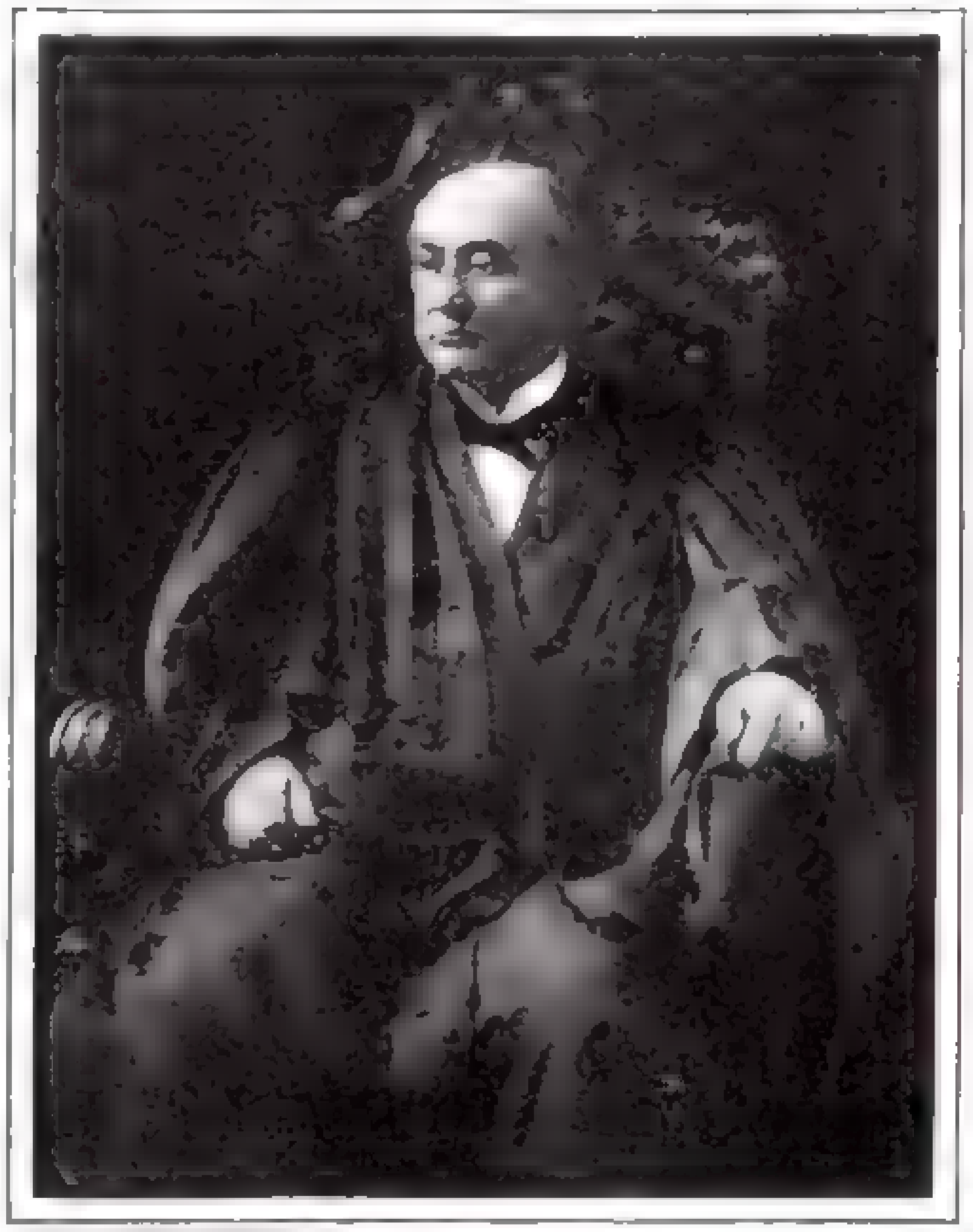
From time to time Mr. Justice Brewer steps out on the platform and makes a few remarks. Justices of the United States Supreme Court frequently deliver lectures on the basic law and other correlated topics. So does Mr Justice Brewer, most of the time. There are occasions, however, when the remarks he has to make wander afield, as you might say, from the Constitution and reach live topics. On those occasions you will find Mr. Brewer closely in touch with what is going on, amply informed as to the trend of public thought, and not at all hampered by the aloofness of his position from saying what he thinks will be good for the country.

He may start about the basic law, but if he thinks the time is fit he is very likely to take a sharp slant along in the middle of his speech and put out some opinions for the benefit of those who have no interest in what "full faith and credit" mean, but who have a lively concern in present-day problems. Moreover, if there is an executive or legislative trend toward something not approved by Mr. Justice Brewer, you are very likely to hear why he does not approve it, in clear-cut, non-involved sentences, backed by a conviction that is as genuine as it is fearless.

Plain Dave Out in Kansas

THERE was that time, not so long ago, when Mr. Justice Brewer had occasion to say something about executives who did things not according to his standard, naming no names, but looking at Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, then President. He said it in a speech that made Colonel Roosevelt so mad he hopped up and down forty-seven times, gnashing his teeth fourteen times on each hop and chopping even the shortest words—which were the kind he used almost exclusively—into fragments. Stepping urbanely out into the open, Mr. Justice Brewer handed a few dignified lines of thought to the esteemed President and took no heed whether the esteemed President liked it or not.

At sundry other times Mr. Justice Brewer has done that same thing, not always while looking at the President, but when he had his gaze centered on Congress or on some hysteria of the people. There have been stories that a few of his associates on the Supreme Bench deprecate his habit of saying what he thinks on matters uppermost in the public mind, but, whether or no, Mr. Justice Brewer goes serenely along, and when he considers it time to speak out in meeting he speaks out. Furthermore, there are very few who hear him, or read him, who do not understand exactly what he means. There is nothing involved or timid about his talk.



There is Nothing Involved or Timid About His Talk

Justice Brewer was born in Smyrna, Asia Minor, in 1837, where his father, the Reverend Josiah Brewer, was a missionary. His mother was a sister of the famous Fields, David Dudley, Cyrus W. and Stephen J. He graduated from Yale in 1856 and from the Albany Law School in 1858, and next year went to Leavenworth, Kansas, then a border town, and took up the practice of his profession. He served in various judicial and legal capacities until 1870, when he was elected a justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas, where he continued until 1884, when he was appointed a judge of the Circuit Court of the United States for the Eighth District. He was appointed to the United States Supreme Court in 1889 by President Harrison, and he has been there ever since, and, in all probability, he will remain there for many years to come, for he is in vigorous health and mentality, and is thoroughly in sympathy with his work.

If the Justice were a politician it would be said of him that he is a mixer. He likes to go out among the people, talk with them and to them, and find for himself what is going on. He is not loaded down with the dignity of his position, although he is never undignified. The mere fact that he is an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court hasn't inclosed him in a shell or put him on a pedestal He is just as human now as he was when he was practicing law in a border state 'way back yonder in 1859.

He is fond of going to dinners and makes a clever after-dinner speech, when, if the company is to his liking, he jokes some of his austere colleagues in a way that makes them blink their eyes. He is a constant and welcome guest at Gridiron Club dinners in Washington, and he never allows himself to get the worst of it in the interchange of jests and japes.

His reputation as a lawyer is international. He was president of the Venezuelan Boundary Commission, member of the Arbitration Tribunal to settle the boundary between British Guiana and Venezuela, and president of the International Congress of Lawyers and Jurists at St. Louis in 1904. He has a string of LL. D.'s long enough to make a sash for his silk robe from various universities, beginning with Yale, and he was orator at the Yale bicentennial in 1901.

His heart is true to Kansas, and he goes back there frequently and chums with his old friends. Once, in an after-dinner speech, he described his progress across the continent to Leavenworth. "After all," he said, "it is the home estimate and the home sentiment that is strongest with us. Now, let me illustrate: I came to the Supreme Bench in Washington from Kansas. I frequently go back to Kansas As I near my former home, Leavenworth, I find that my impressiveness dwindles.

"In Washington they refer to me as the Honorable David Josiah Brewer, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. In Chicago they speak of me as Mr. Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court. In Omaha I am David J. Brewer, and when I get home to Kansas I am Dave.

"And do you know," concluded the Justice with a smile, "I rather like it—in Kansas."

On Your Way, Violet

THEY were having amateur night at a New York theater. The stage manager came out and read a letter from the manager of a dancing academy saying he had sent a pupil to show what she could do.

"Miss Violet Cummins is the name," the stage manager announced

Violet came out. She was old, thin and gangling, had on a weird costume she had made herself and could not dance a step

"Hey Mr. Manager," yelled a man in the gallery, "what did you say her name was?"

"Miss Violet Cummins

"Nix on that; not Cummins, but goin's. On your way, Violet, on your way."

The Heart Bowed Down

OF TWO boys, born in a country town in Iowa, one went to Chicago and became very rich and the other stayed at home and when he was sixty was very poor The stay-at-home had heard of the success of his boyhood friend and he went up to Chicago to see him one day, thinking to obtain a loan to tide him over the winter. He went to the rich one's office, found him installed in a magnificent suite and was held up by an office-boy in livery

"Just tell my old friend that Bill, the friend of his boyhood days, is outside and wants to talk over old times with him."

Presently the visitor was admitted. "Howdy, Bill," said the millionaire, "I'm glad to see you"

They talked for a time and then the visitor remarked: "I hear you are worth millions."

"Yes I'm pretty rich; and how has the world treated you?"

"Oh, I've had a terrible time. I had a business, but I lost that a while ago. You see, my wife's father died, and her mother, and then we lost our daughter. Right on the heels of that my mother died and, soon after, my father. It was tough."

The millionaire took out a handkerchief and wiped his eyes "It certainly was," he commented.

"Yes," continued the visitor, "and that wasn't the worst of it Early the next spring my boy, on whom I had set so many hopes, he died, too, and then, with all that expense, I lost my business paying doctor's bills. Then, to close it all up, it wasn't six months before my faithful wife died, and I was left all alone."

The millionaire was sobbing by this time. He leaned over and touched a button on his desk, and a big porter came in

"Jim," said the millionaire, "throw this man out. He's breaking my heart."

An Expected Favor

WHEN Irvin S. Cobb, the well-known humorist of the New York World, was a reporter in Paducah, Kentucky, he was sent to do the story of the hanging of a negro

The sheriff couldn't read or write and Cobb volunteered to read the death warrant to the negro, which he did.

The negro had worked for Cobb's father and, as Cobb finished, the condemned man peered through the cell door and said, "Thank yeh very kindly, Massa Irvin. I allus knowed ef th' time come foh you-all to do me a favor you-all w'u'd do it."

The Lady From Indiana

"WAS she artistic?" asked an inquiring person of Kin Hubbard, the Indianapolis epigram maker, who was describing an Indiana genius.

"Artistic?" said Hubbard. "Was she artistic? I should say she was. She was so artistic that one day, when one of her peekaboo shirtwaists she had made herself fell into the pianola, they played two Beethoven rhapsodies with it before they discovered their mistake."

The Fountain Pen for The Business Man who Knows

THE day of old-fashioned Fountain Pens is doomed

This is 1909, and "Pen Users who Know" demand a 1909 Fountain Pen—a Fountain Pen that fills, cleans and regulates *itself*

—a Fountain Pen that is absolutely leak-proof, even when carried point downward

—and a Fountain Pen that always writes at the first stroke, never misses a stroke and never scratches or blots!

The only fountain pen which possesses *all* these desirable qualities is the ONOTO —the "Vacuum" Fountain Pen—the 1909 Standard of Fountain Pen Quality.

And just as the Steel pen superseded the Goose Quill, and the Dropper-Filling Fountain Pen superseded the Steel pen, just so surely is the ONOTO Self-Filling Vacuum Fountain Pen destined to supersede the Dropper-Filling and Rubber-Sack Filling kinds.

LOOK for the word ONOTO before you buy. It appears on the barrel of every genuine ONOTO—your Guide and our Guarantee.

Get Pen-wise and get an ONOTO—the ONLY Fountain Pen at ANY price with ALL these 12 features:—

1. Fills and cleans itself in 5 seconds.
2. Cannot leak, even when carried point downward.
3. Self-regulating ink flow. Writes just as fast or slow as you wish.
4. Instantaneous ink flow. Writes at the FIRST stroke.
5. Continuous ink flow. Never MISSES a stroke.
6. Exactly-even ink flow. Never blots, splatters nor floods.
7. 14 K Gold Iridium-tipped points. Never catch nor scratch and last for years.
8. Double ink feed—one above and one below the nib. (The secret of Features 3, 4 and 5.)
9. Barrel and cap made of finest quality polished black Vulcanite.
10. No dropper, clip or special ink necessary.
11. A point, a size and a price for every Hand, every Purpose and every Pocketbook.
12. Absolutely guaranteed in every way—in construction, in material and in operation.

Few other Fountain Pens have even *one* of these 12 ONOTO features.

Yet the ONOTO costs you NO MORE than OLD-FASHIONED kinds!

All we ask is that you see and try an ONOTO.

And this is all we *need* to ask. Because Seeing means Trying, Trying means Buying, and Buying means Guaranteed Satisfaction.

The Fountain
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you spoil when the ba
knock the ink bottle ov
alone may be enough to b
for the whole family se

S. E. P. Sept. .. 1909

FREE—Onoto Score Pads for "Bridge" or "Five Hundred"

We have prepared an especially practical score pad for "Bridge" or "Five Hundred." If you will fill out the form below *in full*, and send us this coupon, we will send you one of these Score Pads post-paid.

My Name (Mr., Mrs. or Miss?)

Street Address

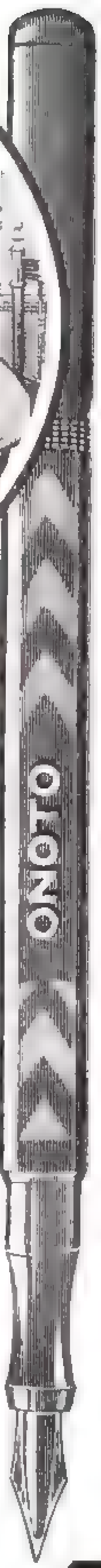
Town .. .... State

I buy most of my stationery from

Kind of store (Stationery, Drug or Dept.?)

Onoto Pen Co., Dept. 11, 261 Broadway, N. Y.

All important features of the Onoto Fountain Pen are fully patented and all patent and trade mark rights are



Pen for The
Knows

[illegible] ntain Pens." [illegible] Doesn't it mean h to [illegible] as to the pen and ink always use — and so exactly hand that you *must* that makes writing ble Duty?

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and physical strain hat continual dip — other stroke!

ter you can express better your hand- u use a pen that first stroke, never catches, scratches

[illegible] you save in the nating the continual ders — new points — ver use — and, per- dresses and carpets), or you yourself, ! This last saving y ONOTO PENS ral times over.

Read this Letter—A typical Onoto Testimonial.

Iowa State Teachers College, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Onoto Pen Company,
261 Broadway, N. Y. C.

July 24th, 1909.

Gentlemen: — Your ONOTO Pen sent me about five weeks ago has proven entirely satisfactory. Indeed, I am very much pleased with it and shall keep it. It has proved all you claim for it. The nib suits me to a dot, but that is not the most valuable part of the pen. It has never leaked a particle, no matter in what position it was left or carried. It is really a non-leakable pen. My fingers are no longer ink-smeared where the pen crosses them, as they used to be with other makes of pens. My ONOTO writes evenly until the last drop of ink is out and does not "slobber" when nearly empty as most other pens do. The flow of ink from the pen, freely or scantily, is entirely under my control. The self-filling device works nicely. The filling of the pen is a matter of but a few seconds, and as there is no rubber bag to get out of order, the self-filling device is as lasting and permanent as it can be made.

Lastly, both the pen and reservoir can be cleaned in a few moments by using the self-filling device as a pump or syringe in a little clean water.

I have tested all the above and therefore am speaking from first-hand knowledge.

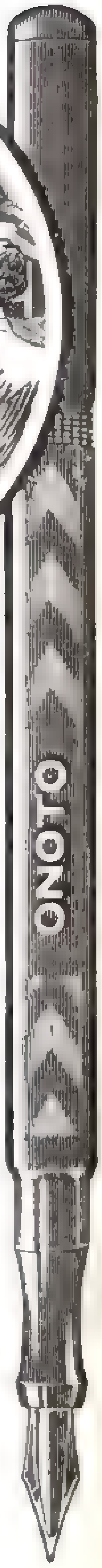
Yours very truly, (Signed) J. B. KNOEPFLER

The most convincing proof that the ONOTO IS absolutely leak-proof is the fact that each pen is sold *already filled* and reaches you—no matter where you live—in a box that is SPOTLESS inside.

Remember—The Onoto Fountain Pen is no experiment. It has been on the market for over two years, it has quickly superseded every other type of pen in use wherever introduced, and we have still to receive the first real complaint.

Remember also—the Onoto Guarantee protects you ABSOLUTELY. Each pen is sold with an absolute guarantee of construction, material, workmanship and operation, and with the privilege of exchange until the point and size suit you EXACTLY.

What more COULD we guarantee?



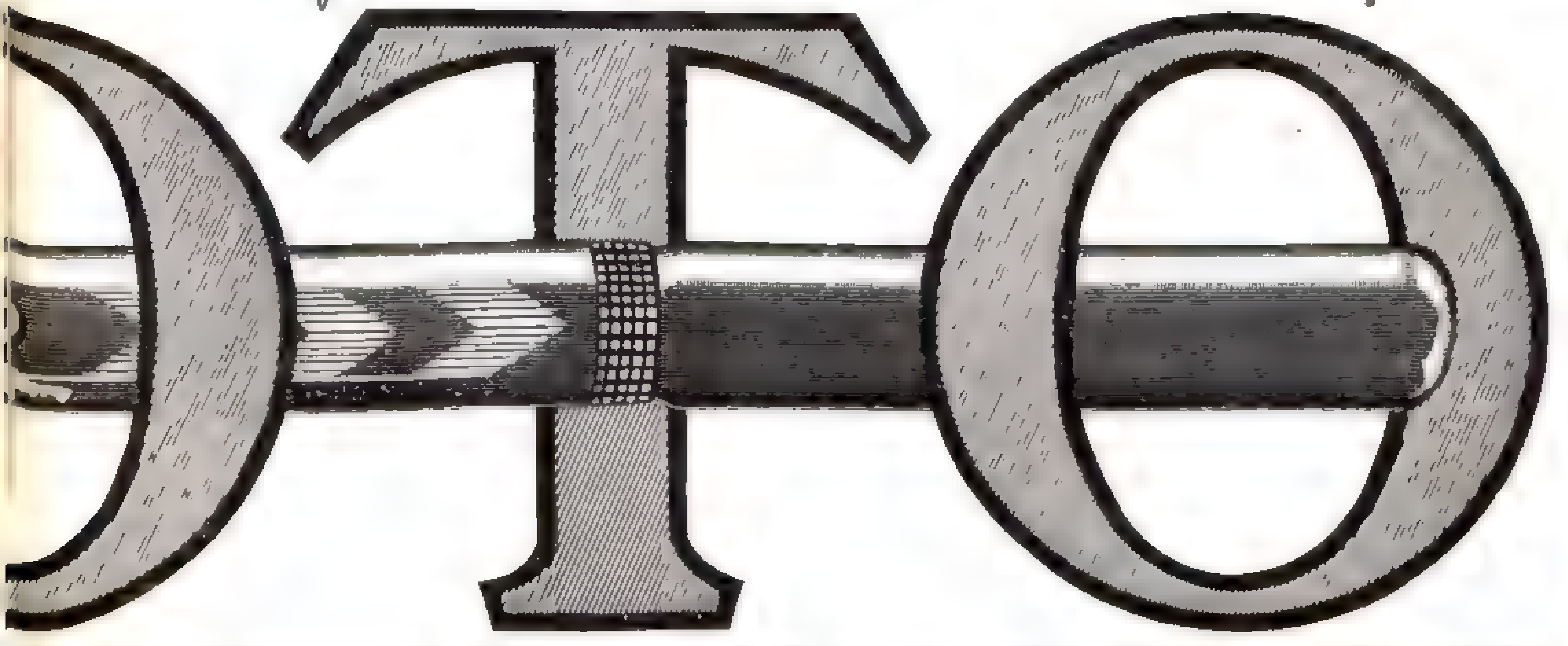
The Fountain Pen for The Student who Knows

TO the Student in school or college the ONOTO Fountain Pen is just as valuable and necessary as it is to Authors, Advertising Writers, Business Men, Bill Clerks, Book-keepers, Lawyers, Nurses, Physicians, Reporters, Salesmen, Stenographers, Social Secretaries, and every other type of pen user.

In your daily class or lecture-room work, for your weekly "letter home," and for your own social correspondence, the convenience, cleanliness and satisfaction of the ONOTO is of just as much value as the *improvement* it makes possible in your Penmanship.

And after you leave school or college you will find the ability to write well and fast is a big help toward getting and keeping a good Position.

THE ONOTO is sold everywhere by leading Stationery, Department and Drug Stores. Four Sizes—$2.50, $3, $4 and $5. 15 different style points in each size. If no nearby local dealer is willing to supply *you*, write to us for Catalog No. 11, a free ONOTO Score Pad and the name of the *nearest* ONOTO dealer. **Address ONOTO PEN CO., Dept. 11, 261 Broadway, N. Y. C.**



Registered in the United States, Canada, Mexico, England, France, Germany, and all other civilized countries.

S. E. P. [illegible]

To Retail Store Keepers

If you handle Fountain Pens, but not the Onoto — cut out and send this coupon at once for [illegible] special [illegible] particulars regarding the [illegible] Advertising Campaign [illegible] the cooperative Onoto Store Advertising Service for Onoto Dealers [illegible]

Act at once [illegible] this advertisement [illegible] and [illegible] it is but one of the many Onoto advertisements now appearing in over [illegible] of the leading newspapers and magazines of the [illegible] reaching each issue over [illegible] people.

All this advertising is done in YOUR interest [illegible] and direct Consumer Demand to retail stationery dealers [illegible]

If you have not a Stationery Department — stock the Onoto and start one [illegible] the Department will follow [illegible]

Be sure to attach this coupon to your letter-head or business card and name your stationery buyer, also your regular wholesaler. Any wholesale stationer can supply you, but if yours will not, send your order to us and we will see that it is filled quickly and properly by the nearest Onoto Wholesaler at no extra cost to you.

Onoto Pen Co., Dept. 11, 261 Broadway, N. Y.

NAME-ON

"Yes, ma'm, you left it in the drug store."

NAME-ON Means Two Things

NAME-ON is made by the oldest umbrella manufacturer in America, **WILLIAM BEEHLER.** Founded 1828. The name **BEEHLER** stands for what is best in umbrella making. The **NAME-ON** is the latest **BEEHLER** product

BEEHLER umbrellas last. They are strong but light. They represent a continual effort of 81 years to strengthen and yet simplify umbrella construction.

We make the ribs of flawless, vibrant steel and with broad backs so they are strong and yet allow the frame to roll close. **The ribs do not rust.** They are coated with a pliable rubber enamel which does not chip or flake off and expose the steel of the ribs to moisture.

Dealers should have our new plan of boosting an umbrella department. **Sent free on request.**

BEEHLER umbrellas are easy to raise or lower—simply push or pull the patent catch runner. You can't pinch your fingers and you don't have to hunt for the catch.

BEEHLER umbrellas roll close and have a distinctive style.

The name "**WILLIAM BEEHLER**" is stamped in the rib of our umbrellas.

NAME-ON Means *Your* Name On

We call this umbrella **NAME-ON** because we have a new patented process of putting your name and address right into the fabric of the umbrella.

We work it in in such a way that it is neat, and while noticeable, is not too conspicuous. It is not visible from the outside of the umbrella, but when you open it, there is your name and address, identifying it as yours and nudging the conscience of any other person who might take your umbrella by mistake

Your name cannot be taken out without disfiguring the umbrella. **This is umbrella insurance.** If you mislay or loan your umbrella it will be returned to you

And for this **NAME-ON** feature we charge absolutely nothing It is free to all purchasers of **BEEHLER** umbrellas, whether you buy direct from us or from a dealer.

How to get the Beehler NAME-ON

Ask your dealer for the **BEEHLER NAME-ON** Look **in the frame for "William Beehler."** This name stamped in the rib of an umbrella, **guarantees quality.** It is your protection against inferior umbrellas, and protects our dealers as well

If your dealer does not have the **BEEHLER** umbrella, send us your dealer's name and we will mail you free **The NAME-ON Book**

The NAME-ON Book is our beautiful new catalog. It contains samples of our different cloths and silks as well [illegible] and a postal card will bring **The NAME-ON Book** to you free

BEEHLER umbrellas cost from **$2** to **$30**, depending on the fabric and handle you select. Made in all sizes for men and women

If you buy a **BEEHLER** umbrella and are not thoroughly satisfied, we will cheerfully refund your money. We fill all orders the same day they are received and deliver by prepaid express everywhere

Remember, your name and address are put in free of charge For gifts the **NAME-ON** is ideal

Write today and ask for The NAME-ON Book

Wm. Beehler, 204 W. Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.
The oldest umbrella house in America. Founded 1828

THE DANGER MARK

(Continued from Page 21)

"Yes, to be sure; yes, to be sure!" piped the old beau. "How-de-do! How-de-do-o-o! My son Jack and I motor every morning at this hour. It is becoming a custom—he! he!—every day from ten to eleven—then a biscuit and a glass of sherry—then a nap—te! he!—oh, yes, every day, Mr. Mallett, rain or fair!—then luncheon at one, and the cigarette—te! he!—and a little sleep—and the drive at five! Yes, Mr. Mallett—it is the routine of a very old man who knew your grandfather, sir—and all his set—when the town was gay below Bleecker Street! Yes, yes—te! he! he!"

Nervous spasms which passed as smiles distorted the younger Dysart's visage The aged beau offered his hand to Duane, who took it in silence.

"Your grandfather was a very fine man," he piped; "very fine! ve-ry fine! And so I perceive is his grandson—te! he! and I flatter myself that my boy Jack is not unadmired te! he! he!—no, no—not precisely unnoticed in New York—the town whose history is the history of his own race. Mr. Mallett, he is a good son to me—yes, yes, a good son. It is gratifying to me to know that you are his friend."

Duane bent gently over the shriveled hand:

"I won't detain you from your drive, Mr. Dysart. I hope you will have a pleasant one. It is a pleasure to know my grandfather's old friends. Good-by."

And, erect, he hesitated a moment, then, for an old man's sake, he held out his hand to Jack Dysart, bidding him good-by in a pleasant voice pitched clear and decided, so that deaf ears might corroborate what half-blind and peering eyes so dimly beheld

Dysart walked to the door with him, waved the servant aside, and laying a shaking hand on the bronze knob, opened the door for his unbidden guest.

As Duane passed him he said:

"Thank you, Mallett," in a voice so low that Duane was half-way to his cab before he understood

. . . .

That day, and the next, and all that week he worked in his pitlike studio. Through the high sky window a cloudless zenith brooded; the heat became terrific; except for the inevitable crush of the morning and evening migration south and north, the streets were almost empty under a blazing sun.

His father seemed to be physically better. Although he offered no confidences it appeared to the son that there was something a little more cheerful in his voice and manner. It may have been only the anticipation of going away; for he was going West in a day or two, and it came out that Wilton was going with him.

The day he left Duane drove him to the station. There was a private car, the Cyane, attached to the long train. Wilton met them, spoke pleasantly to Duane, but Colonel Mallett did not invite his son to enter the car, and adieux were said where they stood.

As the young fellow turned and passed beneath the car windows he caught a glimpse above him of a heavy-jowled red face into which a cigar was stuck—a perfectly enormous expanse of face with two little piglike eyes almost buried in the mottled fat.

"That's Max Moebus," observed a train hand respectfully as Duane passed close to him. "I guess there's more billions into that there private car than old Pip's crowd can dig out of their pants' pockets on pay-day."

. . . .

The club was absolutely empty that night; Duane dined there alone, then wandered into the great empty room facing Fifth Avenue, his steps echoing sharply across the carpetless floor. The big windows were open, there was thunder in the air—the sonorous stillness in which voices and footsteps in the street ring out ominously.

He smoked and watched the dim forms of those whom the heat drove forth into the night, men with coats over their arms and straw hats in their hands; young girls thinly clad in white, bareheaded, moving two and two with dragging steps.

Somebody came into the room behind him; Duane turned, but could not distinguish him in the dusk. A little while later the man came over to where he sat, and he looked up; and it was Dysart.

There was silence for a full minute; Dysart stood by the window, looking out; Duane paid him no further attention until he wheeled slowly and said

"Do you mind if I have a word with you, Mallett?"

"Not if it is necessary."

"I don't know whether it is necessary."

"Don't bother about it if you are in the slightest doubt.

Dysart waited a moment, perhaps for some unpleasant emotion to subside; then:

"I'll sit down a moment, if you permit."

He dropped into one of the big, deep leather chairs and touched the bell. A servant came; he looked across at Duane, hesitated to speak

"Thank you," said Duane curtly. "I've cut it out."

"Scotch. Bring the decanter," murmured Dysart to the servant

When it was served he drained the glass, refilled it and turned in the rest of the mineral water. Before he spoke he emptied the glass again and rang for more mineral water. Then he looked at Duane and said in a low voice:

"I thought you were worried the other day when I saw you at my house."

"What is that to you?"

Dysart said: "You were very kind—under provocation."

"I was not kind on your account."

"I understand. But I don't forget such things. You were very decent to me that day," he said. "You had something to say to me, but were good enough not to. I came over tonight to give you a chance to curse me out. It's the square thing to do."

"What do you know about square dealing?"

"Go on."

"I have nothing to add."

"Then I have, if you'll let me." He paused; the other remained silent. "I've this to say. You are worried sick; I saw that. What worries you concerns your father. You were merciful to mine. I'll do what I can for you."

He swallowed half of what remained in his iced glass, set it back on the table with fastidious precision.

"The worst that can happen to your father is to lose control of the Yo Espero property. I think he is going to lose it. They've crowded me out. If I could have endured the strain I'd have stood by your father—for what you did for mine. . . . But I couldn't, Mallett."

He moistened his lips again, leaned forward.

"I think I know one thing about you, anyway, and I'm not afraid you'd ever use any words of mine against me—"

"Don't say them!" retorted Duane sharply.

But Dysart went on:

"You have no respect for me. You found out one thing about me that settled me in your opinion. Outside of that, however, you never liked me."

"That is perfectly true."

"I know it. And I want to say now that it was smoldering irritation from that source—wounded vanity, perhaps—coupled with worry and increasing cares, that led to that outburst of mine. I never really believed that my wife needed any protection from the sort of man you are. You are not that kind."

"That also is true."

"And I know it. And now I've cleared up these matters, and there's another." He bit his lips, thought a moment, then, with a deep, long breath:

"When you struck me that night I—deserved it. Do you suppose that I am not aware of my personal unpopularity as far as men are concerned? I have never had an intimate friend—except De Lancey Grandcourt. And I've treated him like a beast. There's something wrong about me; there always has been."

He slaked his thirst again. His hand shook so that he nearly dropped the glass.

"Which is preliminary," he went on, "to saying to you that, no matter what I said in an access of rage, I never doubted that your encounter with—Miss Quest—was an accident. I never doubted that your motive in coming to me was generous. God knows why I said what I did say. . . . And that clears up that!"

(Continued on Page 28)

The soups for all occasions

No matter how particular you are nor how much you pay, you cannot make nor buy better soups than Campbell's.

If you could only come here and see how we make them you would realize why this is so.

You would see the big whole quarters of prime beef and mutton that we use to make our meat-stock rich and full-flavored; the choice selected poultry—as daintily prepared as you could do it at home; and the fresh delicate vegetables right out of the garden; and always put up the day they are picked—green peas, tips of tender white asparagus, crisp fragrant celery and luscious juicy red-ripe tomatoes just pulled from the vines.

For your own sake try

Campbell's SOUPS

That is the only way to know how good they are.

Try them for your dainty luncheon; your formal dinner, or for a light family meal at any time. There's a kind for every occasion. They are full of wholesome nourishment; easy to digest; easy to prepare. And they cost you less than if you made them yourself. Why not order a few cans right now? *If not entirely satisfied your grocer returns your money.*

Could there be any stronger guarantee?

21 kinds 10c a can

Tomato
Vegetable
Ox Tail
Mock Turtle
Chicken
Mulligatawny
Tomato-Okra
Clam Chowder
Clam Bouillon
Celery
Beef
Julienne
Asparagus
Consommé
Pea
Bouillon
Printanier
Pepper Pot
Mutton Broth
Vermicelli-Tomato
Chicken Gumbo (Okra)

Campbell's
SOUP

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Give sugary joys to sissy boys
But "*Campbell's Soup!*" say I
Rather the bliss of a bowl like this
Than a bake-shop full of pie

[illegible] we send you free a copy of Campbell's Menu Book? It's full [illegible] sensible, helpful suggestions

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

A $25,000

Men's Fashion Book Free

The finest Fall Fashion Book we ever issued is now just off the press. Every new fashion—for every age and every occasion—is shown in a many-colored plate.

We have spent $25,000 to gather these styles, and to picture them as shown in this book. The result is a classic in fashion.

Not the design of theorists, pictured in fashion-plate style. But the actual styles worn by men of refinement—gathered in every center of fashion by our own men on the ground.

This costly book is offered free to every man who wants to know what the best-dressed men will wear.

After Forty Years

Since 1869, Adler-Rochester Clothes have been known as the utmost in garments for men.

We were first to introduce into ready-made garments the highest attainments in the tailoring art.

We were first to send high-priced designers to the centers of fashion, to gather ideas which smaller tailors could not get.

We were first to employ in a wholesale way the finest of custom tailors.

We were first to fit every type of man as the best tailors fit from individual measure.

And we have always, in all these arts, kept the ascendency, as nearly every man knows.

The book which we offer shows the final result of that forty years of experience. And it shows our choices from a thousand all-wool cloths.

Adler-Rochester Clothes

Not the Largest

Most of you think, perhaps, that Adler-Rochester Clothes have the largest sale in America. They have not. Our vast reputation is due to quality and style, not to size.

There are not enough experts developed, of the class we employ, to make clothes for one in a hundred.

In most cities and towns Adler-Rochester Clothes are supplied to only one dealer. And we supply that one dealer but a limited part of his stock.

The man who wears Adler-Rochester garments must always be the exception.

But those exceptions—young or older—can be usually picked out in a crowd. They are the best-dressed men you meet.

Not the Costliest

Nor are Adler-Rochester Clothes expensive, though most of you think that they are. Our suits and overcoats will run—like other good makes—from $18 up. Yet the best of them could not be excelled if you paid us $100 per garment.

We spend for making *four times* what some makers spend. We pay our tailors twice what we pay for our cloths.

There are not any clothes at any price on the market which give nearly so much for the money.

The reason is, our very small profits. They never exceed six per cent. Last year our average profit was exactly *97 cents per suit*.

Every penny we get, save that small profit, goes into the garments themselves.

That is why Adler-Rochester Clothes cost less than the commonplace.

For the One Man in a Hundred

This book is for men who want such clothes as only one in a hundred can get.

No matter what your age or vocation. We make the right clothes for all ages—for college or sport, for business or for society. This book shows them all, and in colors.

It is for men who want to know the right and the best, and where they can get it.

To them the book is free. Please send this coupon today for it.

L. Adler, Bros. & Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.
S E P 7

Please send me the Book of Fall and Winter Fashions in Adler-Rochester Clothes.

Name ________________

Address ________________

____

Copyright [illegible] by L. Adler Bros. [illegible]

(Continued from Page 26)

"Dysart," said the other, "you don't have to tell me these things."

"Would you rather not have heard them?"

Duane thought a moment:

"I would rather have heard them, I believe"

"Then may I go on?"

"Is there anything more to explain between us?"

"No. . . . But I would like to say something in my own behalf. Not that it matters to you –or to any man, perhaps, except my father. I would like to say it, Mallett."

"Very well."

"Then, I prefer that you should believe I am not a crook. Not that it matters to you, but I prefer that you do not believe it. . . . You have read enough in the papers to know what I mean. The attacks on my securities will ultimately ruin me; but such attacks would ruin any financier, any bank in the United States if continued long enough. They are into everything that I've ever been connected with; there is no institution, no security in which I am interested that they have not investigated."

Duane said: "I know almost nothing about such matters. And -I am very sorry that you are in trouble."

The silence remained unbroken for some time; then Dysart stood up:

"I don't offer you my hand. You took it once for my father's sake. That was manly of you, Mallett. . . . I thought, perhaps, I might lighten your anxiety about your father. I hope I have. . . . And I must ask your pardon for pressing my private affairs upon you"—he laughed mirthlessly—"merely because I'd rather you didn't think me a crook—for my father's sake. . . . Good-night."

"Dysart," he said, "why in God's name have you behaved as you have to—that girl?"

Dysart stood perfectly motionless, then in a voice under fair control:

"I understand you. You don't intend that as impertinence; you're a square man, Mallett, a man who suffers under the evil in others. And your question to me meant that you thought me not entirely hopeless; that there was enough of decency in me to arouse your interest. Isn't that what you meant?"

"Yes. I think so."

"Well, then, I'll answer you. There isn't much left of me; there'll be less left of my fortune before long. I've made a failure of everything, fortune, friendships, position, happiness. My wife and I are separated; it is club gossip, I believe. She will probably sue for divorce and get it. And I ask you, because I don't know, can any amends be made to—the person you mentioned—by my offering her the sort and condition of man I now am?"

"If you could make her happy it would square a great many things, Dysart."

The other looked up: "You?"

"I -don't know. Yes, in many ways; in that way at all events; if you made her happy."

Dysart stepped forward. "Would you be nice to her if I did? Other people would be nice to her. Would *you?* And would you have the woman you marry receive her?"

"Yes"

"That is square of you, Mallett. . . . I meant to do it, anyway. . . . Thank you. . . . Good-night."

"Good-night," said Duane in a low voice

He returned to the house late that night and found a letter from Geraldine awaiting him; the first in three days. And when, seated at the library table, he opened the letter he saw at once that the red-penciled cross at the top was missing

Minutes passed; the first line blurred under his vacant gaze, for his eyes traveled no farther. Then the letter fell to the table; he dropped his head in his arms, too miserable to face what he knew he must at last

It was a curiously calm letter when he found courage to read it:

> I've lost a battle after many victories. It went against me after a hard fight here alone at Roya-Neh. I think you had better come up. The fight was on again the next night—that is, night before last -but I've held fast so far and expect to. Only I wish you'd come.
>
> It is no reproach to you if I say that had you been here I might have made a better fight. You couldn't be here; the shame of defeat is all my own.
>
> Duane, it was not a disastrous defeat in one way. I held out for four days, and thought I had won out. I was stupefied by loss of sleep, I think, this is not in excuse, only the facts which I lay bare for your consideration
>
> The defeat was in a way a concession a half-dazed compromise—merely a parody on a real victory for the enemy; because it roused in me a horror that left the enemy almost no consolation, no comfort, even no physical relief. The enemy is I myself, you understand—that other self we know about
>
> Can you not come? I won't ask it if your father needs you. Only if he does not I think you had better come very soon
>
> When may I restore the red cross to the top of my letters to you? I suppose I had better place it on the next letter, because if I do not you might think that another battle had gone against me.
>
> Don't reproach me. I couldn't stand it just now. Because I am a very tired girl, Duane, and what has happened is heavy in my heart heavy on my head and shoulders, like that monster Sindbad bore
>
> Can you come and free me? One word, your arms around me, and I am safe. G. S.

As he finished a maid came bearing a telegram on a salver.

"Tell him to wait," said Duane, tearing open the white night-message.

> Your father is ill at San Antonio and wishes you to come at once Notify your mother, but do not alarm her. Your father's condition is favorable, but the outcome is uncertain. WELLS, *Secretary*

Duane took three telegram blanks from the notepaper rack and wrote:

> My father is ill at San Antonio They have just wired me and I shall take the first train. Stand by me now Win out for my sake.

And to his father:

> I leave on first train for San Antonio. It's going to be all right, Father. Courage!

And to his mother:

> Am leaving for San Antonio because I don't think father is well enough to travel alone. I'll write you and wire you. Love to you and Naida.

He gave the maid the money, turned and, unhooking the receiver of the telephone, called up the Grand Central Station.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Artificial Flavors

THE reason why fruit flavorings are mostly artificial is that it is impossible to make acceptable extracts from the fruits themselves. This is true of the strawberry, the pineapple and the peach, the so-called extracts of which are always products of the chemical laboratory.

Some time ago vanillin, which is the principal flavoring agent of the vanilla bean, was successfully synthetized. But the bean contains other substances not yet satisfactorily identified, which help to produce its delicious "bouquet." Hence it is that artificial vanilla extract is markedly inferior to the real article.

The vanilla plant is native to southeastern Mexico, where it was used to flavor chocolate long before the days of the Spanish conquest. It is now grown commercially in Java, Mauritius and various other tropical countries; but the Mexican bean is much the best and commands the highest price.

The forthcoming Year-Book of the Department of Agriculture states that three times as much vanilla extract is consumed as of all other flavoring extracts put together. Orange, peppermint and wintergreen flavorings are likewise real and of natural origin -the last two being used almost wholly in confectionery. Wintergreen, which, like peppermint, is derived from the plant by distillation, is produced chiefly in the neighborhood of White Haven, Pennsylvania.

At the Point of the V

You Who Want the Best

in a knit muffler will serve yourself well by selecting the one different from all others, the

Bradley Full-Fashioned

It is knit in one piece, without narrowing or puckering, and is the **only** one that fits. It's the only muffler with the fitting-feature—the "V"-neck. Cannot crawl up; cannot wrinkle; does not bunch at the neck. Thoroughly protects chest, back of neck and spine. Made of Egyptian silk, in twenty attractive colors. For men, women and children. Sold by all good dealers.

50c

Insist on the V-neck

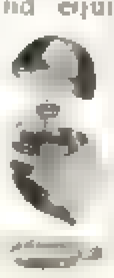
The Bradley Knitting Co.
Delavan, Wis.

Points That Make the A. H. Fox Gun "The Finest Gun in the World"

A less number of parts and a greater margin of strength. Coil main and top lever springs *unbreakable.*

A rotary, wedge-shape locking bolt which never shoots loose. A one-piece "safety" which absolutely locks the triggers against accidental discharge Barrels, on all grades; genuine Krupp Fluid Steel The "Fox" is the "quality gun" of to-day—finest model, best finish, most satisfactory all-around shooter. Net prices $37.50 to $362.00. If your dealer cannot supply you or offers substitutes, send your order direct to us. Call on the nearest dealer; or write us for a beautiful catalogue.

THE A. H. FOX GUN COMPANY, 4696 North 18th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.



Wizard Mono-rail JUMPING TOP!

Greatest Fun-Maker and Educator Made. Fascinates Young and Old.

This marvelous top does the most astonishing and inexplicable stunts, apparently defying the fixed laws of gravity and equilibrium. It will spin in any position in which it is placed with its center line at any angle to its line of gravity. It jumps from the wooden egg and continues spinning. Spins on the tip of finger end of nose edge of tumbler etc

Dealers Get a big enough stock to carry you over the Holidays now while we can supply you

Travels 100 Feet on Inclined Wire. Revolves 10,000 Times a Minute with One Pull of the Cord. Any Child Can Do It.

Perfect demonstration of the railroad of the future [illegible] top spinning in carriage [illegible] it will travel entire length [illegible]

50c Buys Entire Outfit

Wizard Top, accurately made of cold rolled steel with turned steel bearings and heavy coat lacquered wheel wood [illegible] steel wire track highly polished wooden egg [illegible] packed with illustrated [illegible] Postage [illegible]

WIZARD PATENT DEVELOPING CO , Dept 5, 137-T West 31st St , N Y

This tells you how to get a collar you will surely want to wear

INVESTIGATION ANTICIPATION REALIZATION

D&C PATENT Looscarf Collars

The collar with the patented pocket which gives the scarf free play

The purpose of this announcement is to place in your hands the most comfortable collar you have ever worn—a collar in which no scarf can stick or bind.

The advertisement, moreover, incorporates a simple plan by which you can send for one of these collars without going to the trouble of making inquiry among the stores of your city to discover by whom they are sold

Once you have sent for a sample collar and worn it, we are quite confident you will never care again to buy anything less comfortable.

You will find that you can slide your tie as easily and freely when you've buttoned the collar on as before—something you cannot do with any other collar of this type.

It is not our plan to deal with the customer. Hundreds of haberdashers, clothiers, dry goods dealers and department stores all over the country are now selling D & C "Looscarf" Collars.

But our plan of permitting you to purchase a sample collar is a quick way of convincing you that there is no collar made which compares in convenience with the D & C "Looscarf."

All the good qualities of the best collars you have ever bought—style, quality and wearability—are emphasized in the D & C "Looscarf" by a patented idea which is absolutely unique and not to be found in any other make.

The simple principle of the "Looscarf" Collar is easily understood.

The patented feature simply leaves a generous space which permits the scarf to pass freely about the collar—just as freely after the collar has been buttoned about the neck as before it has been fastened to the neckband.

The collar button fits into a little pocket, and the whole thickness of the collar band is between the button and the scarf.

When the scarf is inserted, the inside band springs away from the outer band—leaving the scarf entirely free and loose to pull around when tying.

The scarf is inserted as easily and slides as freely after the collar has been laundered as the first time you wear the new collar.

Can't you imagine the delight of wearing a collar that not only fits to perfection but never gives you a particle of trouble with your scarf from one end of the year to the other?

Send 10c for Sample

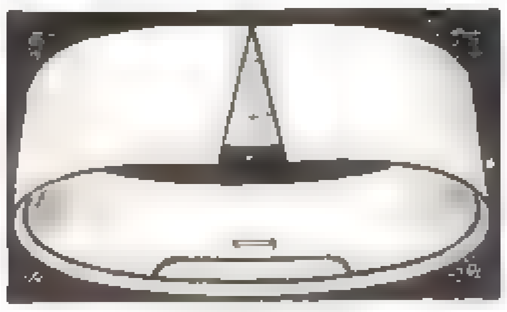
D & C "Looscarf" collars come in a complete line of heights, sizes and styles and are enjoying enormous sales through the best and largest wholesale houses and retail stores at the universal price of 2 for 25c.

For the purpose of inducing you to learn the wonderful comfort and convenience of the collar, and purchasing further supplies from your dealer, one sample D & C "Looscarf" Collar will be mailed to you, postage prepaid, upon receipt of 10c.

Fill out the coupon which appears herein, giving the style, size and height of collar you desire, (select one of the four styles shown) and mail it with ten cents in stamps or silver—a special price for one sample collar only which is made solely for introducing purposes.

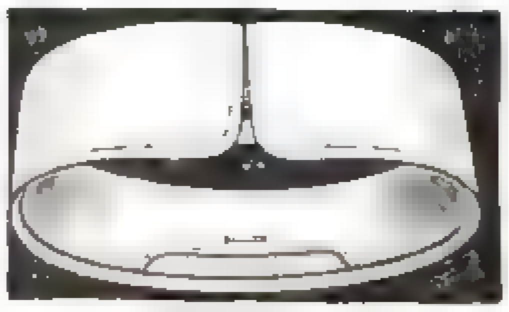
Detroit Looscarf Collar Company, Detroit, Michigan

NUMBER 5-A
Front 2½ in., Back 2 in.



NUMBER 3-B
Front 2¼ in., Back 2 in.

NUMBER 7-B
Cutaway Effect Front 2 [illegible] in., Space ⅛ in.



NUMBER 3-E
Height 2⅛ in.

DETROIT
LOOSCARF
COLLAR CO.
Detroit Michigan

Gentlemen:— Enclosed find 10c for which please mail me one sample D & C "Looscarf" Collar.

Size No.

Style

Name

Street

City

Your Dealer's Name

$20 SUIT or Overcoat To your order $13.50

Who is Going to Make *Your* Clothes this Fall?

The readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and other publications have noticed our advertisements for many seasons past. We have clothed hundreds and hundreds of POST readers with the smartest New York clothes, tailored to their individual measure at a saving to them of at least 33[illegible]

They [illegible] dressers [illegible] style, [illegible] fit, they know quality. They are now our steady customers, and that is the sort of men that the Bell Tailors of New York cater to.

We are anxious to sell our [illegible] to men who know. We are [illegible] value in the clothes [illegible]. We will have their steady patronage as we [illegible] good [illegible] endorsement of their friends.

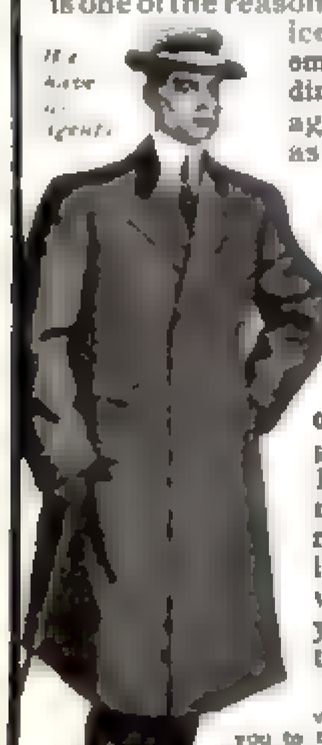
Big Style Book 64 Smart Samples FREE

Our method of selling direct to the wearer is one of the reasons for our splendid service and our low price. We employ no agents—we sell direct to you—if we had agents, we would have to ask a great deal more for our clothes to cover the cost of the agent. Instead of paying the agent, we let you make the agent's profit.

Because of these facts we guarantee to deliver a $20 suit or overcoat for $13.50. This guarantee is very broad. It means that the clothes must please you—they must fit you—they must live up to every claim we make for them, or you are under no obligation to keep them.

Our system of self-measuring which we send you FREE enables you to take your own measure as expertly as a custom tailor.

We want you to have our handsome illustrated catalogue with 64 beautiful suit and overcoat samples FREE. Take them to your local tailor or some tailor's agent. Show them to anyone who pretends to be a judge of woolens and prove to yourself the superiority of our fabrics. You won't find smarter styles than we show—you won't find a better [illegible] of fabrics—you won't find more thorough tailoring than we put into our clothes. Certainly you won't find all this quality at so little price. Just mail the coupon below at once. It will pay you.



Bell Tailors of New York

120-128 Walker Street New York City

Mail this Coupon

SAMPLES FREE CATALOG FREE

Bell Tailors
of New York
(120-8 Walker St., N. Y.)
Please send me your big style book—64 Suit and Overcoat samples and complete tailoring outfit FREE.

M_______________

THE GENT FROM JOSEPHINE

(Concluded from Page 18)

Major, 'everybody in N'Yawleens wuz runnin' fer sumpin' an' dey'd honor you to de highest to carry out deir plans. I knowed dat when de convention wuz over it'd be 'Step aside, Mr. Nigger!'

"Howsomever, somebody hollered 'Come in!' an' dere wuz Mr. Yammer an' a whole lot more gent'muns settin' round.

"Mr. Yammer laughed an' sez, 'Hello, Josephine, is dat you?'

"'I'm right here,' sezzi.

"'Have a cigar,' sezzee, an' he pushed de box todes me. I wuz raised wid white folks an' knowed how to behave like a gent'mun. I didn't take no handful, jes' tuk three. Den I lighted up, blowed de smoke on de off side, an' begun to talk financial. 'Mr. Yammer, you got four hund'ed and ninety-six votes in dat convention, an' you owes your pratter.'

"He kinder waved his hand careless-like. 'Tom wuz 'tendin' to dat,' he sez.

"'Tom didn't 'tend to *me*,' I sez. 'You'se goin' to St. Louis to 'lect de President. De President ain't gwine to hang up his hat an' git his chair warm befo' he begins to look around an' say: 'Now, dere's my friend, Mr. Yammer. I mus' pick out a good job fer him.' But here I is, widout no money to go home an' nuthin' t' eat. You owes yo' pratter.'

"He jest throwed his head back an' laughed. Dat little fat man in de corner he like to bust.

"Den Mr. Yammer called a smooth-faced young man frum d'yuther room. Sez he, 'Please attend to Josephine.'

"De young man took me into de room, 'tended to me wid sixty dollars, gimme a drink, an' I went out.

"I done so well dat I went nibblin' roun from one delegate to anudder, picking up a little nestegg here an' dere—sometimes twenty, sometimes fifty."

Major Wexford looked up and asked a disquieting question:

"Potter, what did you do with all that money?"

The negro fumbled in his empty pockets. "Dat's jes' whut I can't make out. I muster lost some."

"Have you got any?"

"No, suh. Reckon I must be a-goin."

The conversation was becoming awkward. Potter rolled up his breeches and limped down the gravel walk in his sock feet. His dispirited figure shuffled away through the dusk. He was mumbling to himself and wincing at the tenderness of his feet.

At the corner a man suddenly loomed up before him and blocked the way. He stood face to face with the loan shark.

"Dar now!" ejaculated Uncle Potter. Then he grabbed his hat, turned and fled to Major Wexford.

"Lemme stay here tonight, Major; I'm plum' broke down."

SCIENCE AND SENSE IN FARMING

(Concluded from Page 9)

broken down. . . . Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, . . . So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth, and thy want as an armed man."

Another young man who was graduated at an agricultural college and then took a year to study agriculture in Europe was given, almost immediately upon his return to this country, the position of general manager of a coffee and rubber estate in Mexico, owned by Northern capitalists. I was myself in the West Indies, where I was interested in an agricultural enterprise, and, shortly after my return, Doctor —— came home for a vacation. I was desirous of knowing how conditions in his part of Mexico compared with those in my own tropical locality, but he did not even know how many men were employed at that particular time on the plantation; his foreman saw to all these things. At the end of a year his services were no longer wanted by the company.

Now, what is the lesson to be drawn from failures like these? Is it that a knowledge of agriculture as a science is not generally beneficial and that it is not a desirable and helpful thing to the farmer? I am very far from thinking so. Indeed, its value is illustrated everywhere. The great areas of desert land made fruitful by irrigation; the so-called "dry farming" by which a great territory formerly believed worthless through lack of moisture is now yielding good crops; the attention which, though tardy, is being given to forestry; the investigation of insect pests and their remedy and, perhaps the most in evidence of all, the improvement, in every part of our country, in our domestic animals—all these attest the great value of scientific agricultural knowledge. It is simply that, to succeed in farming, one must use the same qualities that are essential to success in any other business.

There is no royal road to success in agriculture any more than there is anywhere else; no college in the world that can turn out men who are thereby destined to succeed. The only thing that can stand to win is a certain degree of experience in the field itself, backed by earnest and intelligent effort along practical lines, with a definite and practical end in view.

Adjustable Shelves—Sliding Doors

The Danner Sectional Bookcase [illegible] yet costs no more. The [illegible] which are always out of the way [illegible] glide noiselessly on rubber tired casters [illegible] which can be arranged to suit any [illegible] is much firmer than other sectional cases and gives [illegible] appearance of a massive, one piece case.

Danner Sectional Bookcases

They are the only sanitary sectional bookcases made. [illegible] and dirt can not [illegible] the only sectional bookcases having a consultation leaf, which is exceptionally handy for resting books upon.

Danner Sectional Bookcases can be had in Quartered Oak or Mahogany and in [illegible] finish. They can be furnished with either plain or [illegible] glass.

Send for our FREE [illegible] today and see the many novel effects that can be obtained for both home or office.

THE JOHN DANNER MFG. CO., 21 Hicks Street, Canton, O.

4 H. P. Stationary Gasoline Motor Complete $69.00
10 H. P., Complete, $140
For Factory Use, Irrigation Work or any kind of Pumping, Farmwork, etc.
GUARANTEED by a responsible concern. Write for full description of 3, 4 [illegible] Stationary Engines.
GRAY MOTOR CO., 117 Leib St., Detroit, Mich.

LEARN EXPERT SHORTHAND
[illegible] Individual [illegible] For beginners and stenographers. Easy to learn, write and read.
Write for free catalogue.
SUCCESS SHORTHAND SCHOOL
Suite 315, 79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.
Suite 812, 1416 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.
Address the one nearer you

LEARN PLUMBING
One of the best paid of all trades. Plumbers are in demand everywhere at good wages. They have short hours. Write for free catalog.
ST. LOUIS TRADES SCHOOL, 4443 Olive St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

MAKE MONEY WRITING
SHORT STORIES—1c to 5c a word. We sell stories, plays, and book Manuscripts, on commission; we criticise and revise them and tell you where to sell them. Story-Writing and Journalism taught by mail. Send for free booklet "Writing for Profit"; tells how. The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.

Own your own Cigar Store

50 Sargent Perfectos or Panetelas, regular price $3.50
One of these Chests, regular price $3.50

$3.50 for both

This glass lined Cigar Chest sent to any customer with his first order. We guarantee that it will keep cigars in perfect condition. The purpose of this offer is to introduce our brands of cigars direct to smokers.

Since we first made this offer, three Chests have been returned to us out of many thousands we have shipped. They were broken in transit. We never fill an order without freely offering to refund the money, if there is the slightest dissatisfaction with either Chest or Cigars.

A few words on the cigar business in general. Do you know a Havana Cigar when you smoke it? Do you know that a Havana Cigar fit to smoke cannot be sold under 10c direct to smoker, or under 15c at a retail store? If you are an old smoker you can be sure you have smoked thousands of cigars supposedly "Havana" that never saw Cuba. That worn out deception does not figure in this business. By telling facts we are making steady customers who believe in us—men who know that a choicely blended domestic cigar needs no apology.

Sargent Cigars are made of blended domestic tobaccos of the finest selection, with a flavoring of choice Havana. They have brought us compliments without number, but not one complaint.

About the Chest. It is our invention and the only practical Cigar Chest we know of. It holds 100 cigars and keeps them in perfect condition to the very last smoke. No blotter pads or sponges to trouble with. We give it to you with your first order because we want you to smoke Sargent Cigars in proper condition and to [illegible] that we can save you one half your smoking bill. The Chest is handsomely finished in wood, is glass lined, has heavy, insulated walls, and is strictly sanitary.

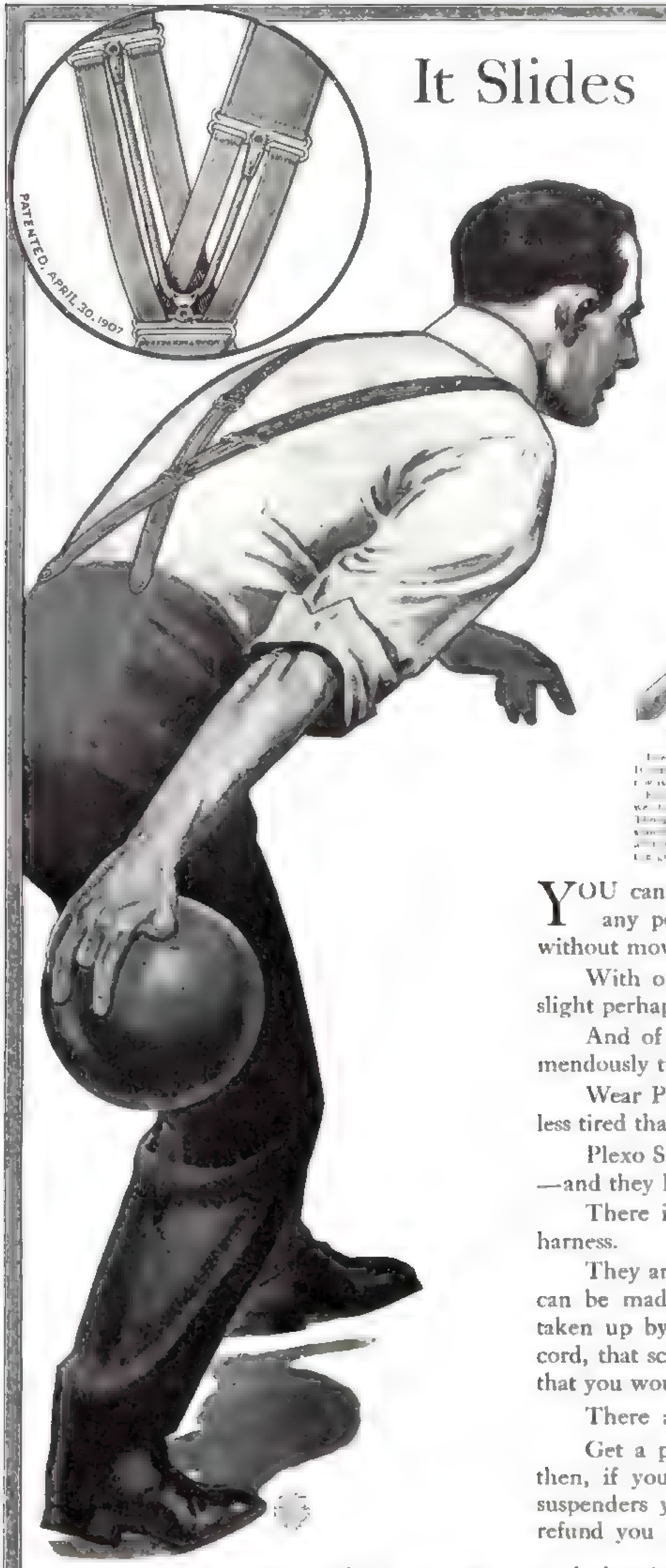
People write us that they do not see how we can make this offer. There is no mystery about it. We are content with moderate profits and we [illegible] Cigars good enough to bring in sufficient re-orders to pay us for the Chests we give away.

Our Proposition. Send us $3.50 and we will send you 50 Sargent Perfectos or Panetelas and the Cigar Chest. If you order 100 Cigars and Chest, price $7.00, we will prepay express East of the Mississippi River. West of the Mississippi [illegible] If you prefer Mahogany Chest [illegible] extra, Circassian Walnut $3 extra. State preference for mild, medium or strong.

Remember If Chest or Cigars are not up to your expectations, [illegible] back at our expense and we will return your money.

If you want to know who we are, ask The First Bridgeport National, [illegible] National or City National Bank of Bridgeport.

Sargent Cigar Company
636 Water Street
BRIDGEPORT CONN.



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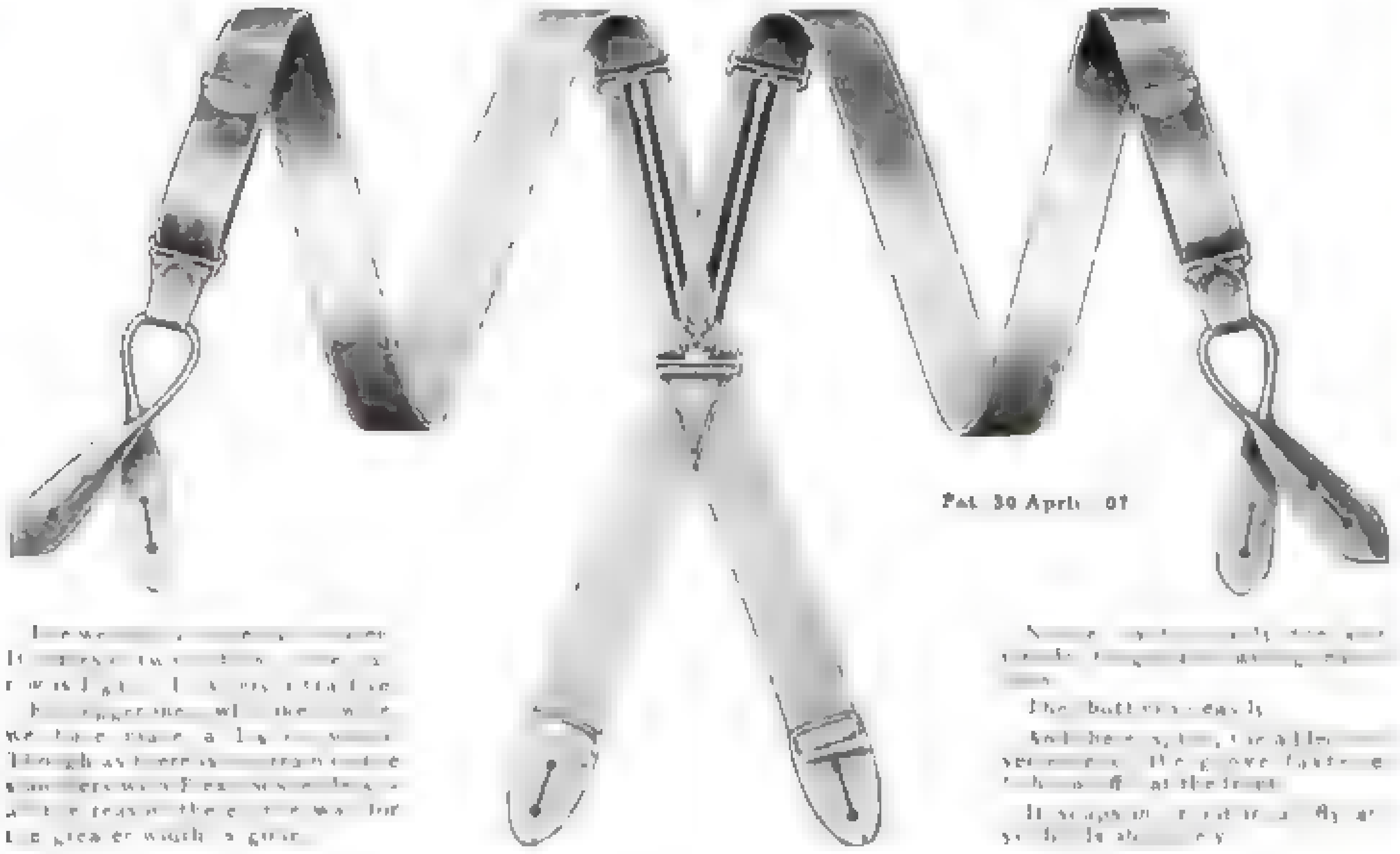
and *as "easy" as none* at all. 50c



YOU cannot walk—cannot sit down or stand up—cannot take any position other than that of the "attention" of a soldier without moving your shoulders unequally.

With old-fashioned suspenders, that always meant a strain—slight perhaps, but constant.

And of course constant strain—no matter how slight—is tremendously tiring.

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There is no machinery about them—nothing that savours of harness.

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There are many quiet colors—two widths and two lengths.

Get a pair from your haberdasher today.* Wear them, and then, if you don't find them in every way the most satisfactory suspenders you ever had on, send them back to *us*, and we will refund you the *full purchase price* and the postage.

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Air is the wasteful enemy of heat. It sneaks into radiators and piping through the ordinary air valves and radiator valves, and will keep any Low-Pressure Steam heating outfit from giving its fullest service. In ordinary weather, when the fire is low, air will steal into the radiator and make ineffective about 20% of its heating surface. This means heat shortage and fuel waste. You can get more steam, greater comfort, save fuel and care by adding to your outfit

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These valves are much like the air valves now on your Radiators, except they are made to let the air out and *keep it out*. The steam is thereby held *all* through the Radiator; in fact, heat lasts 8, 12, or more hours after fire is banked. Gives early morning heat from previous night's fire, because the instant radiator is turned on steam fills the vacuum created.

NORWALL Vacuum Valves and NORWALL Packless Radiator Valves are easily added on to any steam heating outfit and change it into an ideal vacuum warming system with a fuel saving of 15% to 35% (many report fuel saving as high as 40%).

No adjustment required—all done at the factory.

Made entirely of brass—nothing to wear out.

Send for free book, "New Aids to Ideal Heating."

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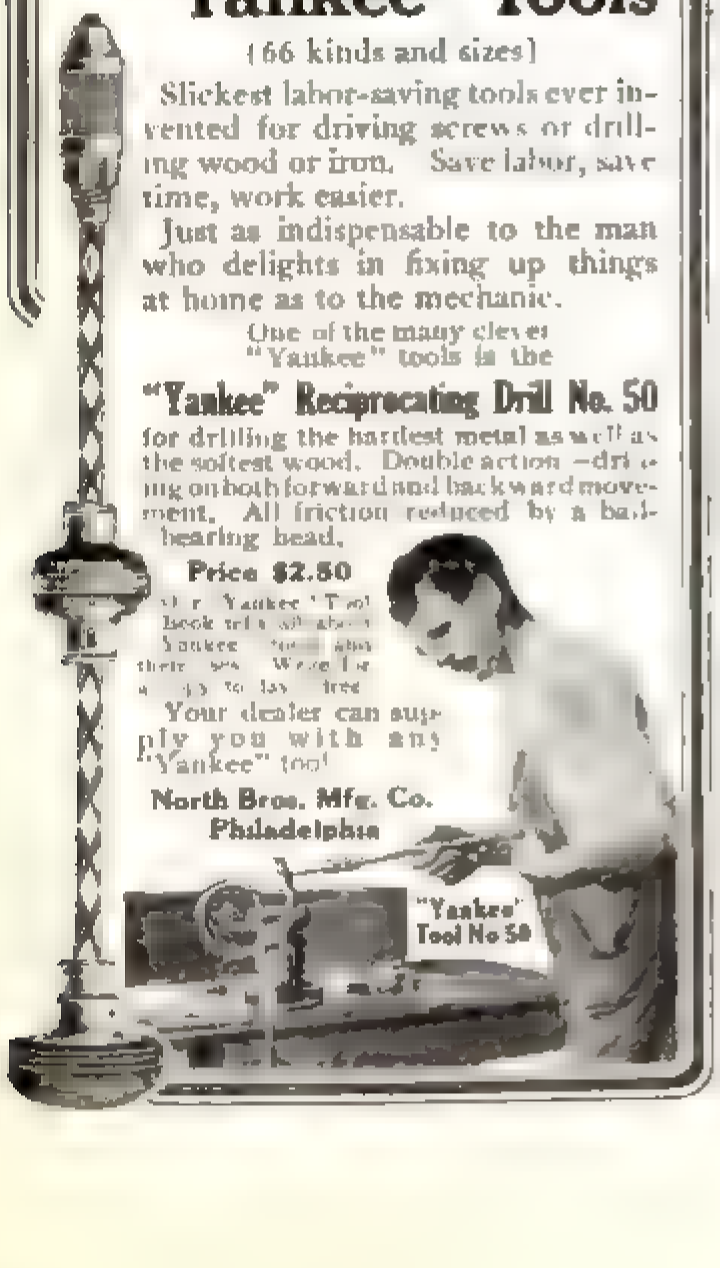

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Just as indispensable to the man who delights in fixing up things at home as to the mechanic.

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"Yankee" Reciprocating Drill No. 50

for drilling the hardest metal as well as the softest wood. Double action—drilling on both forward and backward movement. All friction reduced by a ball-bearing head.

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Our "Yankee" Tool Book tells all about "Yankee" tools and their uses. Write for a copy to-day—free.

Your dealer can supply you with any "Yankee" tool.

North Bros. Mfg. Co.
Philadelphia

Canavan, the Man Who Had His Way

(Continued from Page 7)

Canavan reached an arm round the reeking gloss of the throat and planted a kiss on the smooth, long muzzle. He pulled down the perfect profile and whispered certain things into the silken ear.

"It wasn't for nothin' I fed you on shamrocks, mavourneen," he murmured. "Ah, but it's an angel, not a harse, you are, and you carried all Ireland on your back the day."

Then he reached up and wrung the hand of the giggling jockey, who was no German.

"I'll put something more in your hand than me fist, mind, Dennis, me boy," he said.

And at that moment the summons was brought him that his Majesty would receive him. Canavan wavered, but he was in no mood for rancor toward even a king, and he remembered Mrs. Cadbury's look and her phrase. So he left his horse's head and suffered himself to be led into the presence.

In the name of English sportsmanship the first of English sportsmen praised Canavan and his horse for their glorious victory.

"To win a Derby, Mr. Canavan," said the King, "is to make history, and to beat a horse like mine is to make great history."

"I'm much obliged to you, sir," said Canavan.

The King seemed not to notice the informality, and put out his hand as man to man. It is part of an Irishman's nature to let no person be politer than he, and the graciousness of the King set Canavan a pace. There is no courtesy more exquisite than that of two hostile warriors meeting under a truce, and, whatever may have been Canavan's mental reservations, he greeted the Sassenach with visor raised and mailed hand unclamped.

As he walked off he looked out over the crowd-encumbered speedway and said to himself:

"Canavan, me boy, it wasn't for nothin' you took your start in the D. S. C. Sure and you're after makin' a clean sweep of that track."

III

WITH Canavan, success was absolution. He had learned the world from the seamy side out and the under side up. Conditions were to blame for his theories. As he saw it, the man who did his bit conscientiously and took his wage contentedly was usually allowed to go on doing his bit and taking his wage.

Canavan had set it down upon his tablets that the kickers, the pushers, the grafters, the takers of mean advantages moved up; sometimes they moved up to Albany, sometimes they got only so far as Sing Sing—but they moved.

The man everybody spoke well of stayed in the well. The man on top had hard words and brickbats, editorials and sermons shied at him, but "look at the view he gets," said Canavan. According to Canavan's experience it was virtue, and not truth, that was to be found at the bottom of the cistern. Truth was to be found only at the top of the haystack.

For the Golden Rule he substituted what he found more practical, a brass rule: Do the other fellow and do him good, for he would do you as good as he could.

That was Canavan's philosophy. If it had led him to jail he would have cracked his rock with no more abjectness of shame than a man feels who takes a good tip and loses his bet. Since his philosophy had led him past the shoals into the lagoon he felt no more Pharisaic pride than a man feels who takes a long shot and wins. The luck ran his way; that was all.

To offset the crooked entries in his annals there were countless anecdotes of decency, of bluff charity, of fine honor, of hard-working altruism.

He did good by stealth, often by lawless ways, and he made no scruple to secure what he thought justice by perverting what the statutes call justice. For this reason there were many washerwomen who whispered the name of Canavan in the chapels and worked for him in the tenements. There were hundreds of laborers who would have died for Canavan, or, what was more important, would have voted twice for any man he favored.

And so he recruited an army that was as much his as Cæsar's legions were Cæsar's,

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Will the maker give you a new pair free if they wear out in 6 months?

"N F 10" Shoe Laces

stand a strain of 200 lbs. to the foot without breaking, and every pair is

guaranteed 6 months

"N F 10" are the strongest and longest-wearing shoe laces ever made.

Only the highest-grade long-fiber Sea Island cotton—especially processed—is used, and they are made tubular and pressed flat—Won't fray at the edges, because there are no edges.

"N F 10" Shoe Laces have a new patented tip that is exclusive with us. It won't come off the lace, and the dull black finish won't rub off the tip.

To be sure of getting the genuine, look for the sealed box and see that the laces they contain have *"N F 10"* stamped on the tips.

10 cents per pair in black and tan—four lengths. Sold only in sealed boxes. At all shoe and dry goods stores, and haberdashers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price, if your dealer can't supply you. Write to-day for [illegible] "N F 10" and our other laces including the *Nufashond* Patented Laces for Oxfords.

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INTER-KNIT

Underwear

FOR MEN

Four Extra Threads Knit in Here

Wears twice as long as ordinary underwear

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Here's a brand new patent idea in reinforcing drawers right where the hard wear comes. Instead of a thick, clumsy patch on the seat as in other underwear (if it is reinforced at all) *"Wonder-Wear"* has 4 strong extra threads interknit right into the fabric all around the garment from just a little below the waist-line to half way to the knees.

You hardly notice the additional threads, yet they double the [illegible] of the seat and crotch, [illegible] "Wonder-Wear" drawers [illegible] ordinary ones. And "Wonder-Wear" shirts last [illegible] "Wonder-Wear" [illegible] No patches to get into wads. No unnecessary seams to rip out. And it won't shrink or stretch.

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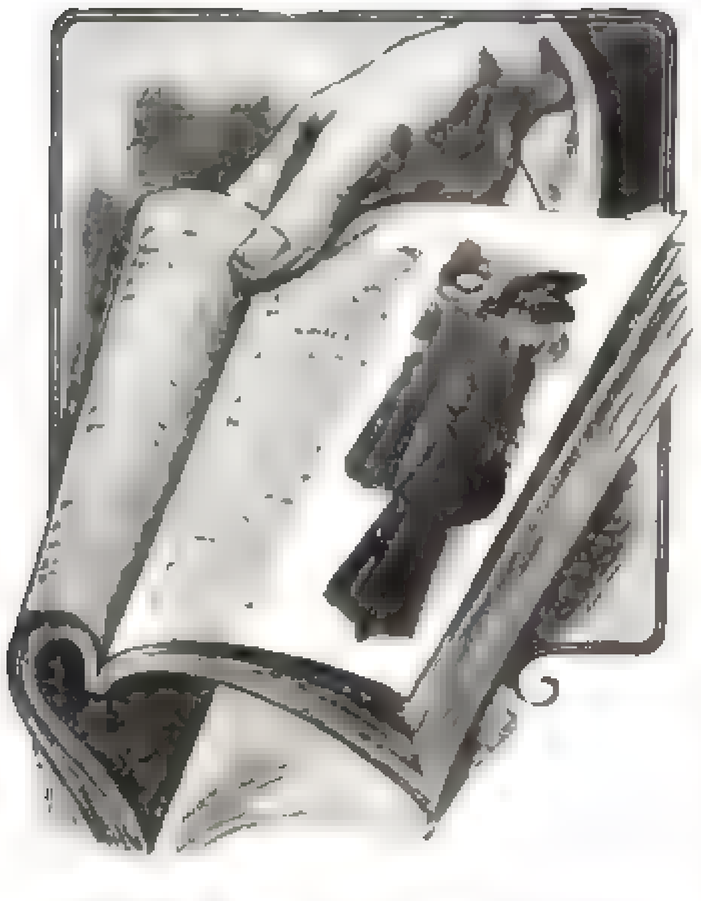

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Made of real horsehide unlined. Natural color (chrome gray) smoke tanned. Heavy oak tanned soles. Outing cut. Laces low in front. Seamless, easy and very pliable. Springheel, but made with an arch giving full support.

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The De Long Hook & Eye Company.

Philadelphia, U. S. A

and Canavan's gangs would have marched against Manhattan if he led, as Cæsar's veterans crossed the Rubicon and captured their home town.

Yet the effort of Canavan was all upward, outward. He was like some tuber planted in the muck and pushing to the light and the upper air with a blind, relentless instinct to crawl round, burrow under, gnaw through anything, everything that stood between itself and the light.

And all the while Canavan was growing in grace as well as in grip, and in subtlety as in strength. He wanted power, not notoriety; to keep the red flag and wield it, letting the others wear the uniforms and hold the offices.

When he was rich enough he began to sublet the uglier tasks, to depute authority to vicegerents, and to play the gentleman of leisure, the globe-trotter. Yet always he kept in touch with things, and on occasion, when his lieutenants and sub-bosses fell foul of one another, a cablegram that Canavan was thinking of coming home usually sufficed to dissipate the insurrection. If the rumor did not serve he came in person and quelled both sides till he could dispense justice or dispense with it, as he saw fit.

He assured his decisions by appeals to partisan patriotism, by a word of wit, by a promise or a threat, or, if need be, by violence. At least one prominent kid-glove politician felt his fist and measured his height horizontally on a clubroom rug.

It was during a period of calm when the halcyons brooded on the political sea that Canavan was taking his *otium cum dig.* on his yacht, for by now he had a yacht of his own. He had bought it outright from a decayed gentleman. Among its outfit was a library of books which every man of culture knows or pretends to know. Not one of them was familiar to Canavan.

On an occasion when Canavan's restless soul was desperately becalmed, though the boat was making her eighteen knots through a scudding sea, Canavan had recourse to the bookshelves, and his illiterate finger, roving among classics, stumbled upon Plutarch's Lives.

"How many lives had this gazabo, I dunno?" Canavan mused, and pronounced the biographer's name as if it rhymed with "starch."

A preliminary whirring over the leaves showed him that the old Boswell was writing not of himself, but of others, most of whom were as total strangers to Canavan as was "Plootartsh" himself. He recognized Alexander the Great as a vague name. He had heard of Julius Cæsar. Indeed, he had once suped in a play of that name by Shakspere. He had seen Cæsar assassinated eight times in one week, and had yelled, "The will, we will have the will," under Antony's fiery eloquence.

"The makin's of a wonderful ward boss was in that felly Antony," he had said. It was approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley.

From Plutarch he learned of Cæsar's enormous debts and his enormous slaughters—a million men dead and a million made slaves to be condemned to mutual slaughter in the cockpits of the arena.

"And they holler if we break a few heads at election time!" said Canavan. The circuses Cæsar gave to tickle the mob reminded Canavan of the chowder argosies of his own practice. It amused him to learn that Cæsar, for all his glory, was baldheaded and sensitive about it.

He dipped into the lives of those two merciless Rome-renders, Marius and "Silly." They were to him only two rival sachems, knifing each other and ripping up the city to satisfy their own feud.

"They were but Tweeds and Crokers and Sullivans and the like then as now," he thought. "A lot bloodier, but not half so clever. There ought to be some Plootartsh to write our lives the same way."

He had come to feel himself of a bookish bigness. The newspapers had long ago exhausted their heaviest block type on him, and, like Alexander, he sighed for more worlds to conquer.

He was up betimes this morning and the sailors were still holystoning the deck. It reminded him of his early days, and he took off his white yachting cap with its gold cord and compared it with an imaginary helmet bearing its humble legend, "D. S. C."

"What are you staring at, my dear?"

The voice over his shoulder was his wife's. It shocked him because he was

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does what no air-cleaning machine has ever done before.

It offers the *full power* of the large, very expensive vacuum cleaners

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The efficiency of air-cleaning depends on the amount of air which passes through the machine. The VORTEX displaces the enormous amount of 60,500 cubic inches of air per minute—an air column unprecedented in household vacuum cleaning machines.

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One need not be a mechanic to understand that the VORTEX is an entirely different order of machine from the ordinary vacuum cleaner. Its power and the results obtained by it are amazing to the person using it for the first time. *A trial of the VORTEX will make other household vacuum machines seem out of the question.*

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thinking of Honoria as well as of the young street-cleaner who had come over in the steerage with her and now was master of his own yacht.

But Honoria was not mistress of this yacht. Canavan's wife of now was Cadbury's wife of then. It was Beatrice Newnes that Canavan was wedded to now. She was always seeking a new experience, and when the insipid, time-slaying, time-slain husband of her own breed and breeding had got his neck cracked in a polo scrimmage, she had hardly grown used to the monotony of mourning before she was casting her eyes Canavanward

Rodman Cadbury 3d and she had known each other from infancy. They had bored each other as children and they had stuck together rather from lack of strength to separate than from any other congeniality, like two pool balls knocked into the same pocket. Cadbury had been good to her in his superficial way, and he had been true to her so far as she knew. Yet their life had hardly been so much a communion as a paying and returning of duty calls. She insisted that their wedlock had been only a padlock.

Canavan had struck into the well-ordered orbit of their system like a rowdy comet previously unobserved. One never knows what a new comet or a Canavan will do next. This fact upset Beatrice Newnes at first, but it excited her; and that was in itself a final recommendation.

She had learned from certain allusions that Canavan had once had a wife. Eventually she had known him well enough to venture a natural question:

"You speak of your wife," she said; "may I ask if you are divorced?"

"Divorced!" cried Canavan. "Divorced! My name's Canavan. The only alimony I've paid Honoria has been for masses to rest her soul."

And so, when Cadbury had joined Honoria in that region where Blue Books do not prevail, Cadbury's widow felt a right to annex Honoria's widower. By an ancient method more easily practiced by women than explained by men, Mrs. Cadbury managed at the same time to lasso Canavan and make him hers while giving the impression that she was being pursued and overpowered by the man's all-conquering will. Action and reaction are equal, they teach us, and you can never tell from the way they brace against the lariat whether the cowboy caught the heifer or the heifer coquetted with the cowboy.

The writer who should unfold the exact processes by which females accomplish this primeval mystery would come by a very pretty bit of physiological-biological psychology and would make Darwin squeeze closer to Laplace to make room for him. It is as old as Madame Dinosaurus and as new as the fresh egg that shall disclose an eventual pullet. But the males are still wondering—when they are enough aware even to wonder.

So Canavan thought himself more than ever Canavanny when he led Mrs. Cadbury, *née* Newnes, to the altar, though, in fact, he was not Canavanning at all.

Before the honeymoon had waned a quarter Canavan had found himself a little bit in awe of his new wife—as he had been of the plush patent-rocker which had been his first purchase in the way of luxury long, long ago. The new Mrs. Canavan knew by intuition which fork to use, and what the French names meant on the bill-of-fare, and whether champagne were really worth while, and all that sort of thing, in which no amount of will power and courage is of the least assistance.

Canavan had never dared reveal to her just how humble had been his start in life. And she could never have guessed what he was in no hurry to tell. He concealed the truth, not from any shame of it, for he was prouder of the length of his rise than of anything else, but because he felt that he would lose authority over her. The truth would be but a weapon in her hands, a loaded shillelah to crack him over the sconce with when he raised his head in pride.

Marriages should perhaps be performed in laboratories rather than in churches and mayors' offices, for they are like putting together two complex compounds to form a third compound of whose properties no man can know a jot in advance.

The Cadbury-Canavan wedding was the usual surprise. Two explosives had been mingled and the result was inanity.

(Continued on Page 37)

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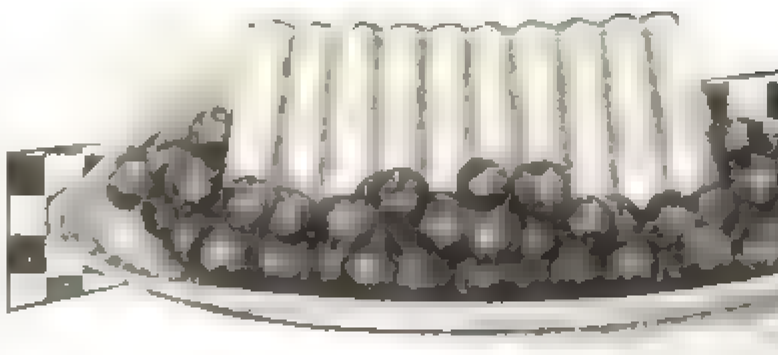

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Grape Pudding — 6 to 7 Persons
[illegible] Cox's Instant Powdered Gelatine, [illegible] grapes for decoration, [illegible] boiling water, [illegible] (1 cupful) whipping cream, [illegible] 1 cupful milk, [illegible] sugar, [illegible] vanilla extract.
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Tulane University in all its departments, is located in the City of New Orleans, the metropolis of the South. Nine Departments, with twenty three buildings. [illegible]
Full Courses are offered in Languages, Science, Engineering Architecture, Art, Law, Medicine, Pharmacy, and Dentistry
Separate Department for Women. [illegible] Next session of all departments, except [illegible] begins October 1st. [illegible] Address R. K. Bruff, Secretary.

Automobile Jackets, Blizzard Proof
Outside texture so closely woven it resists wind and wear alike. Lined with wool fleece that defies the cold. Snap fast [illegible]
PARKER'S Arctic Jacket
Registered in U. S. Pat. Office.
Better than an overcoat for facing cold and work together. Warm, durable, comfortable. Ask your dealer, or sent post paid on receipt of $2 35
JOHN H. PARKER CO., Dept 87
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CHEAPER THAN HORSES
Goes as fast and as far as you like under all conditions of weather and roads. Surrey develops 15-H-P. Runs from two to thirty miles per hour, and goes thirty miles on one gal gasoline
McINTYRE MOTOR VEHICLES
Best pleasure and business vehicle — never gets tired — no tire troubles. Book of facts, figures and proof free. Prices from $3 5 up according to style of body. Get catalogue [illegible]
W. H. McIntyre Co., Auburn, Ind., *256-257 Broadway, New York. [illegible] Kansas City, Mo. [illegible] Minneapolis, Minn. Can. Fac., Tudhope McIntyre Co., Orillia, Can.*

Stamps Given [illegible] postage—1,000 mixed foreign [illegible] 10 different foreign coins 15c.—40 Japan on [illegible]
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Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press $5. Larger $18. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog, type, paper, etc.
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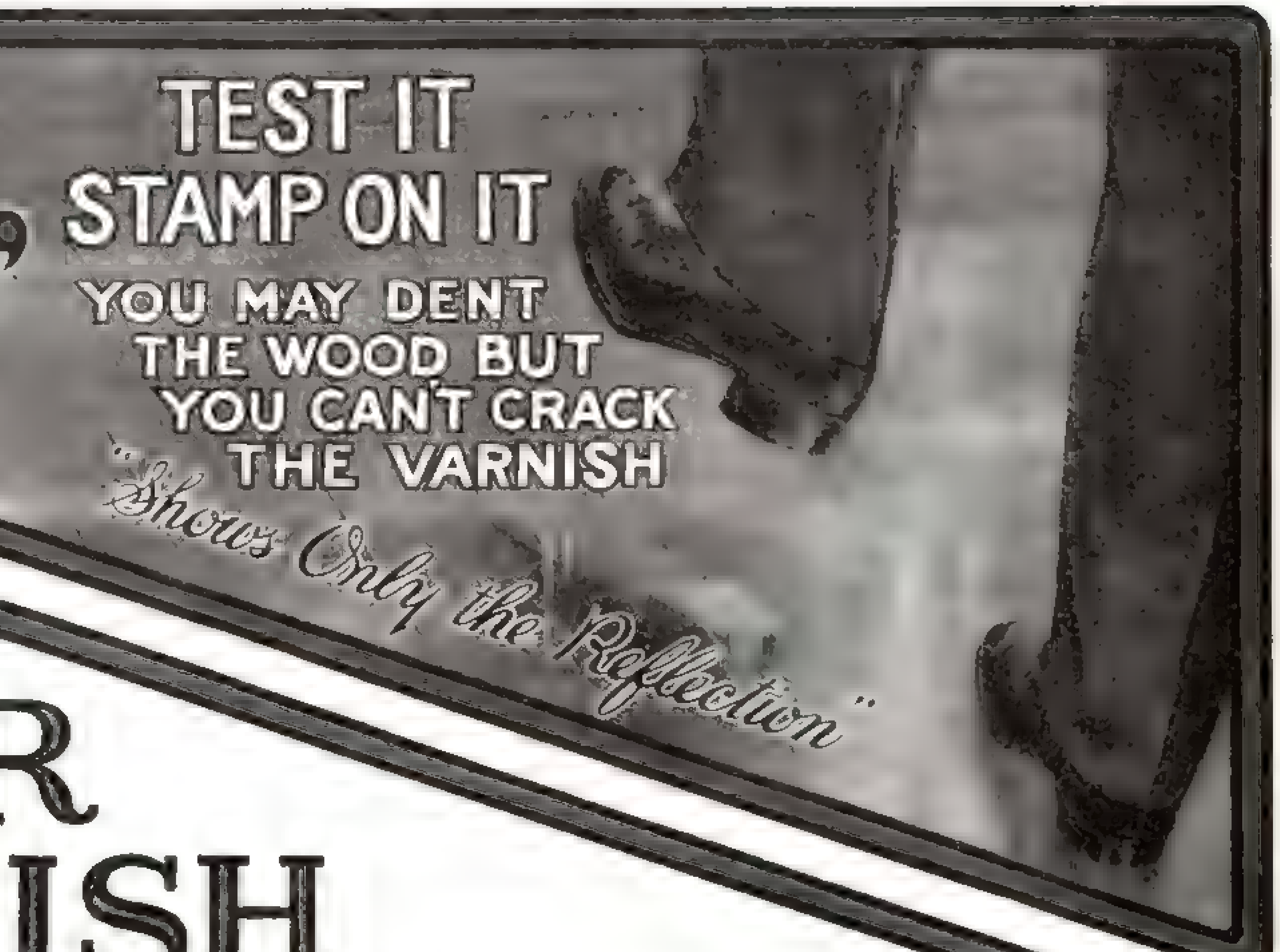
Adds to the life of all leathers.
Takes the place of liquids and pastes.
10 cents



TEST IT STAMP ON IT

YOU MAY DENT THE WOOD BUT YOU CAN'T CRACK THE VARNISH

"Shows Only the Reflection"

"61" FLOOR VARNISH

This is the floor finish that withstands every use,—that resists every abuse. Run and romp, hop, skip and jump, and *never* fear. You can't injure "61."

Send for Free Sample Panel {Finished with "61" / Use coupon below} **Test It Yourself.**

Stamp on it, hammer it—you may dent the wood but you can't crack the varnish.

Boot heels won't scratch "61."
Chair legs won't scratch "61."
Casters won't mar "61."
"61" won't chalk, chip or flake.
"61" is the varnish that LASTS.

If the children hold a water carnival;
If the servants are careless in washing up;
If someone brings in a dripping umbrella;
If the tea, coffee or milk is overturned;
Needn't worry—if your floor is finished with "61."

"61" is a tough, hardy, durable varnish,—it is made to merge with the flooring, and won't separate from the wood. You might as well have a waterproof floor by using **"61"** as one which "pales" and whitens under moisture. As well have a heel-proof floor as one which shows scratches—use **"61."**

"61" is sold in all size cans by good dealers. If your dealer does not sell **"61,"** send direct to us, and we will ship prepaid through our nearest agent at regular prices, as follows:

1 gallon, $3.00; ½ gallon, $1.60; 1 quart, 85c. A gallon will cover about 600 square feet, one coat.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

For Every Purpose

are recognized throughout the country as standard, by Painter, Home Owner and Architect. Other varnishes are measured by P. & L. quality. There is a special P. & L. Varnish for each particular use, and all are as good as "61." There are varnishes for interior and exterior woodwork, furniture, pianos, carriages, automobiles, boats, railway coaches, and many others especially adapted to the work required.

Our four American factories, and European connections, consisting of three additional factories, constitute the ***World's Largest Varnish Industry.***

With these manufacturing facilities, backed by sixty years of experience and expert varnish making knowledge, we produce Pratt & Lambert Varnishes. P. & L. Varnishes are made of the finest imported varnish gums and oils. They are never cheapened, hurried or varied. Tested step by step—it is impossible for them to leave the factory in an imperfect condition. The oils are aged for months before the process of manufacture begins, and after all the ingredients have been melted, cooked and treated, the varnish is also thoroughly aged and then tested again before it is shipped. Such an organization, experience, methods and materials, produce varnishes not equaled for beauty, brilliancy and wear-resisting qualities.

Our Descriptive Price List, telling all about these varnishes, is sent free upon request.

If you have varnishing difficulties of any kind, or want to know anything about varnishes, write us, giving full particulars. Our varnish experts are at your command.

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STAR
VARNISHES

PRATT & LAMBERT-INC.
VARNISH MAKERS 60 YEARS
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FACTORIES IN 7 CITIES

"If the Star is on the Label there is Quality in the Can."

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PRATT & LAMBERT, Inc.
83 Tonawanda St.
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Please send Free Sample Panel finished with "61," and your Floor Booklet.

(Name) ____________________

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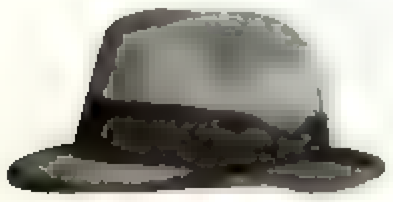
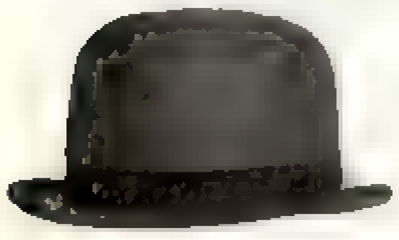
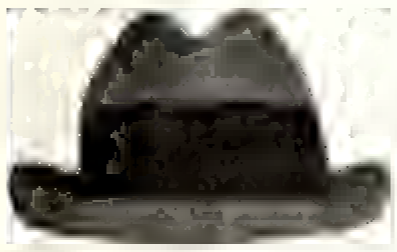
A Few Leading Mallory Styles for Season 1909-10

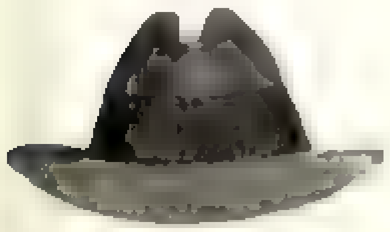
CYGNET
(5⅝ in. Crown; 1⅝ in. Brim)

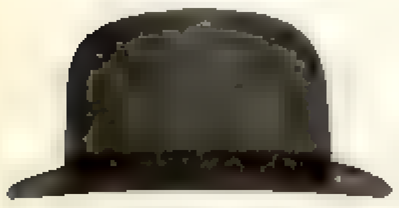

CENSOR
(4 [illegible] in. Crown; [illegible] in. Brim)


ALVINE
(5 in. Crown; 1⅝ in. Brim)


CANDID
(5 in. Crown; 2⅛ in. Brim)

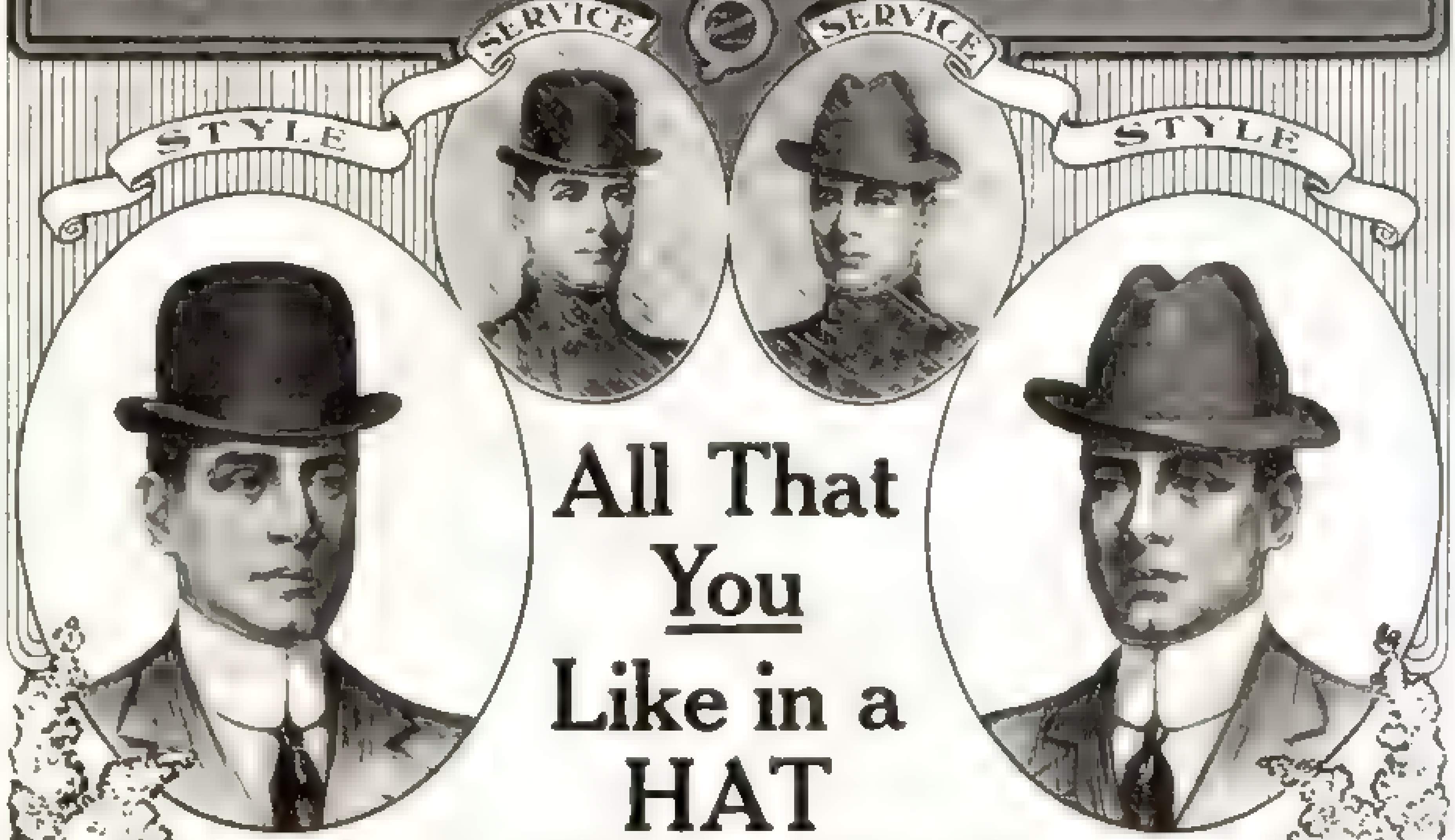
HYSON
(5⅛ in. Crown; [illegible] in. Brim)


FOLLY
(5 in. Crown; [illegible] in. Brim)


MENLOW
(5 in. Crown; 1⅝ in. Brim)

ORNATE
(4¾ in. Crown; 2⅜ in. Brim)

Mallory CRAVENETTE WEATHERPROOF HATS



All That You Like in a HAT

STYLE QUALITY DURABILITY

STYLE in a hat is a matter of shape, color and finish. Mallory blocks are strictly correct and exclusive. They include styles for all sorts of men—for all sorts of wear—in all the fashionable colors.

QUALITY in a Mallory Cravenette Hat results from the use of the finest FUR-FELT, fashioned by skilled workmen, and backed by exceptional facilities and 86 years experience in making fine hats.

DURABILITY—Mallory Cravenette Hats shed water instead of absorbing it—so that rain will not render them soggy and shapeless, will not affect their rich color, and will not roughen their perfect finish. Furthermore, their weather-proof property does not change their appearance.

These hats on sale in New York 1133 Broadway in Boston at 412 Washington St., and

Dealers Everywhere Have Them

Derbies and Soft Hats
$3, $3.50, $4

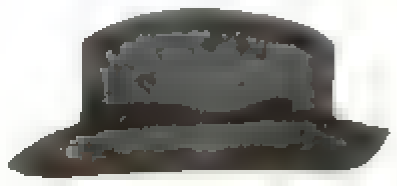
Every Genuine Mallory Cravenette Hat Bears this Trade Mark

There is a Correct Mallory Style for Every Sort of Wear

CARLO
([illegible] in. Crown; 1⅝ in. Brim)

VOGUE
([illegible] Brim)

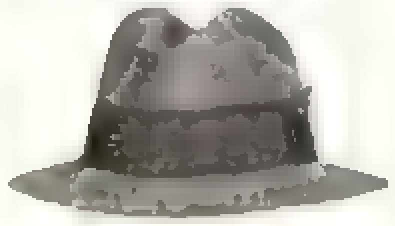
SANTOS
(5⅝ in. Crown; 1⅝ in. Brim)


MARTEN
([illegible] in. Crown; [illegible] Brim)

IRWIN
([illegible] in. Crown; 1⅝ in. Brim)

NOLAN
([illegible] Brim)

HUB
([illegible] in. Crown; [illegible] in. Brim)


ENSIGN
(5 in. Crown; [illegible] in. Brim)

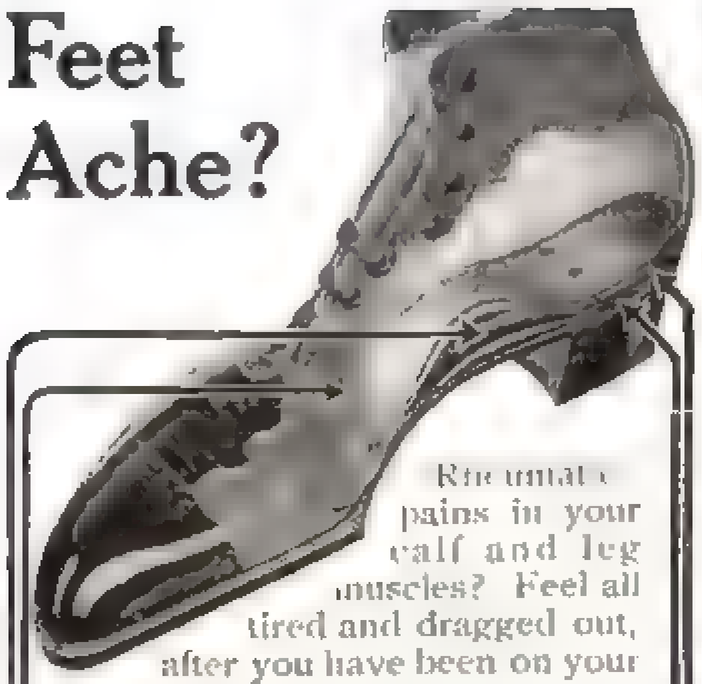
This Factory began Making Good Hats in 1823, and

This Factory has been Making Good Hats since 1823

New York Office
13 Astor Place
Cor. Broadway

E. A. MALLORY & SONS
INCORPORATED

Factory
Danbury, Ct.



Feet Ache?

Rheumatic pains in your calf and leg muscles? Feel all tired and dragged out, after you have been on your feet a good deal? Then the chances are you have a weak or flat arch of the foot. It is a far more common trouble than most people have any idea of.

FOSTER'S
Arch Support and Heel Cushion

will give you immediate and permanent relief. Gives your arch support without harmful rigidity. Heel Cushion takes jar off heel and keeps Arch Support always in right place.

Read what Mr. Edward R[illegible], 32 Ann Ave., Brockton, Mass., says about them:

[illegible]

Get Foster Arch Supports of your dealers or send [illegible] size of your shoes and we will send a pair postpaid.

Tred-Air Heel Cushions

are also sold separately. [illegible] less weight, less expensive. Sent postpaid on receipt of 25c. Mention size of your shoe.

Foster Rubber Company
170-B Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

A Special
TORREY RAZOR

Here's a real man's razor—"992," a Torrey Special—built to meet most exacting requirements and to make shaving a delight.

HIGHEST TYPE OF RAZOR MADE

Unique in design, full concaved, with swage back. Medium width. Illustration shows the beautiful stag handle with [illegible] of selected [illegible]. Entire [illegible] is finished with a [illegible] polish.

This and more ornate styles of handle, $4.00. Black Rubber $3.50. Other razors $1.50 up.

"How to Shave"
A booklet that [illegible] Yours for the asking.

J. R. Torrey Razor Co.
Dept. A, Worcester, Mass.

WORKMEN, RAISE YOUR WAGES
By selling VANCO Hand Soap in shops. Big money made on the side. Splendid opportunity. Large can and particulars 10c
THE J. T. ROBERTSON CO., Box 8, Manchester, Conn.

$400 DAILY has been made selling this wonderful Noodle Cutter. Mrs. M. Pickerill sold [illegible]
[illegible]
THOMAS MFG. CO., 3344 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

(Continued from Page 34)

Mrs. Cadbury had married Canavan because she had tired of milksop conventionality and thought that a giant of masterful uncertainty and uncouth power would be an interesting thing about the house. It was for the same reason, no doubt, that Venus married the blacksmith.

Canavan had married Mrs. Cadbury because it seemed to be the final crowning garland of his climb. To conquer the woman whose horses had ground him to the asphalt had seemed a bit of poetic justice too beautiful to let slip. A definite design is as important to a career as to any other work of art.

But the result of the Canavan wedding was dull and stupid disappointment for both. Mrs. Cadbury "as was" had taken on a husband who was shy and constrained in her presence, and less assertive than Cadbury had ever been. Canavan had attached himself to a bundle of nerves. He was overawed by her inheritance of knowledge and usages which he felt himself unable ever to acquire. In her presence he felt like an overgrown lout come late to school and stood beside a precocious little girl who was skimming the fourth reader while he was plodding the primer.

The yacht had seemed a refuge from the public, which had been duly startled by the anomalous wedding and watched the strange pair with frank curiosity. But the yacht only emphasized the incompatibility of the couple.

And so, this morning early, they were abroad upon the deck of the snowy yacht before the sailors had holystoned the planks. Bitter unrest gadflied both of them.

Canavan had been driven to the last resort of Plutarch for nepenthe, and had found new discontent. He was about deciding that he would go back to New York, and build up a name that should make him biographable.

It was then that he heard the woman's voice over his shoulder. He shrank within himself and hid Plutarch away. As he would have said, "she caught him with the goods on him." He knew how she would laugh at the conjunction of Canavan and a classic. If she could know what he was thinking she would have hysterics, he was sure. Here he was, en route to conquer the world, and not yet unafraid of his wife. He was no longer Canavan at all, at all. He was again the foregone street-cleaner, henpecked at home and boss-berated at his groveling, shoveling job.

And so when his mismated wife, the queen to whom he was only an appendix, an inferior, a prince consort, caught him staring at his cap and asked, "What on earth are you doing, my dear?" some devil of bitterness led him to abase himself still further in her sight, and say:

"I was comparin' it with the cap I used to wear."

"And what kind of a cap was that?"

"It had D. S. C. on it," he growled.

"If it's a conundrum I give it up. What does D. S. C. mean?" she said mechanically, gazing with idle interest at an attendant seagull that was pacing the yacht.

"It stands for Department of Street Cleaning," he said.

Her yawn ended with a gasp. "You don't mean that you ever ——"

"Oh, yes, I did. See those lads polishing the deck? Well, I used to holystone Fifth Avenue. It was there that you ran over me."

"I ran over you?" she exclaimed in a bewildered horror.

He tried for a sickly joke. "Yes, it was the first time you ran across me. I had several escapes from your horses, and your coachman used to see how close he could come to me. Finally he scored a bull's eye. You and Cadbury were riding together, as usual. I caught sight of you before the hoofs began to do a clog on me. They took me home in the ambulance. I could show you the scar one of the horseshoes left on my shoulder."

She had swayed and dropped into a deck chair, and she gazed at him as at some fascinatingly loathsome reptile.

"Do you mean to tell me that you used to be one of those street-cleaners—one of those unspeakable scavengers?"

"That's what I'm after telling you," he confessed, shrinking from the blinding flash of her bitter eyes.

"And you—you dared to marry me!—to—oh, this is too hideous to believe."

"What matters it what I was?" he pleaded. "You said you loved me, you

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JOHNSONS WOOD DYE
JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX
S. C. Johnson & Son
RACINE

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Let Us Send the Materials FREE

Let us show you how to make old furniture look like new, how to rejuvenate shabby floors, how to refinish the woodwork in any shade to suit your individual taste. You can do it so easily that we want you to make the test at *our expense* to prove it.

These Materials are Yours—FREE—for the Asking

May we mail a package to *you?*

No doubt you have some piece of furniture that you prize highly, yet you do not use on account of its worn condition, or because it does not harmonize with other furniture or decorations.

—Use Johnson's Electric Solvo to quickly remove the old finish.

—Use Johnson's Wood Dye to color the wood any one of 14 shades—choose from list below.

—Use Johnson's Prepared Wax to impart that beautiful "hand-rubbed" effect.

The book will tell you how in every case, and will show you how to carry out other decorating ideas you may have in mind.

From this test and this book, you will learn how many opportunities you have of beautifying the home by using—

Johnson's Wood Dye

Made in 14 Standard Shades:

No. 126 Light Oak
No. 123 Dark Oak
No. 125 Mission Oak
No. 140 Manilla Oak
No. 110 Bog Oak
No. 128 Light Mahogany
No. [illegible] Dark Mahogany
No. 130 Weathered Oak
No. 131 Brown Weathered Oak
No. [illegible] Green Weathered Oak
No. [illegible] Moss Green
No. [illegible] Forest Green
No. [illegible] Flemish Oak
No. [illegible] Brown Flemish Oak

Johnson's Wood Dye is not a mere stain—not simply a surface dressing. It is a penetrating dye, sinking deep into the wood fiber, fixing a rich color.

Johnson's Prepared Wax adds a top dressing of subdued luster. It does not catch or hold dust. It does not show scratches or heel marks.

The trial packages will demonstrate these facts to you.

Use the coupon. Cut it out now, while you think of it, and enclose 10c to partially pay postage.

Good dealers distribute these Johnson samples, too, ask yours for a package. If he hasn't them, the jobbers named below will supply him.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Racine, Wis.
"Wood Finishing Authorities"

Partial List of Jobbers of Johnson's Wood Finishes:

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Portland, Ore.
Spokane, Wash.
Kohler-McLister Co., Denver, Colo.
Schroeder Paint & Glass Co., Detroit, Mich.
Barber & Ross, Washington, D. C.
The Bond & Bours Co., Jacksonville, Fla.
The Knight & Wall Co., Tampa, Fla.
Bridges-Smith & Co., Louisville, Ky.
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The Chas. M. Hay Paint Co., Portland, Me.
Fred'k Neeremann & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Carpenter-Morton Co., Boston, Mass.
Gamble & Ludwig, Minneapolis, Minn.
Pittsburg Plate Glass Co., Atlanta, Ga.
Kootha Glass & Paint Co., Lincoln, Neb.
H. M. Hooker Co., 128 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.
Cleveland Window Glass & Door Co., Cleveland, O.
Bennett Glass & Paint Co., Salt Lake City, Utah
Pittsburg Plate Glass Co., Hudson and Vandam Streets, New York, N. Y.
Daley & Held, 2264 3rd Ave., New York, N. Y.
C. W. Dyer, 104 W. 29th St., New York, N. Y.
Heystek & Canfield Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.
Johnson-Woodbridge Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
David Bernhardt Paint Co., New Orleans, La.
Campbell Glass & Paint Co., Kansas City, Mo.
Barnard, Porter & Viall, Rochester, N. Y.
Becker-Moore Paint Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Westcott, Slade & Balcom, Providence, R. I.
Pittsburg Plate Glass Co., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. J. Hockenjos & Co., Newark, N. J.
Chas. Moser Co., Cincinnati, Ohio
Houston Paint Co., Houston, Texas
Louis Gallaher Co., Savannah, Ga.
Frank T. Clark Co., Norfolk, Va.
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Please send me samples of Johnson's Wood Dye Shade No. —— Electric Solvo and Prepared Wax. Also Free Book Edition S. I enclose 10c to help pay postage.
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Take-down Repeating Shotgun

Marlin repeating shotguns are guns of perfect proportions, made in 12 and 16 gauges, with simpler mechanism than any other repeater.

They have the **Marlin** solid top always between your head and the cartridge, the side ejector, and the closed-in breechbolt that keeps out rain, snow and sleet, dirt, leaves, twigs and all other foreign matter. These features add greatly to the efficiency of a gun and to the comfort and convenience of the shooter.

The Model 16, 16-gauge **Marlin** is the only light weight repeating shotgun made. It weighs but 6¼ pounds, handles fast and shoots close and hard. It is unequalled for quail shooting, for squirrels, rabbits and all small game.

Before buying a gun, just get our 136-page catalog. Sent free by return mail—for 3 stamps postage.

THE SIGN OF A Marlin

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19 Willow Street
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IT SAVES YOU MANY DOLLARS EVERY YEAR NO MATTER WHAT YOU NOW USE

WE WANT YOU TO KNOW OF THIS WONDERFUL BURNER MORE THAN 100,000 IN DAILY USE THE GOVERNMENT USES THE SAXONIA

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
SEND FOR BOOKLET AND PROOF OF THE GREAT MONEY MAKING POSSIBILITIES OF THIS BUSINESS
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said you admired me, Beatrice." He put out a trembling, pleading, clutching hand.

She shuddered away.

"Don't you dare touch me! Don't you dare lay your horrible hands on me, you—you thing!"

He looked from her to his hand. His hand was his history. He saw it pushing the scraper, he saw it wielding the coarse brush, he saw it lathered with soap and cleansed, he saw it sliding for his hat in the timid, old way, he saw it torn and scarred with rough stones, he saw it grasping the red flag—ah—the red flag of authority! There was salvation in the thought.

He remembered with a deep, swift breath of recovery how that hand had gone from the staff of the flag to learn new powers. He clenched it now into a fist—it was still a big fist. He could not but remember the way it had quelled Honoria's tyranny. He had often paled with shame at the thought of such unmanly use of strength, and yet, afterward—afterward Honoria had strangely changed for the better—she had become a wife to him instead of a household boss; she had loved him and not despised him.

He remembered how he had thumped the Newnes' horses with the nub of the red flag. And now was he to let the Newnes girl trample him down again? Not so long as his name was Canavan.

He rose and confronted the patrician beauty shrinking from him, not in wholesome fear but in haughty contempt. He reached for her roughly. She gave a little smothered shriek:

"If you touch me I'll jump overboard."

He answered:

"If you move I'll throw you overboard. You're going to sit right there and hear me out. You have the truth of it. I was a street-cleaner and I did my work well. But I was afraid of everybody on earth, afraid of my wife, my boss, afraid of the motors, the horses, the people who walked by, the police, everybody, everything. One day your horses ran me down. It was no thanks to you that I wasn't killed entirely. But I lived, and I got a new job with a blasting gang.

"One day they gave me the red flag to hold. Your carriage came along, and your coachman wanted to drive over me again. I held him up. You stuck your pretty face out and talked to me as you did just now. I wasn't afraid of you then any more than I am now. I made you stand fast till the blast was over. Then I went on up in the world till I got to where I saved your husband from the penitentiary.

"The stripes would have looked no better on him than my white wings looked on me. When I saved him, I saved you from being the wife of a convict. Then your husband and you made friends with me. You used me and amused yourselves with me. I was good enough for you to show me off to your crowd. When Cadbury died you thought I was good enough to marry. And marry me you did.

"I'm none of your divorcin' kind. Once married, married till death, is my creed. And yours, too, now. And let me tell you once for all, Mrs. Beatrice Newnes Cadbury Canavan, that you are my wife, and my wife you stay!

"Whether I was a street-cleaner once, and whether I become a street-cleaner again is my affair, not yours. Your job is being Mrs. Canavan, and you can't resign.

"I hold the red flag on you, and the ground under your feet is full of dynamite."

. . . .

She looked up at him and saw a face full of command, a face that bespoke a soul of dynamite.

Wherever he came from, whithersoever he was bound, he was power personified. He was the Canavan she had expected to marry. He was Petruchio and she was the Shrew proud of her tameness. To the infinite surprise of herself and of Canavan, she found herself groping his way with a prayerful hand, and she heard herself pleading: "Forgive me, Danny; I didn't know what I was saying."

The little hand was lost in his fist like a white bird in a nest. There was much to think, but nothing to say, till Canavan, seeing a steward bowing in the companionway, spoke with his old authority:

"We'll go in to lunch."

And he ate with the first fork he found to hand, without waiting to watch her choice.

A Soda Cracker is Known by the Company it Keeps

It is the most natural thing in the world for exposed crackers to partake of the flavor of goods ranged alongside. In other words, a soda cracker is known by the company it has kept. On the other hand

Uneeda Biscuit

have been in no company but *their own.* When you open a package you find them so oven-fresh that they almost snap between your fingers as you take them from the package.

5¢
a Package

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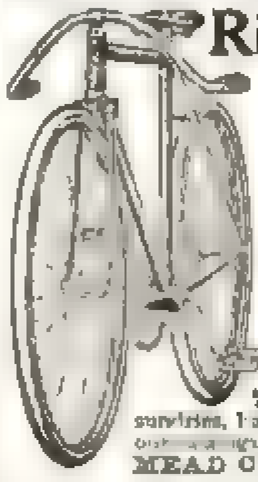


Rider Agents Wanted

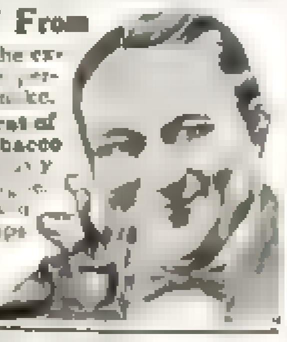
in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1910 model. *Write for Special Offer.*
Finest Guaranteed 1910 Models with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires **$10 to $27**
1908 and 1909 Models all of best makes $7 to $12
500 Second Hand Wheels
All makes and models, good as new **$3 to $8**
Great **FACTORY CLEARING SALE.**
We Ship On Approval *without a cent deposit, pay the freight* and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.**
Tires, coaster-brakes, parts, repairs and sundries, half usual prices. **Do not buy** till you get our catalogs and offer. [illegible]
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. B-55, Chicago

Buy TOBACCO DIRECT From FACTORY Then you will know the exquisite flavor of a pipe of perfectly blended, clean and wholesome smoke.

French's Mixture The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco

pleases instantly and satisfies [illegible] fragrant [illegible] **Send 10c** silver or stamps **for Large Sample Pouch and Booklet.**

French Tobacco Co., Dept. H, Statesville, N.C.



CLARK'S CRUISES AROUND THE WORLD

By S. S. Cleveland, 18,000 tons, brand new, Oct. 16, '09, from N. Y., and Feb. 5, '10, from 'Frisco, $650 and up.

19th Annual Orient Cruise, Feb. 5, '10, $400 up, by Lloyd S. S. "Grosser Kurfuerst," 73 days, including 24 days Egypt and Palestine.

FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York.

"Daemo" Fasteners

FOR MEN and **WOMEN.** Nickel or Gold plated, **DRAWER SUPPORTERS**, two, 20c; 30c. **TIE CLAMP**, 5c; 10c. **SOCK SUPPORTERS**, two, 10c; 20c. **SHIELD CLAMPS** for **WOMEN**, four, 15c, 25c. All snap on or off instantly, never slip, let go, or weaken and won't rust. At your dealer's, or postpaid, on receipt of his name and price. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded at end of 20 days' trial. Circular free.

Agents wanted. **D. S. CLAMP CO., Met. Bldg., New York City**

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Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, **Chicago Correspondence Schools, 738 Chicago Opera House Block**, Chicago, Ill.

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No metal can touch you

You [illegible] they're there

Sold Everywhere
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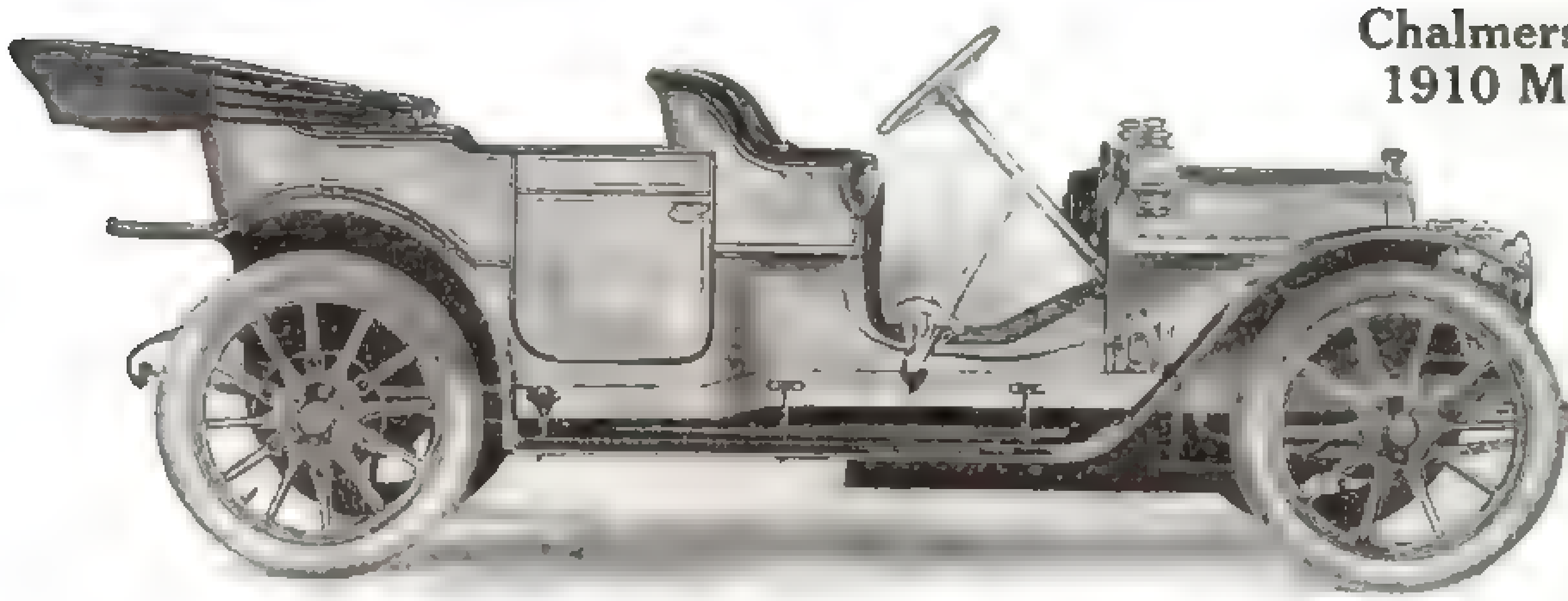
You need them the year round
A. STEIN & CO., 159 Center Ave., Chicago

Chalmers-Detroit "30"
1910 Model—$1500

Five Styles:
Touring Car
Roadster
Pony Tonneau
Coupe (Inside Drive)
Limousine



There's an Amazing Demand for the New Chalmers-Detroits

Dealers everywhere are asking for more cars than we can give them—Sample cars have started a carnival of buying wherever exhibited.

On August 14 we had on hand 896 individual orders for 1910 "30's" and 205 individual orders for "Forties." These are orders from customers in all parts of the country

The "800 Disappointed" of 1909 apparently lost no time after the announcement of our 1910 line in providing against further disappointment.

Never has a car received such an enthusiastic reception from dealers and the public as our 1910 "30." Nearly every Chalmers-Detroit dealer, after seeing this unusual car, has asked for an increase in his allotment.

Want 100 More Cars

August 11 we received from the Western Motor Car Company of Los Angeles, our dealers there, the following telegram:

"Demonstrators received. We congratulate you on their splendid appearance, finish and running qualities Eight hundred people visited our show room Saturday Everyone anxious for cars. We want hundred more "30's." Sending check today, $5,000 deposit on same. Ship fast as possible."

The H. L. Keats Automobile Company of Portland, Oregon, also asked for 100 additional cars over their first contract.

The Carl H. Page Company of New York wired: "We certainly congratulate you on the 1910 "30." Hundreds viewing it have absolutely no criticism to make. It is our idea that other agents will have to wait until your product is sold before doing any business. We have booked as many orders to date as we did last year to December 10th."

We heard from the Paddock-Zust Motor Car Company, of Newark, N. J., as follows "We can easily dispose of 100 cars of 1910 model. Please increase our order to that amount."

Far Exceeds Expectations

The Barclay Automobile Company of Minneapolis, Minn., says in a letter: "Our "30" demonstrator was unloaded last Wednesday afternoon, and while we and the public in general were looking for something pretty nice, this car, all in all, is the classiest, sweetest running car that it has ever been our pleasure to see. In brief, it exceeded our most sanguine expectations. Can we not have twenty-five "30's" and five "Forties" added to our 1910 allotment?"

To this letter the Sales Department replied: "It will be impossible for us to increase your contract for any more "30's" or "Forties." We are entirely sold up so far as dealers are concerned."

On August 7 the Sales Department wrote Robert Holmes & Bro., of Danville, Ill.: "We are returning herewith your check. We should like very much to be able to increase your contract, but we are entirely sold up, and have been compelled to take this stand with many of our dealers who have asked us to increase their allotment."

Sales Without a Demonstrator

On August 12 the following wire was received from Wanamaker & Edwards, of Findlay, O.: "Sold three more "30's" today. Please ship demonstrator soon as possible"

Dealers must invest money in cars. They would not be clamoring for bigger allotments unless they were sure the cars would sell and give satisfaction.

We do not tell you these facts of a sensational selling season to encourage over-hasty buying. We do not believe in "rushing" anyone into buying a car. If you are thinking of spending as much as $1,500 for a motor car you owe it to yourself to make full and careful investigations.

We invite the fullest examination. We would like to have you bring an expert with you, if you are not one yourself, when you test our car. Chalmers-Detroit cars more than any others last year were bought by men who through experience and technical training knew a great deal about cars.

Our 1910 Output Limited

And yet there is one point we would like you to keep in mind: We can build only so many cars for 1910 and build them right.

We can build 3,500 of the "30's" and 750 of the "Forties" and *build them right*, so that is all we shall build. Whether you want delivery this fall or next spring you should make your inquiries at once, and if possible place your order.

We are selling quality, not price. A certain amount of time, skilled labor and high-priced attention, in addition to good design, and the best of materials are required to make motor cars that will give complete satisfaction to the buyer

And we would rather make 4,250 cars and know that every one would give complete satisfaction than make 25,000 and have any of them come short of the owners' requirements

Quantity or Quality?

Some makers claim that they cannot compete with our prices unless they build from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand cars in a year. Isn't it quite possible that in building such stupendous numbers of cars in order to meet a *price* that they sacrifice something in *quality* through lack of care with each individual car?

We encourage the closest comparisons. There may be some who prefer one car out of an annual crop of twenty-five thousand, but we imagine that the majority of discriminating buyers would prefer to have one from a smaller output—one that had been given all the individual attention necessary to insure its perfection. And no car at any price gets more individual attention in its building than our "30" at $1,500 or our "Forty" at $2,750.

Costs Less Than Before

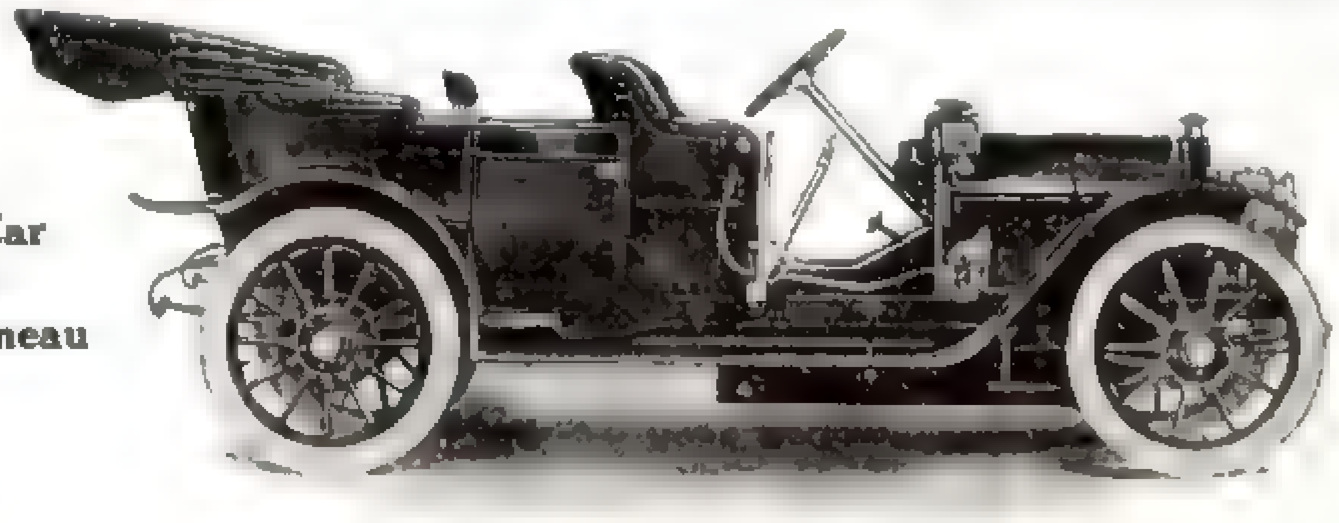
These 1910 models, when fully equipped, cost even less than before. For our extras this year have been immensely reduced.

With our "Forty," the Bosch magneto, the gas lamps and gas tanks go free. Our Newport mohair top—regular price, $150—is furnished for $125. The two extra seats are $75.

We fit our "30" with a Bosch magneto, a Prest-O-Lite gas tank and two Atwood-Castle new style gas lamps all for $100 extra. These extras at regular prices would cost $175.

Our new models are now being demonstrated everywhere. Write us for the 1910 catalog.

Touring Car
Roadster
Pony Tonneau



Chalmers-Detroit "Forty"—$2,750

We claim that the Chalmers-Detroit "Forty" is the utmost value that the price can buy. It would be difficult to buy more at any price, save excessive power.

The designer is Mr. Coffin. The materials are the best that men know.

The car carries seven passengers. The lines are exquisite. The upholstering is hand-buffed leather

The "Forty" will travel any road you encounter, and climb any hill with a road up it. It will go faster than you care to ride. It is immensely dependable and as quiet as night.

More weight and more power mean simply a useless added expense for upkeep. All the world over the tendency of the times is toward medium-weight, medium-priced cars.

Write for our catalog to know all the facts. We will send with it if you desire the names of nearby owners. Ask them what they think. Then let our nearest agent demonstrate a car. You will never then cease to be an enthusiast on Chalmers-Detroit cars. Mail this coupon now. (9)

A Memo to
Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.
Mail your 1910 Catalog to

Name ______
Address
City ______
County ______ *State* ______

Chalmers-Detroit Motor Co., *Members A.L.A.M.* **Detroit, Mich.**

Saves One-Third of Your Coffee

For Making Coffee on the Table

And gives you *better* coffee better coffee because the grounds are not boiled or steeped—better coffee because only the *goodness* is extracted. That's what it means to have a

Manning-Bowman

METEOR

Coffee Percolator

At leading dealers in Urn Style or Coffee Pot Style. Over 100 styles and sizes. Beautifully made. Reliable Manning-Bowman quality throughout.

Write for descriptive booklet "J-22"

Manning, Bowman & Co., Meriden, Conn.

Makers of [illegible] Bread Mixer

For Making Coffee on the Range

Try it 15 Days Free

You'll LIKE the Never-Fail

Sold on Everlasting Guarantee

You Only Risk a Stamp

to get the NEVER-FAIL Sharpener. Greatest Razor sharpening device ever invented. Makes old razors new. Puts perfect edge on dullest blade. Keeps your Razor sharp.

No. 1 for Safety Razors, weighs 6 ounces
No. 2 for Old Style Razors, weighs 8 ounces

Why Do We Send It on Trial?

Because you put your Razor in a NEVER-FAIL Sharpener and it is sharp. There is never any time lost in shaving with a sharp Razor. No more dull, disagreeable Razors. No more honing. Fine for home use—indispensable for traveling.

How to Get It

Send us your full name and address and order Sharpener by number and we will send it to you on a 15 days' free trial. At the expiration of this time you send us $1.00 or return the Sharpener.

One price buys full outfit complete. No extras. REMEMBER Any kind or style of Razor can be sharpened with the Never-Fail

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HOW A BIG BILL IS PASSED

(Continued from Page 4)

the bill sent back to the Senate, which gravely received it again, referred it to the Finance Committee, where it was again thrown into the waste-basket, and the Aldrich bill again reported.

As was done in the House by Representative Payne, an opening statement was made by Senator Aldrich, who was in charge of the bill. Senator Daniel, of Virginia, told how much the Democrats deprecated the bill, and then the fight that was to last for weeks was on. The bill was considered in Committee of the Whole, but its parliamentary status differed diametrically from its status in the House, where the special rule made it impossible to amend during general debate. The Aldrich bill was open to amendment every minute it was before the Senate, open to amendment in every item and every paragraph. As is usual, the committee amendments to the Payne bill, meaning nearly the entire bill, were first considered. Of course, there were many rates in the Aldrich bill similar to those in the Payne bill, items on which the Senate Finance Committee had made no change, so that much of the bill was the same as the Payne bill.

The bill was read. Any Senator who desired to make an amendment reserved any item or paragraph he desired for future consideration. The real debate began on April twenty-second. A large number of set speeches were hurled at the galleries. There was no real progress until May fifth, when the first committee amendment - that fixing the rate on "orange mineral," a substance used in making paint—was taken. Committee amendments, it must be understood, were the multitude of changes made in the Payne or House bill by the Senate Finance Committee and proposed by the committee, as distinguished from individual amendments offered by individual Senators from the floor.

Debate dragged along. A healthy insurgent movement developed among the Republicans, ten or a dozen of whom contended that the party platform pledges of real revision downward were not complied with by the Senate bill. The insurgents were universally beaten when voting times came, but it must be said to their credit that, if they had all remained regular, many changes made in the direction of downward revision would not have been made. There was a short trial at night sessions, but they were soon abandoned, because it was found that the only persons who would attend were adoring wives and sweethearts who came to sit in the galleries and hear the objects of their affections spout, while a great number of Senators stayed away, resenting the idea of night sessions and too much work in hot weather.

Good Aldrich Tactics

As in the House, the bill was considered in the Committee of the Whole. As the rates were read, those to which the committee had no amendment and to which no Senator objected were considered as adopted. This disposed of a large section of the bill, except so far as the final vote was concerned.

The fullest privilege of debate and amendment was given. There was never a moment, while the bill was before the Senate, when any Senator could not offer an amendment to any paragraph, until July fourth, when Senator Aldrich announced that he would move to lay on the table all amendments offered after that time. A motion to lay on the table is not debatable and in this case had the effect of bringing the amendments to an immediate vote. The plan does not prevent a vote, but it does shut off debate. However, this threat was not so fierce as it seemed, for any Senator could head off the motion by simply reading the amendment himself and then discussing it as long as he wanted to, and a good many of them did just this.

While the bill was in the Committee of the Whole an amendment adopted could not be taken up again unless a reconsideration of the vote by which it was adopted was ordered. Mr. Aldrich, being crafty and wanting action, promised to permit the reconsideration of all adopted amendments, thus salving many an injured one and losing nothing himself. The final rates on steel rails, oil, hides, coal, lumber,

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Heat without Coal

A Match is all the Kindling Needed

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No more Raw Day Troubles when the Fires are Out in the Basement—no more Cold Rooms when Somebody is Sick in the Night—no more Breakfast Cakes with Syrup and Shivers.

Don't start your whole heating system to warm one room.

The **Clow Patent Radiator** is not only a Radiator but a whole heating plant in itself; it has its own boiler, its own firebox, its own [illegible]—an automatic device which turns down the flame when the required degree of heat has been reached.

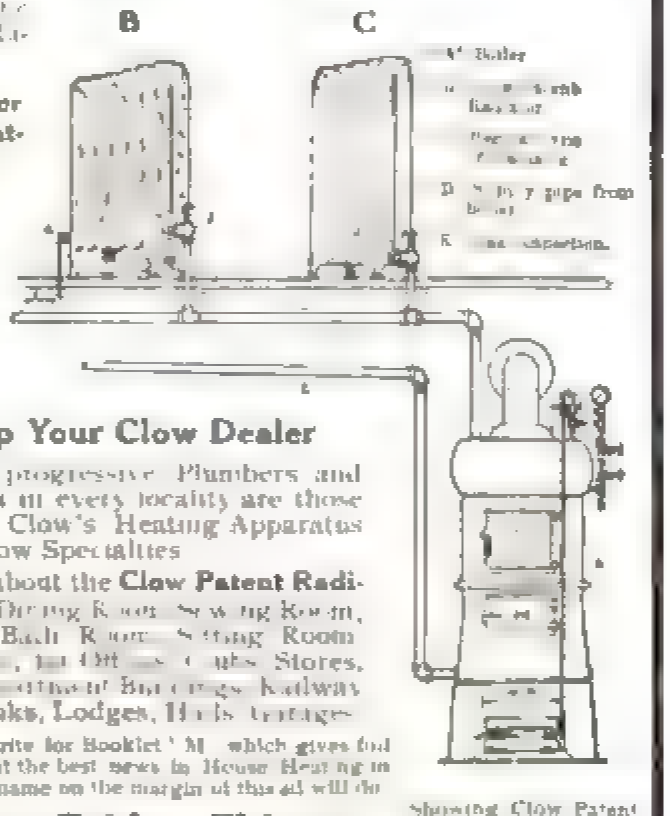
Part of a Plant or a Whole Plant in Itself

You can use either the Steam or Gas Water Radiator in two ways

1 **As an Independent Heater unconnected with any other heating system—using gas for fuel.**

2 **As part of a Regular Steam or Hot Water Plant as shown in our illustration.**

When made part of the ordinary Steam or Hot Water System it can be used independently when fires are low—as at night; or out entirely—as in Spring or Fall. The stroke of a match transforms it into an **Independent Heat Producer.**



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Look Up Your Clow Dealer

The most progressive Plumbers and Heating men in every locality are those who handle Clow's Heating Apparatus and other Clow Specialties.

Ask them about the **Clow Patent Radiator** for your Dining Room, Sewing Room, Sick Room, Bath Room, Sitting Room, Conservatory, for Offices, Clubs, Stores, Churches, Apartment Buildings, Railway Stations, Banks, Lodges, Halls, Cottages.

Meanwhile, write for Booklet "M" which gives full particulars about the best news in House Heating in 20 years. Your name on the margin of this ad will do.

James B. Clow & Sons, Harrison Street Bridge, Chicago.

Manufacturers of Heating and Plumbing Goods for nearly half a Century.

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A tobacco that your women folks will like to have you smoke at home—you may never have known the luxury of a pipe smoke before.

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample

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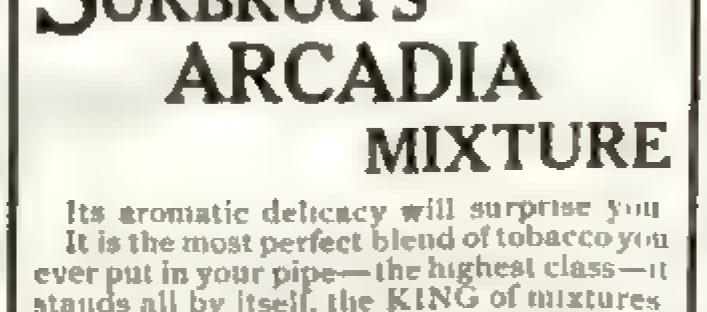

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In Correct Script, Copper Plate

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To secure uniformity of color, any shade, and absolute protection, concrete should be coated with

Bay State
Brick and Cement Coating

Unlike other paints it does not destroy the desirable distinctive texture of concrete.

Has been endorsed by the National Board of Fire Underwriters as a Fire Retarder.

It will lessen your fire risk and therefore cut down your insurance when used on wooden partitions, or as a tint on stucco or plaster, in mills, offices, or private dwellings. It becomes a part of the material itself, will not chip, flake or peel off. In overhead painting in textile mills or other manufacturing plants where whitewash or cold water paints would chip off and damage delicate textile and other machinery, Bay State Brick and Cement Coating saves many times its cost.

It is more economical than lead and oil or cold water paints and can be applied to a damp surface. It comes in twenty-four beautiful shades, ranging from white to the most delicate terra cotta. On exterior brick or stucco it keeps out all moisture and gives any desired shade. Ask your dealer.

Write at once for descriptive matter and sample card of colors. Please give us name of your dealer.

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Paint and Varnish Makers and Lead Corroders
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$19.50
On Approval
Freight Paid

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We sell this beautiful, massive, $4[illegible] [illegible] **all-brass Bed,** Colonial Style **Direct to you** for **$19.50**

We ship **On Approval and Prepay Freight** to all points east of Mississippi River and north of Tennessee line, allowing freight that far to points beyond.

[illegible] we will send this Bed with guaranteed Springs and Cotton Felt Mattress [illegible] for **$29.50** worth $4[illegible]

Our tremendous output and quick cash sales direct from the [illegible] make our low prices possible.

If you don't find this Bed superior to beds sold elsewhere at double our prices, send it back at our expense and we will refund your money. [illegible] Bed, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, by 6 ft. 4 in. long, with heavy [illegible] Pillars. Either Bright or "Satin" finish — both guaranteed for [illegible] years. With

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you may furnish your home throughout at once or gradually from time to time, being sure of artistic and harmonious results.

For many years thousands of discriminating buyers have traveled far to our [illegible] rooms in Grand Rapids to save money and get [illegible] suggestions. For the **benefit** of those who cannot come we have issued our hand[illegible] **Portfolio of 156 pages** [illegible] and [illegible] styles [illegible] of popular Grand Rapids [illegible] over one thousand styles of [illegible] furniture.

We will send this elaborate book, postage paid, if you will enclose 25 cents to show your interest. The 25 cents may be deducted from your first order. If you don't think the book a correct Guide to Furniture Buying, send it back and we will refund your money and the postage you pay in returning it.

Write for the book now and **get the benefit** of high quality at Direct prices.

References: Any Grand Rapids Bank

BISHOP FURNITURE COMPANY
13-29 Ionia Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.

printing paper and wood pulp were not in the bill as originally reported from the Finance Committee. Senator Aldrich made the announcement that these rates would be taken up later. Also, all the administrative features, the provisions for enforcing the law, the maximum and minimum tariff provisions, the Customs Court of Appeals and the countervailing and retaliatory sections, the corporation tax, the drawback provisions were held back by the committee and put in one at a time, which made the Democrats angry, but were good Aldrich tactics.

Consideration of the bill by the Committee of the Whole was completed on July sixth. The bill was reported to the Senate. That is, Mr. Aldrich, representing the Finance Committee, reported that he had finished and so had the Senate, so far as the Committee of the Whole was concerned, and the Vice-President asked: "Are there further amendments to be offered to the bill?" There were none, and the Vice-President then declared the bill "in the Senate and open to amendment," which meant that the Senate, sitting as Committee of the Whole, had done what it could to the bill in the way of amendment, and that the Senate, sitting as the Senate, could begin all over again and amend until it was black in the face, except in those items where no amendments had been offered and which were passed and settled. The Senate ordered the bill reprinted, which was done, with all the changes that had been made in italics so they might be distinguished easily from the original text. About one thousand eight hundred unobjected amendments had been adopted in a bunch.

It was then July seventh and the debate began with renewed vigor. A large number of Senators had given notice they would ask for separate votes on amendments rejected in the Committee of the Whole. Such notice was not necessary, because the bill was still open to amendment without previous notice. These reservations included all manner of amendments, running from cash registers and petroleum to the income tax and the Customs Court of Appeals. The Finance Committee offered but one important amendment in the open Senate after the bill had left the Committee of the Whole, which was to increase the tax on tobacco, manufactured, from six to eight cents a pound.

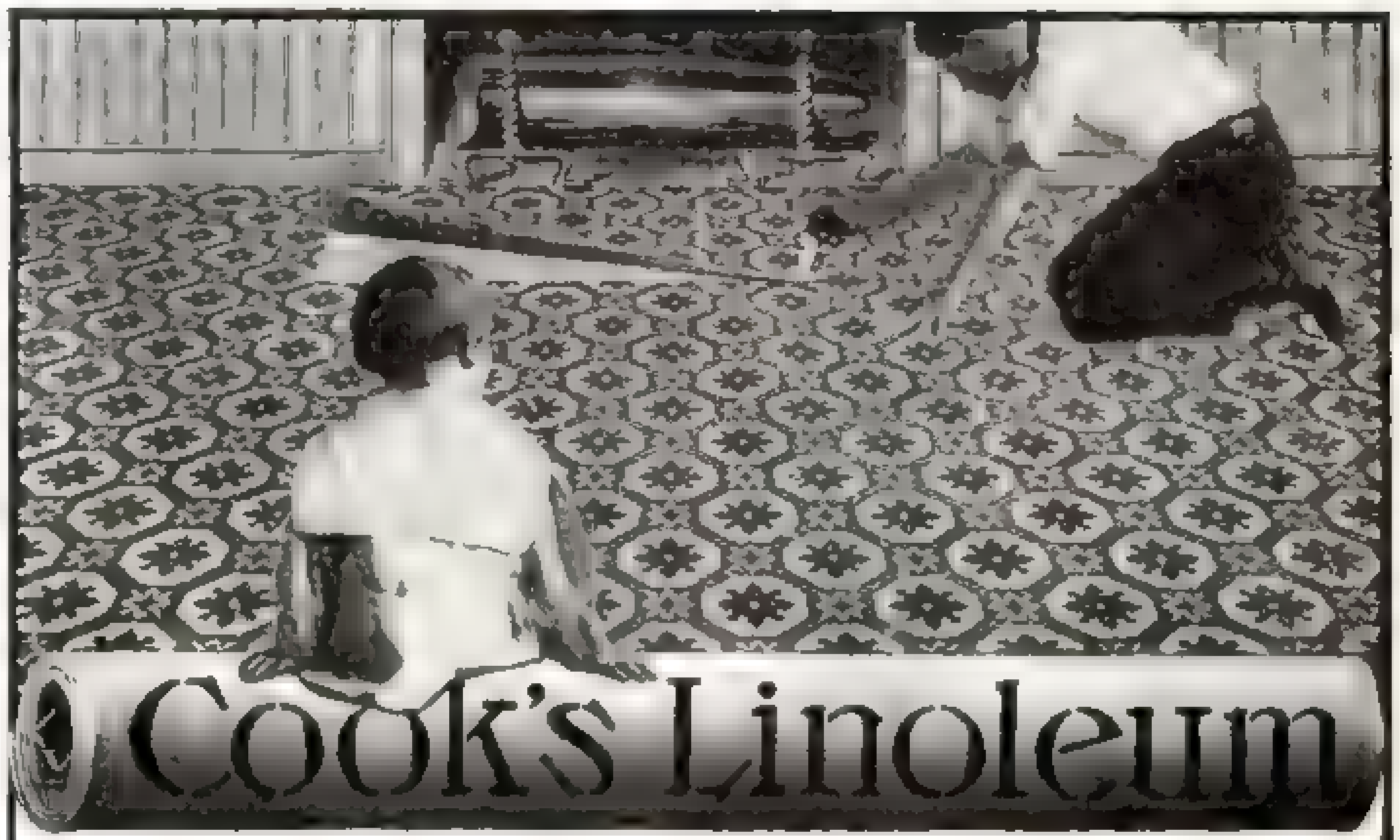
Crowding Out the Democrats

Senator Aldrich, on July eighth, resumed his tactics of moving to lay on the table all amendments formerly rejected by the Committee of the Whole. This curtailed debate, and the bill was passed that night by the Senate. As passed it was the shreds of the Payne bill, for the Senate had added eight hundred and forty-seven amendments. Immediately, Senator Aldrich requested a conference from the House on the disputed items, and asked that the Senate conferees be appointed at once. He had furnished the list of conferees, all members of the Senate Finance Committee, to the Vice-President. There were five Republicans and three Democrats on the list, and the Vice-President read off their names.

This request for an immediate conference on the bill by Senator Aldrich, representing that branch of Congress that had made the changes, was good parliamentary tactics, but not usual. Ordinarily, when the Senate, for example, passes a bill the House has passed and amends it, the bill with the amendments is sent back to the House, where the amendments are non-concurred in, and a conference is asked. Aldrich wasted no time. He asked for his conference and got it, without troubling to let the House non-concur in the eight hundred and forty-seven changes that had altered the Payne bill to such a great extent.

Speaker Cannon appointed nine conferees, six Republican members of the Ways and Means Committee and three Democrats. In both House and Senate instances the Democrats were merely scenery. After the first meeting of the conferees on July ninth, the Democrats were excluded and not allowed to participate in the conference until the final day.

When a bill goes to conference it is the business of the conferees to adjust the changes made by the Senate if the bill is originally passed by the House, or by the House if the bill is originally passed by the Senate, so both branches will accept the



Give Cook's Linoleum the floor

Cook's is the *improved* linoleum.

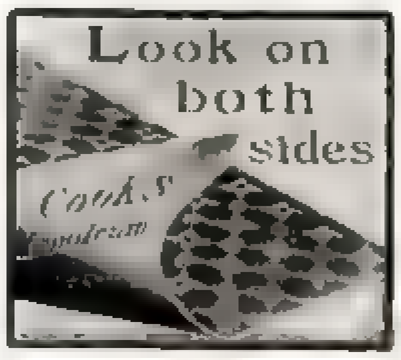
You have a wider choice of patterns—and more beautiful patterns, in Cook's: ranging from solid colors and plain tile effects to richly-hued floral designs of rug-like character.

You have more comfort, in Cook's: it is resilient and easy under foot.

You have better wear, in Cook's; and a more sanitary floor.

Cook's Inlaid Linoleum—with the pattern through to the back—is *molded* without a joint or seam, depression or weakness, in the entire piece. No part of the pattern can rise up or be torn off; there is no place for scrub-water to soak in, or for dirt and disease germs to lodge; as with the kind made by the old inlaid process of forming the pattern out of separate color blocks.

Cook's Printed Linoleum is pliable and tough. Being free from brittleness and harshness it is not liable to cracking or chipping; and, being deeply printed, it resists the wear and retains its colors better than the other kinds.



Ask your dealer for Cook's Linoleum. Look for the name—Cook's—on the back. The name shows our responsibility. It guarantees quality. It protects you, and the dealer as well.

Advantages to the dealer: Cook's Linoleums are pliable—not stiff, hard and cracky. Cook's can be handled without loss. Cook's patterns match up more perfectly than any other make, saving time and waste. Cook's is the only linoleum that can be safely laid on uneven floors. Every roll guaranteed.

Free Color Book of Linoleum Patterns. You can get complete information on linoleum, including reproductions of the newest patterns, suggestions for various rooms and hints on how to buy—by writing for Cook's Linoleum Book "M."

Cook's Decora is going on the walls of thousands of American homes where beauty and sanitary surroundings are appreciated. Let it take the place of wall-paper on yours. Cleanable with a damp cloth, non-fadeable, won't crack. Comes in rolls and is easy to put on. Pretty designs for every room. Write for interesting booklet "Home Decoration."

COOK'S DECORA

Cook's Cork Carpet for public places. A thick, quiet and durable floor covering for churches, halls, schools, lodge rooms, etc.

If your dealer hasn't Cook's goods, send us his name. We will see that you are supplied.

Cook's Linoleum, Trenton, N. J.

COOK'S LINOLEUM

The Best Stimulant

for a Fall Suit is an "R+W" White or Fancy Vest.

It brightens the wearer's attire and lends an air of distinction.

The sale of "R+W" Fancy Vests is increasing steadily, due to the Vests themselves.

The latest model (as illustrated) is shown in Fancy Flannels and washable cloths. There is exclusiveness to the model, as well as to the fabrics. Your dealer will fit you correctly without any alterations.

R+W $2.00 to $10.00

Write us and we'll send you our Text Book of Dress For Men.

Rosenwald & Weil

Makers *Chicago*

Pro-phy-lac-tic

THE WORLD'S STANDARD

·TOOTH BRUSHES·

There is but one Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, but it is made with three kinds of handles.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC REGULAR

With rigid handle. Three sizes and three bristle textures. Adult's 35 cts., youth's and child's 25 cts.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC SPECIAL

Handle bends as the brush is used. Three sizes and three bristle textures. Adult's 35 cts., youth's and child's 25 cts.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC DE LUXE

Delicately colored transparent handles—emerald, topaz or ruby. Your brush identified by color. Adult's size only. Price 40 cts.

Always Sold In Yellow Box

All styles have graduated and serrated bristle tufts to clean *between* the teeth. Curved handle, tapered head, hole in handle and hook to hang it by; identification symbols on handles.

BE SURE TO ASK for the Pro-phy-lac-tic and get it in its yellow box. Interesting literature free. Any brush sent postpaid on receipt of price if your dealer will not supply.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO.
32 Pine Street, Florence, Mass., U. S. A.

Can You Furnish a Bond?

If you can, we have a steady job for you, delivering goods and collecting money for us. You need no experience and risk nothing. We furnish everything and teach you the portrait and frame business. Don't pass up this chance. Write today for particulars.

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YOURS FOR THE ASKING

My free illustrated Southern small farm story. You will enjoy reading it. Address

GEO. H. HEAFFORD, 211 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILLS.

bill. If the House passes a bill and the Senate passes the same bill without change there are no conferees appointed, of course, and the bill, after being attested and signed by the Speaker and the Vice-President, goes to the President for final examination and becomes a law when the President signs it. Conferees are adjusters of the differences between Senate and House. They make their report and the dissenting body either adopts it or sends the bill back to conference again. Big bills always have conferences.

Conferees have no legislative functions and cannot put anything new in a bill. In a tariff bill conference, for example, they must confine their juggling between the highest and lowest rate given originally and amended in either bill. They are required to deal entirely with the principles and ideas in the administrative sections of the bill, as put down in one or the other of the two bills, but may rephrase or rewrite such sections, always retaining the central idea expressed by Congress when the bills were passed. Conference committees may make partial reports on agreed sections. Aldrich and Cannon did not allow this. They made no report until they had finished. Each side has but one vote. That is, the House votes as a unit, and so does the Senate. The nine House conferees could not outvote the eight Senate conferees. They must all be agreed and vote as a unit.

Mr. Payne's Fine Manœuvering

After the bill was in conference and the Democrats had been sent out to play marbles, the President, who had been inactive, except in a general way, took a hand. He insisted on certain reductions in the Senate bill. One of these was on hides, another on oil and a third on lumber. As has been explained, Aldrich and Cannon gave into him after a fake, but noisy, battle, and the conferees finally agreed on July twenty-ninth, or, rather, signed the report on that date, having actually agreed and reported to the President on the day before.

On July thirty-first, after the House convened, Representative Payne called up the conference report, the conferees having reported to the House that they had come to an amicable agreement with the Senate. The report was read, in part, and a special rule reported by the Rules Committee changing a rate on boots and shoes and providing for a vote at eight o'clock that night. There was twenty minutes' debate for each side on the rule, and it was adopted. General debate followed, after this, with Payne and other Republicans advocating the adoption of the conference report, and Clark and some other Democrats calling for its defeat.

There were a lot of Republican insurgents who determined to vote against the bill and try to defeat it. The House machine had been very active, but there was much doubt about the fate of the bill when it came time for the final vote. Just here Mr. Payne did some very fine parliamentary manœuvering. His ordinary procedure would have been, when the debate closed, to move the adoption of the conference report. Instead, he moved to recommit the bill to conference and on that moved the previous question. The vote came first on the previous question, which was ordered, and then the motion to recommit was defeated. This left the bill ready for final vote and prevented a motion to recommit the bill to conference with instructions by any of the opponents of the measure.

The final vote was then taken, and the bill was passed by a majority of twelve votes.

There was nothing left now but the adoption of the conference report by the Senate. The report was presented to the Senate and by unanimous consent reached a vote on Thursday, August fifth. To conciliate certain Senators who represent states where there are cattle-raising interests a concurrent resolution, amending the leather schedule, was prepared, and adopted by Senate and House after the final vote on the bill proper in the Senate. Various amendments were offered and defeated in the Senate, and then the bill was passed, or the conference report adopted, by a vote of forty-seven to thirty-one. President Taft was at the Capitol and signed the bill as soon as it was engrossed, and it became a law at once.

THE Packard FOR MEN SHOE

UNION MADE BY PACKARD BROCKTON

$3.50-$4.00-$5.00

IF IT is true that "a man is as old as he feels," then the men who wear the Packard never grow old.

The Packard is a young man's shoe, made in Brockton by the wizards of the last in that great shoe centre. It has many claims on your attention, for it has the happy faculty of making you feel at home and keeping it up. You glance down at your feet with pride months after your purchase and as your affection grows so will your comfort be. We make the Packard right—that's the secret of its popularity.

There's no man so poor that he cannot buy two Packards, and no man so rich that he need pay more than our price. No shoe made, to our knowledge, gives the wearer a fairer exchange for his money. You should buy the Packard—you owe it to your feet and your purse.

Ask your dealer, no matter where.

Send for free catalogue

Made only by
M. A. Packard Company
Brockton, Massachusetts

P

Kenyon Hangwell Trousers

Specialties

FOR MEN $10 to $30

Kenreign Rain Coats
Kenyon Overcoats
Kenyon Gabardines
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Kenyon Hangwell Trousers

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FOR WOMEN $10 to $30

Kenyon Utility Coats
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Many Styles are Motor Coats and Dusters

For Sale at good stores

LOOK FOR THE KENYON LABEL

Ask your dealer or write and tell us what garment you want *whether men's or women's.* We will send samples and style book and will see that you are supplied.

One of the Specialties that have added to Kenyon reputation by their remarkable quality values, skilled workmanship, and stylish, convenient appointments.

Not skimped in the cutting, they hold their shape, and do not bag at the knees.

Standard designs and special forms for riding, tennis, hunting and other sports are shown.

Read the lists of Kenyon Specialties above

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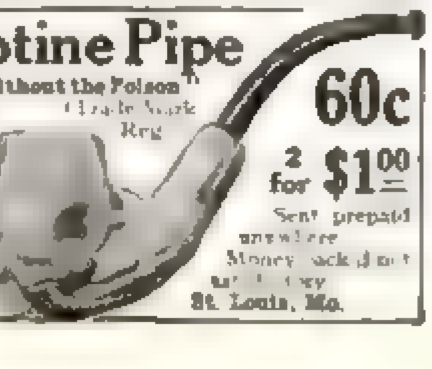
FIX YOUR ROOF

No More Roof Troubles With **Roof-Fix** you can put your leaky, worn-out, rusty, metal, paper or shingle roofs in perfect condition.

Roof-Fix **The Perfect Roof Preserver**, makes old, worn-out roofs new. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Write for free roofing book. Tell me your roof troubles.

Anderson, The ROOF-FIX Man, Dept. 21, Elyria, O.



Anti-Nicotine Pipe

"Get the Pleasure Without the Poison"

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60c

2 for $1.00

Sent prepaid anywhere. Money back if not satisfactory.

H. MENGES
372 N 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.

PAINTS
ENAMELS
THE ACME QUALITY KIND
STAINS
VARNISHES

Fall Painting

Means Economy and Winter Comfort

Winter Is Coming. It's the time home is most used. It's the time above all others when the home should be bright, attractive, clean and wholesome.

Winter Is Hard on the Home. Winter's rain and snow, sleet and ice, penetrate unprotected surfaces, and when Spring comes moisture and decay have done their deadly work. Winter's mud grinds your floors. Winter's soot blackens your walls. Winter's steam discolors the finish of woodwork and furniture. Winter plays havoc with all surfaces of the home *unless they are protected* with the right paint or finish.

Why Fall Painting Means Economy. A coat of good paint *now* will protect your building. The proper finish will make your floors easy to clean and prevent them from wearing white. A coat of No-Lustre Finish will give your walls a beautiful finish, which can be kept clean by the occasional use of a damp cloth. Furniture and woodwork can easily be made soot-proof and moisture-proof by any inexperienced housewife.

How to Select Paint. Go to your paint dealer, tell him just what surfaces need refinishing and ask for the proper

ACME QUALITY

PAINTS, ENAMELS, STAINS AND VARNISHES

for the purpose. If you get the Acme Quality Kind you can feel satisfied that you are getting the very best. The Acme Quality Trade Mark on a package of paint, enamel, stain or varnish is like our signature to a check. It means that the largest, best equipped, most scientifically operated paint and varnish plant in the world *stands back of that package,* assuring you of its perfect fitness for the purpose for which it is recommended. The following four Acme Quality Specialties are excellent examples:

Finishing Walls
Acme Quality No-Lustre Finish. A beautiful lustreless washable finish for walls and woodwork. Write for color card and descriptive circular.

House Painting
Acme Quality House Paint (New Era). Result of a quarter century of scientific research and practical tests. Write for color card and descriptive circular.

Finishing Furniture
Acme Quality Varno-Lac — Best quality stain and varnish combined. For floors, furniture and woodwork. Write for color card and descriptive circular.

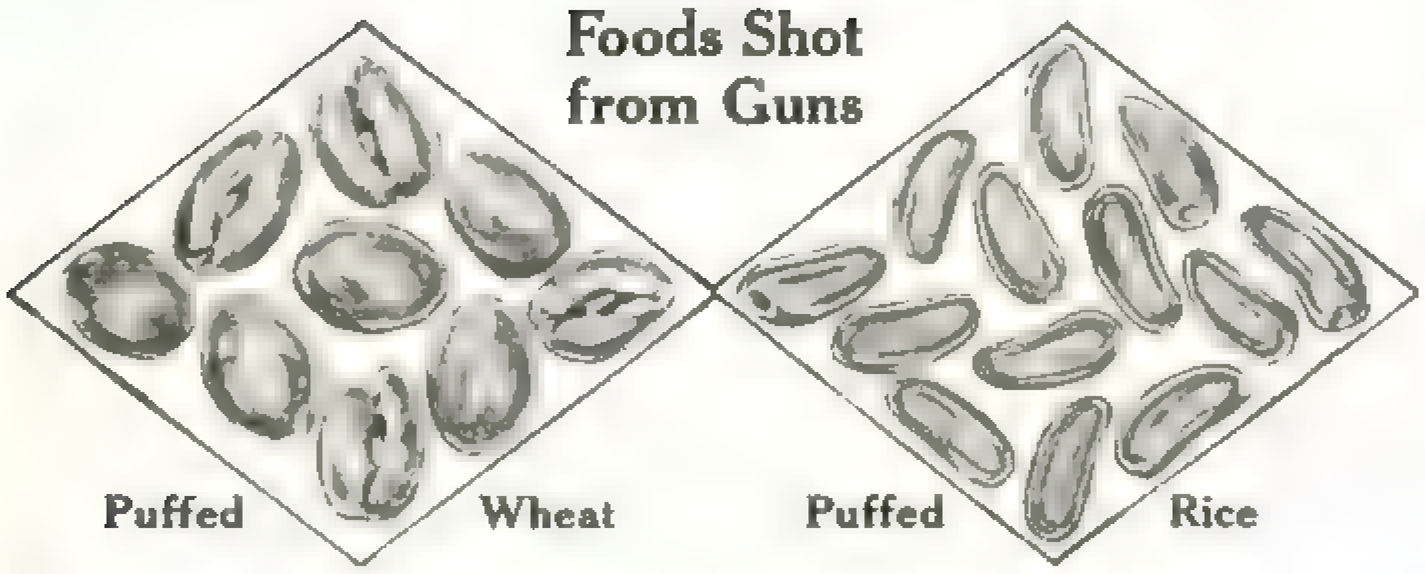
Painting Floors
Acme Quality Floor Paint (Granite). Hard, durable quick drying floor paint saves labor and backache. Write for color card and descriptive circular.

How to Get the Effect You Want. The Acme Quality Text-Book on Paints and Finishes tells how to secure any desired finish on floors, walls, woodwork, furniture or on the outside of the house or barn. It tells how to prepare the surface, what material to use and how to use it. It not only enables you to tell your painter or decorator exactly what you want, but makes it easy for *you* to refinish the many surfaces about the home that do not require the skill of the expert.

Show your dealer this advertisement and he will give you one of these books, or write us and we will mail one FREE. Address Dept. Q.

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS
DETROIT MICHIGAN U S A

IN DETROIT—Life is Worth Living



Men Want the Foods Shot from Guns

We address this to men, in a man's publication. We are addressing the wives elsewhere.

The man should have his vote with the rest regarding the foods for his table. And men don't like cereal confections.

Among men, the almost unanimous choice in a cereal food is either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

This Is How We Know

For many months we maintained a lunch room in the very heart of New York. There we served all sorts of cereals, and all at one price.

Hundreds of men came there daily, and picked from all the cereal foods the kinds which they preferred.

Our object was to learn men's taste. To prove which one of our sixteen cereals was the most appealing food.

The result was that four out of five who took ready-cooked cereals selected the foods shot from guns.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in the extreme West

There is no question about it. These are the foods that men want. They like the whole, crisp grain.

These gigantic grains, puffed to eight times natural size, are ready to melt in the mouth.

Every starch granule is exploded by steam. The grains become four times as porous as bread.

Yet the grains are unbroken, and the shapes are unaltered. The mammoth grains are brown and crisp and nut-like.

Of course men like such foods.

Ask the Lady to Get Them

The lady who buys the food for your table—ask her to order these. To order one package of each, so you may judge how you like them.

She would have done this before had she any idea how these crisp foods appeal to men.

Ask her to do this tomorrow.

Then some time, in return, bring home something that she likes as well as you like Puffed Wheat.

(20) **Made only by The Quaker Oats Company**

LIQUID VENEER

The Modern Dust Remover and Surface Polisher

It Renews the Original Polish

Get the habit of doing your dusting in the ***modern, sanitary, clean*** way, by always moistening your dusting cloth slightly with ***Liquid Veneer.***

Remember this point! Liquid Veneer ***carries away*** all dust and disease germs, removes the "grime," scratches and stains. It leaves all surfaces bright and new. A child can apply it.

Beware of dry cloth or duster. They scratch the surface and scatter dust and germs.

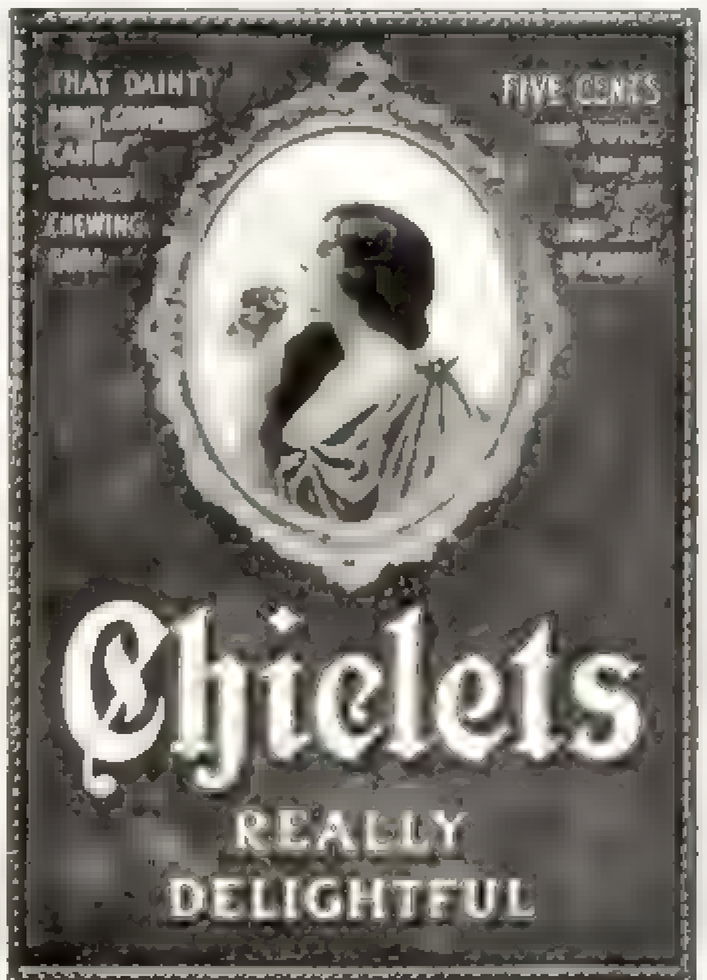
Soap and water, or a damp cloth, deaden the gloss of any varnished or polished surface, and do not kill the germs.

Liquid Veneer is guaranteed to improve the polish on all finished wood, and enameled or lacquered surfaces.

At your dealers', 25¢, 50¢ and $1.00 Bottles

We will send you a sample bottle and booklet prepaid if you write for it.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO., 374 ELLICOTT STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.


THAT DAINTY MINT-COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM
FIVE CENTS
Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER

Try Them! If you can't buy Chiclets in your neighborhood send us ten cents for a sample packet. Any jobber will supply storekeepers with Chiclets.

FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada

"Mum"

A pure, harmless, odorless cream that

takes all the odor out of perspiration

Chemically neutralizes all bodily odors.

Doesn't soil the clothing.

25c at drug and department-stores. If your dealer hasn't "Mum," send us his name and 25 cents, and we'll send it postpaid.

MUM MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft	$3.50
9 x 7½ ft	4.00
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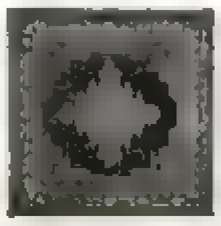
9 x 10½ ft	5.00
9 x 12 ft	5.50
9 x 15 ft	6.50

Beautiful and attractive patterns. Made in all colors. Easily kept clean and warranted to wear. Woven in one piece. Both sides can be used. **Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory**



New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free.

ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 701 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

Post Cards – Exceptional values in post cards of quality only, representing a saving of 50%. Send 10c in stamps or coin for 10 of any of the following post cards sent post-paid: Birthday, Flower, Niagara, Buffalo, Thanksgiving, Xmas, St. Patricks, Valentine, Easter, Fancy Comics, etc. Special prices to the trade.

David Ellis 182-184 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Established 1899. Dept. C

Pipe repairing of every description by mail—amber, meerschaum and [illegible] ARTIFICIAL COLORING. Fraternity emblems and initials inlaid. Pipe mountings and ferrules in gold or sterling silver. Prices very reasonable. Special Prices to the Trade. **DAVID ELLIS, the Pipe man,** Estab. 1899. **Dept. B, 182-184 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.** Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes and smokers' articles of every description at wholesale and retail.

TEA

There is a multitude of uses for Keiller's Marmalade. It is delicious in a sweet omelet, tarts and sandwiches, and on crackers and cakes. It is a wholesome and appetizing relish.

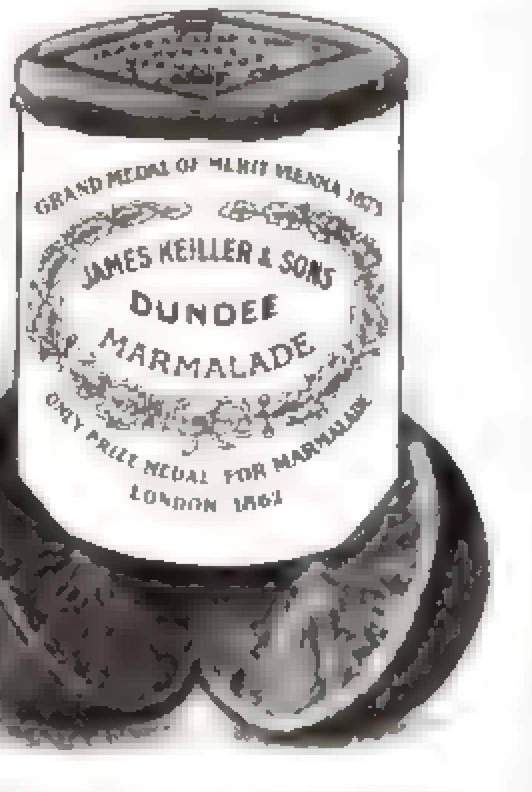
KEILLER'S

DUNDEE

Orange Marmalade

has been used for more than a century. It has that bitterness that has made Scotch marmalade famous. For sale at grocers.

Insist on Keiller's Marmalade.


GRAND MEDAL OF MERIT VIENNA 1873
JAMES KEILLER & SONS
DUNDEE
MARMALADE
ONLY PRIZE MEDAL FOR MARMALADE
LONDON 1862

John Duncan's Sons, Agents N. Y.

THE GIFT HOUSE

(Continued from Page 11)

"One year!" Abe cried. "Why, Louis, that ain't no way to talk. In one year you'd just about get well enough acquainted with our trade—of course, I'm only *talking*, y' understand—to cop it out for some other house what would pay you a couple of hundred more. No, Louis, I think it ought to be for five years."

"Of course, if you think I'm the kind what takes a job to cop out the firm's trade, Abe," Louis commenced, "why ——"

"I'm only saying for the sake of argument," Abe hastened to explain. "I'll tell you what I'll do, Louis: I'll make it two years, and at the end of that time if you want to quit you can do it; only, you should agree not to work as salesman for no other house for the space of one year afterward, or you can go on working for us for one year afterward. How's that?"

"I think that's eminently fair," Mr. Feldman broke in hurriedly. "You can't refuse those terms, Mr. Mintz. Mr Potash will sign for his partner, I apprehend, and then Mr. Perlmutter will be bound under the principle of *qui fecit per alium fecit per se.*"

No one could stand up against such a flood of Latin, and Louis nodded.

"All right," he said. "Let her go that way."

Mr. Feldman immediately rang for a stenographer.

"Come back tomorrow at four o'clock," he said. "I shall send a clerk with the deed to be signed by Mrs. Potash and Mrs. Perlmutter tonight."

The next afternoon, at half an hour after the appointed time, the contract was executed and the deed delivered to Louis Mintz, and on the first of the following month Louis entered upon his new employment.

IV

LOUIS' first season with his new employers was fraught with good results for Potash & Perlmutter, who reaped large profits from Louis' salesmanship; but for Louis it had been somewhat disappointing

"I never see nothing like it," he complained to Abe. "That tenement house is like a summer hotel people coming and going all the time; and every time a tenant moves yet I got to pay for painting and repapering the rooms. You certainly stuck me good on that house."

"Stuck you!" Abe cried. "We didn't stuck you, Louis. We just give you the house as a bonus. If it don't rent well, Louis, you ought to sell it."

"Don't I know I ought to sell it?" Louis cried; "but who's going to buy it? Real-estater after real-estater comes to look at it, and it all amounts to nix. They wouldn't take the house for the mortgages."

For nearly a year and a half Louis and Abe repeated this conversation every time Louis came back from the road, and on the days when Louis paid interest on mortgages and premiums on fire insurance he grew positively tearful.

"Why don't you pay me what I am short from paying carrying charges on that property?" Louis asked one day. "And I'll give you the house back."

Abe laughed.

"You should make that proposition to the feller what sold us the house," Abe said jocularly.

"Any one what sold that house once, Abe," Louis rejoined, "don't want it back again."

At length, when Louis was absent on a business trip some three months before the expiration of his contract, Abe approached Morris in the sample-room and mooted the subject of taking back the house.

"That house is a sticker, Mawruss," he said, "and we certainly shouldn't let Louis suffer by it. The boy done well by us, and we don't want to lose him."

"Well, Abe," Morris replied, "the way I look at it, we should wait till his time is pretty near up. Maybe he will renew the contract without our taking back the house, Abe; but if the worst comes to the worst, Abe, we give him what he spent on the house and take it back, *providing* he renews the contract for a couple of years Ain't it?"

Abe nodded doubtfully.

"Maybe you're right, Mawruss," he said; "but the boy done good for us,

Get the Best

An Inferior Pen is Not Cheap at Any Price

For three generations our firm has made the best Gold Pens in the world. It is the pen to [illegible] with the natural feel that makes a

"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN

immeasurably superior to any other Fountain Pen ever put on any market. It always writes at the instant with a smooth, easy flow of ink and will save time and patience, will be a help instead of a nuisance. There are many styles at prices from $2 [illegible] up.

MABIE, TODD & CO., Dept. P
Established 1843
17 Maiden Lane, New York 149 Dearborn St., Chicago
London Paris Brussels Manchester

The "Long-short" Style [illegible] Ink Pen that will go in a purse. [illegible] Our new Booklet is ready to mail. Send for [illegible]

English Knockabout Hat $1.00

A [illegible] Hat. Would sell for $2.00 in most Hat stores. [illegible] sweat band [illegible] dress and business [illegible] compact roll [illegible] damaging [illegible] Black, Brown, Green, Gray Mixture, and Blue. Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00.

State size and color desired. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
PANAMA HAT CO., 181-A William St., New York City

When this invention is used one pound of tea goes as far as threepounds. Agents make a mint of money selling it. Send 10c for 25c sample, postpaid.

Agents: send for my **Acorn T-Maker**

DR. LYONS, 1022 Day Street, Pekin, Ill.

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Don't sell your Household Goods. **Ship them at Reduced Rates** in Through Cars, avoiding transfer to and from Western States. Write **today** for colored maps and information

TRANS-CONTINENTAL FREIGHT CO
505 Bedford Bldg., Chicago.
614-29 Broadway, New York

Oh Joy! Sorority Chocolates

"Taylor-Made"

With the accent on *Sorority* — because *they* are so much more truly flavored — so much smoother than all other chocolates.

And the reason is that the Taylor Brothers not only *know* what is necessary to make the best candy — with the certainty that comes from a lifetime of study and experience — but the Taylor Brothers *do* what is necessary to make *Sororities* the best candy.

The delicious, crisp, snappy chocolate, of delicate aroma and distinctive flavor — the orange flavor, that makes you think you must be biting into the real fruit — the vanilla and raspberry, equally true to the fruit — the maple, that will transport you to the sugar camps of Vermont — all these characteristics are the result of the most painstaking care to make Sorority Chocolates eclipse all others, regardless of expense.

Made in the Model Candy Factory of the World, at Battle Creek.

The Taylor Brothers have provided such perfect facilities for the making of Sororities — their quality has created such an immense demand for Sororities — that they may be sold at the popular price of

60 Cents a Pound at Dealers

To prove their superiority, we will mail you, postpaid, a "Treat Box" — a generous handful — if you will send 10c (stamps or silver) to pay postage and packing.

Special Offer — Sorority Spoons

Sorority Spoon Certificate

In every pound box of Sorority Chocolates is a certificate good for one beautiful, Sterling pattern — 20-year-guaranteed — Sorority Spoon, when mailed to us with ten 2-cent stamps. These spoons are the reigning fad among Sorority girls. The certificate shows the set of six. Choose the design you want, cut out the illustration shown here, and take it to your dealer to remind you.

If you cannot buy Sororities in your neighborhood, write us, giving name of dealer. We will see that you are supplied.

TAYLOR BROS. COMPANY
380 Taylor Bldg. Battle Creek, Mich.

5% INTEREST

Paid on Time Certificates of Deposit.

Write for Information

First National Bank
Billings, Montana
Organized 1883

Do You Wear Eye-Glasses On and Off?

Then you will appreciate the convenience of the

Automatic Eye Glass Holder

It automatically winds up the chain and holds the eye-glasses when not in use

50c and up and fully guaranteed

Catalog showing 36 styles free on request

Sold by Leading Jewelers and Opticians. We'll mail it to you if your dealer hasn't it

Our name on back guarantees it
Est. 1833

KETCHAM & McDOUGALL
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9,059-Word Business Book Free

Simply send us a postal and ask for our free illustrated 9,059-word Business Booklet which tells how priceless Business Experience, squeezed from the lives of 112 big, broad, brainy business men may be made yours — yours to boost your salary, to increase your profits. This free booklet deals with

- How to manage a business
- How to sell goods
- How to get money by mail
- How to buy at rock bottom
- How to collect money
- How to stop cost leaks
- How to train and handle men
- How to get and hold a position
- How to advertise a business
- How to devise office methods

Sending for this free book binds you to nothing, involves you in no obligation, yet it may be the means of starting you on a broader career. Surely you will not deny yourself this privilege when it involves only the risk of a postal — a penny! Simply say "Send on your 9,059-word Booklet." Send to

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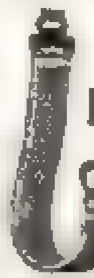

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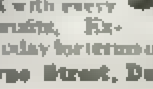
Selling our wonderful, newly patented

RADIUMITE SELF HONING STROP



New discovery. Sells at sight. F. J. King sold 75 the first day. Guaranteed satisfactory or money back. **$2 Razor FREE** with every strop. Agents make big profits. Experience unnecessary. Write today for terms of free outfit.

Thomas Mfg. Co., 63 Wayne Street, Dayton, Ohio

Are you looking for a chance to go into business?

I know of places in every state where retail stores are needed — and I also know something about a retail line that will pay handsome profits on a comparatively small investment — a line in which the possibilities of growth into a large general store are great. No charge for my services. **Write today for particulars and booklet.**

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The Flexsole

Any Leather
Blucher or Button

You'll never know what shoe comfort really is until you wear a Florsheim "Natural Shape" FLEXSOLE.

Specially tanned leather makes them flexible—gives buoyancy to the step like a cushion.

Most Styles $5 and $6
Write for Style Book

The Florsheim Shoe Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Mawruss. We made it a big profit by him this year already, and I don't want him to think that we ain't doing the right thing by him."

"Since when was you so soft-hearted, Abe?" Morris asked satirically; and when Louis came back from the road, a week later, no mention was made of the house until Louis himself broached the topic.

"Look-y here, Abe," Louis said, "what are you going to do for me about that house? Counting the rent I collected and the money I laid out for carrying charges, I'm in the hole eight hundred and fifty dollars already."

"Do for you, Louis!" Morris replied. "Why, what can we do for you? Why don't you fix it up like this, Louis? Why don't you make one last campaign among the real-estaters, and then if you don't succeed maybe we can do something."

"That's right, Louis," Abe said. "Just try it and see what comes of it."

Then Abe handed Louis a cigar and dismissed the subject, which never again arose until Louis was on his final trip.

"Ain't it funny, Mawruss," Abe said, the morning of Louis' expected return—"ain't it funny he ain't mentioned that house to us since we spoke to him the last time he was home?"

"I know it," Morris replied, "but you needn't worry, Abe. It says in the contract that Louis can't take a job as salesman with any other house till one year is up, and the boy can't afford to stay loafing around for a whole year."

Abe nodded, and as he turned to look up the contract in the safe the store door opened and Louis himself entered.

"Hallo, Louis," Abe cried. "Glad to see you, Louis. Another good trip?"

Louis nodded, and they all passed into the sample-room.

"Well, you're going to make many more of them for us before you're through, Louis," Abe said.

Louis grunted, and Abe and Morris exchanged disquieting glances.

"You know, Louis," Morris said in the dulcet accents of the sucking dove, "your contract is up next week, and Abe and me was talking about it the other day, Louis, and about the house, too, and we says we should do something about that house, Louis, and so we'll make another contract for about, say, three years, and we'll fix it up about the house when we all sign the contract, Louis. We meant to take back the house all the time, Louis. We was only kidding you along, Louis," he continued.

"So you was only kidding me along when you told me to see them real-estaters, hey?" Louis demanded.

"Sure!" Abe and Morris replied.

"Then you was the ones what got kidded," Louis said, "for the last time I was in town I took your advice. Do you know a feller called Michaelson? And two other fellers by the name of Henochstein and Magnus?"

Abe nodded.

"Well, them three fellers took that house off of my hands and paid me six hundred dollars to boot, over and above the seven hundred and fifty I sunk in it."

Abe and Morris puffed vigorously at their cigars.

"And what's more," Louis went on, "they introduced me to Harris Rabin, of the Equinox Clothing Company. I guess you know him, too, don't you?"

Morris admitted sullenly that he did.

"He's got a daughter, Miss Miriam Rabin," Louis concluded. "Her and me is going to announce our engagement in next Sunday's Herald."

He paused and watched Morris and Abe, to see the news sink in.

"And as soon as we're married," he said, "back to the road for mine, but *not* with Potash & Perlmutter."

"I guess you're mistaken, Louis," Abe cried. "I guess you got a contract with us what will stop you going on the road for another year yet."

"Back up, Abe," Louis said. "That there contract says I can't work as a *salesman* for any other house for a year. But Rabin and me is going as partners together in the cloak and suit business, and if there's anything in that contract about me not selling cloaks as my own boss I'll eat it."

Abe went to the safe for the contract. At last he found it, and after reading it over he handed it to Morris.

"*You* eat it, Mawruss," he said. "Louis is right."

A Stylish Fellow

shows his good taste more in his collar and tie than in any other article of dress. It is the really dressy chap who is quickest to see and take advantage of the splendid quality of our

CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

They leave nothing to be desired in style, comfort and [illegible]. They eliminate [illegible]

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are made in the latest [illegible] models. They have the perfect fit and dressy look of the best linen [illegible]—the new "Slip Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie.

Challenge Collars and Cuffs are absolutely waterproof—never turn yellow, can be cleaned with soap and water. You really can't tell them from linen.

Ask your dealer for Challenge Brand Waterproof Collars and Cuffs and don't take a substitute. [illegible] supplied at once. Our latest style [illegible] contains many valuable hints—let us send it to you.

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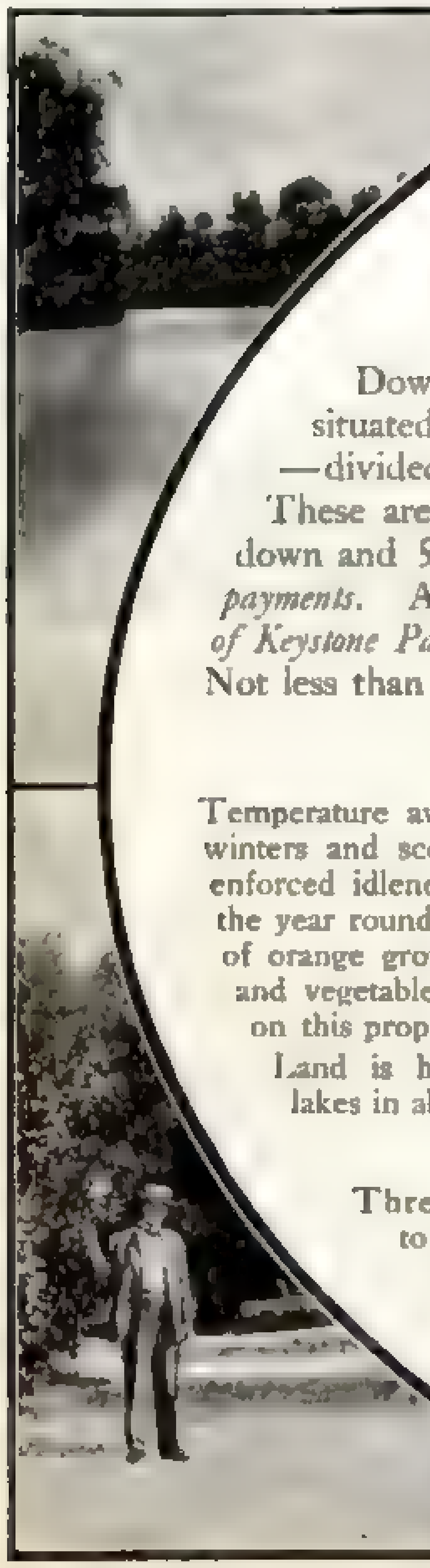
Chicago, [illegible] Market St
St. Louis, [illegible]
Philadelphia, [illegible]
San Francisco, [illegible]
Detroit, [illegible] Jefferson Ave
Toronto [illegible]



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These are offered at the very low figure of $25.00 an acre, on the remarkably easy terms of $1.00 per acre down and 50c per month per acre until paid for. *No taxes to pay during purchase period—no interest charged on deferred payments.* At such a low figure, this land offers remarkable opportunities to the man without large capital. *Ten acres of Keystone Park Colony land has actually been proven to pay as well as 100 acres in the Northern States.* Not less than one and not more than four tracts of ten acres each will be sold to any one person.

Climate and Crops

Temperature averages 72 degrees throughout the year. Freezing winters and scorching summers are unknown. No periods of enforced idleness, for the land produces a large variety of crops the year round. The soil is perfectly adapted to the cultivation of orange groves and the growing of many high-priced fruits and vegetables. Groves and farms already under cultivation on this property are proving big payers.

Land is high and dry and well drained. Pure spring lakes in abundance.

Facilities

Three railroads enter the property—only 14 miles to Tampa, and 72 hours to New York by freight. Comfortable accommodations provided *at cost* for purchasers until they can erect their own dwellings. Those wishing to have land cultivated until ready to settle on the property can arrange to have it done by us *at actual cost.*

Quick Action

is more essential than large capital. To ensure a good selection remit $10.00 as first payment on each 10 acre tract desired. We will immediately issue contract for warranty deed to be delivered when purchase is completed.

If within 60 days of first payment you visit the Colony and say you are not thoroughly satisfied with your purchase, or find any of these statements incorrect, we will instantly refund your money.

References—F. C. Bowyer, President Tampa Board of Trade; C. Fred Thompson, Secretary Chamber of Commerce, Tampa, Florida; C. M. Knott, Clerk of the Circuit Court, Auditor and Recorder, Hillsboro County, Florida; G. A. Petteway, President Bank of Tampa, Tampa, Florida; F. L. Wing, Mayor, Tampa, Florida.

As no reservations will be made unless money accompanies application, you should remit to-day to secure first choice. First come, first served.

If further particulars are required we will gladly send booklet fully describing and illustrating the KEYSTONE PARK FARMS. We will also answer any special inquiry pertaining to the subject.

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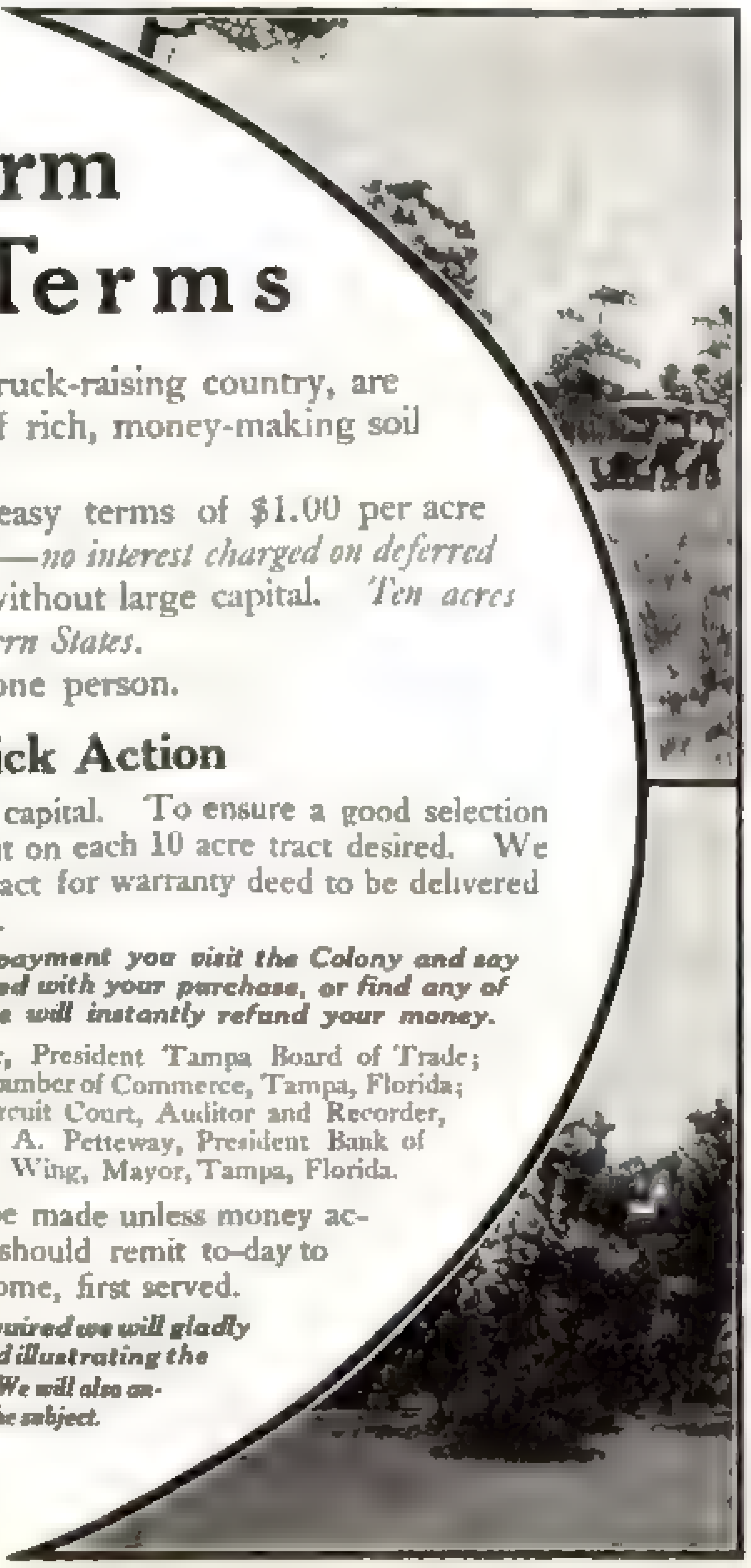

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W & B Swedish Hair Powder The Dry Shampoo

Removes dust, grease, excessive oil, makes the hair soft, clean and fluffy, easy to arrange and keeps the hair in splendid condition.

Large size **$1.00**, Small **50c** (by mail 60c). For Sale by all first-class dealers. If you cannot get it, **send 10c for a liberal trial package and our pamphlet,** "How to Have Handsome Hair."

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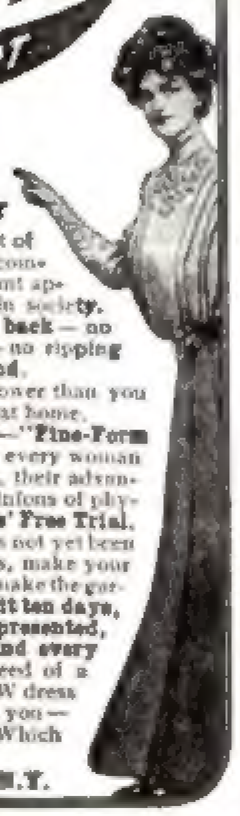

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Something new—only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society. —**Always drapes evenly in front and back**—no bulkiness—no draw-strings—no lacing—no ripping or basting—**Can be worn the year round.**

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

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NECKTIES made of the famous Suskana Silks slip easily through the collar. Color, weave and style unsurpassed. This label guarantees the genuine. At the leading stores.

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GUARANTEED MADE OF
The Suskana Silks
LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SHOW GIRL

(Continued from Page 13)

The life on the road is much harder than in New York, first on account of the constant traveling, second because of the added expense. On the road the girls travel in pairs. This is not due to any particular love that we have for one another, but simply because it is much cheaper. Two of us can get a room at a good hotel for a dollar a day apiece. We get rates at most hotels.

In every town there are actor boarding-houses where the chorus girls can live for eight or nine dollars a week, meals included. The average show girl only has two legitimate meals a day—breakfast, which is a combination with luncheon, and dinner. The fine art of the show-girl profession is to have to pay for as few meals as possible. Breakfast one must always pay for, but there is usually a friendly bid to dinner. There is not much time for daytime frivolities on the road because so many rehearsals are called. In a big musical show new songs and specialties are being constantly introduced. Usually there is a rehearsal on Monday morning, whether there are new songs or new business or neither.

When I was a chorus girl on the road I have lived on less than ten dollars a week, and many other girls have done the same thing. Judging from the free and easy manner of our lives you would think that this is impossible, but it is not, as I will show later.

It happens, however, that a good many show girls will not leave New York and go on the road. The managers do not want them to go, either. They are the girls with the so-called "Broadway reputation." This means that they have been in big New York productions. They are as good an advertisement for the show as a twenty-foot electric sign in Times Square. Some of them are as well known, in a way, as the stars. They are autocrats and they accept orders from nobody. They come to rehearsals about when they feel like it; they know they can do as they please because the managers must have them.

Hard Work and Few Luxuries

Some show girls with the Broadway reputation look with scorn upon the lowly chorus girl, forgetting that they were once in the back line themselves. There is as much caste behind the footlights as there is in the smart set before the footlights.

Men heap useless presents upon show girls. Go to any swell florist in New York, and he will tell you that more than one show or chorus girl has pleaded with him to send her the money instead of flowers ordered for her. A girl that I know once had a hundred dollars' worth of orchids in her hall bedroom and not even a vase to put them in.

Yet most show girls are as impractical as they can be. If one has a hundred dollars she thinks she is rich. She will blow it in on a dress, or she will spend her last dollar to ride around the corner in a cab.

But I have wandered from my own story. After I left The White Hen I went with The Girl Behind the Counter. I have been on Broadway for the past three years, and I am in a show that has been having a summer run there.

If you saw me any night wearing my grand clothes you would think that life was filled with luxury. Yet my life is not very thrilling and it is filled with hard work. I play every week-night and two matinées. If a holiday, like the Fourth of July or Labor Day, comes along, there is an extra matinée, for which you receive no extra pay. Rehearsals are being constantly called. I dress in the same room with seven other girls. There is really only comfortable room for six. There is only one big, useful mirror, and yet every girl wants the best place at this mirror. I change costumes five times in the play. In order to reach my dressing-room I have to climb three flights of stairs. When the sun is baking hot or the nights humid you may imagine that it is not very pleasant work.

In changing costumes we often have to change from head to foot, and we frequently have to do it in a hurry. Then I have to race down the steps and appear

Ralston

Ralston Catalogue 1909

WEEKLY CATALOGUE

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will be worn this Fall than the one pictured here. It is our

Stock No. 126 Sterling Patent Colt Blucher "Smile" Last

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That's because it has been moulded over the exclusive Ralston Anatomical Last which reproduces every contour of the foot, even to the mounds and hollows of the bottoms.

This is why all Ralstons fit from the first and need no "breaking in."

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You don't mix it

It's ready to use.

Contains a poison sure to kill.

Smells and tastes so good that rats and mice eat it in preference to any other food.

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Ansco Film give negatives true to life—color value, chromatic balance, free from halation and with detail in the shadows.

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before the audience, smiling and content. It gets on your nerves sometimes.

I make twenty-five dollars a week. It doesn't take long to tell how I spend it. I happen to live in a flat with my mother. I won't leave her, and for this reason I have turned down several good offers of marriage. But I'd rather have that little Harlem flat and my self-respect than a big apartment and a motor-car. I give my mother twelve dollars and a half out of the twenty-five; the rest I spend on myself. I make most of my clothes, inside and out, and, once in a while, I can save a little.

My life is pretty regular. I get to the matinée at half-past one, and I leave the theater at five. Sometimes I have a bit of dinner downtown with one of the girls. On days when there is no matinée I go to the baseball game or to a matinée—it's the only chance we have to see a play. We never make calls, for some reason. Every show girl is too busy with her own affairs and her own problems. Most of them sleep until late in the afternoon. I help about our flat in the morning.

I am very fortunate to be able to live with my mother. Few show girls can. I have lived at times in hall bedrooms with other girls, cooked our meals on chafing-dishes and eaten off the trunk. We washed our own clothes and hung them on the fire-escape. There are hundreds of chorus girls doing it in New York today.

But these are the girls without ambition. Stage managers are bad enough, but I have never known one who wouldn't try to give a girl a chance. All she has to do is to tell him that she wants an opportunity. You can often become an understudy, and stars can't stay healthy all the time, especially in summer. I am an understudy for one of our principals, and, while I don't wish her any harm, I hope she will get a mild cold soon, so I will have a chance. That is what the show girl with an ambition is always dreaming about.

While show and chorus girls don't show particular love for each other, they go the limit when you are up against it. I remember that once when I was on the road with a big musical show I got so sick in Chicago that I had to be left behind. I had been sending money home and I was broke. My salary stopped and I felt as if the end of the world had come. The eight girls who dressed with me, although we fought and quarreled about the best places at the mirror and did all kinds of things to each other to get on the end of the line, raised a purse for me and saw that I had everything.

I suppose that, by this time, you wonder just what the show girl's state of mind is and to what she looks forward. I suppose most women who are sane and normal look forward to marriage, and so do we. Nearly every show girl would like to do what Edna May did—marry a millionaire who will treat her white. But this kind of show-girl history does not repeat itself often. Many of us marry in self-defense, and some are happy. The rest always have alimony to fall back on. Strange as it may seem, a matrimonial adventure seems to be an advantage rather than otherwise to a show girl. It helps her to get a job sometimes, for nearly all of us drift back to the stage. It is curious how the grease-paint sticks. I know a girl who was in the same company with me for two seasons. A very decent man fell in love with her; they were married, and he built a home for her up in Connecticut. They got on very well for a time. But she got homesick for the stage. On nights when her husband went away she put on her makeup and pretended that she was back on the boards again. One night her husband came home and found her with her makeup on. He reproached her about it. The next day she left him. She is now in the chorus of a Broadway show.

The show girl is only useful while she is young; therefore, she must make hay while the Broadway sun shines. After thirty-five her chances are slim. If she does not marry she goes down from smaller production to smaller production until she carries a spear in a seaside spectacle. A few show girls have become stars, as the experience of Edna May, Lulu Glaser, Alice Neilson and Nella Bergen shows. But these cases are far between.

Why do we stay in the business? Simply because we don't know how to do anything else, which seems to be a good and sufficient reason.

The good carpenter almost invariably uses

Simonds Saws

They "heft" from the handle as perfectly as if you were balancing a stick on its exact center—yet the weight of the blade is so distributed that it holds the teeth to their work without pressure from you.

The Simonds trademark, etched on the blade of every genuine Simonds Saw, guarantees the utmost in quality and service.

If not sold by your dealer, send us his name, and we will see that you are supplied.

Write for Simonds Guide—mailed free.

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USE MENDETS

A PATENT PATCH

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them; fit any surface; three million in use. Send for sample package, 10c. **Complete package assorted sizes, 25c postpaid. Agents wanted.**

Collette Mfg. Co., Box 119, Amsterdam, N.Y.

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The "Shoe of Shoes" for Men

"FOOT IT UP"

Write down on your mental slate the fact that the **King Quality Shoe** is not a new and untried proposition, but one evolved by a man named Arnold, a shoe manufacturer for over forty years.

That the home of this shoe is a handsome brick structure, replete in everything which makes a modern shoe plant.

Add to this a trained organization of experienced workers, grounded in shoe ethics.

Then put down in the same column these important items. Used in **King Quality** construction are:

Highest grade upper leathers—soft, pliable, and tough.
Best oak soles.
Solid leather heels. Best leather tongues.
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Best duck linings.
Real leather box toes and counters (not stiffened paper).
Heavy Irish flax thread for soles.
Strongest silk for all outside sewing.
NOW, "FOOT IT UP."

Isn't the **King Quality Shoe** about what you have been looking for? Isn't it worthy of the title The "shoe of shoes" for men?

Ask your dealer to-day!

Don't you want our handsome Catalogue? It's free.

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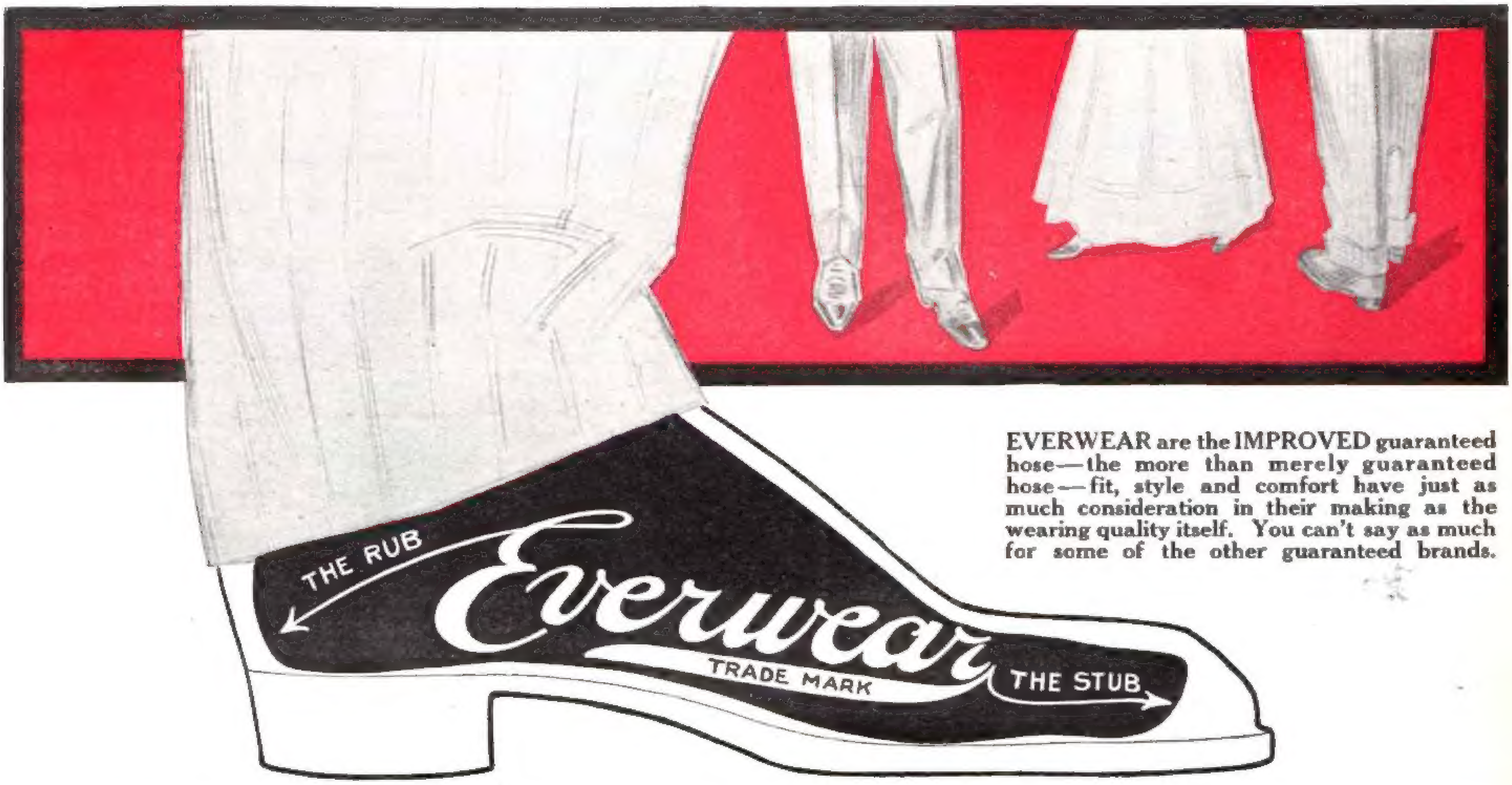
The Sox that stand the Rub and the Stub



EVERWEAR are the IMPROVED guaranteed hose—the more than merely guaranteed hose—fit, style and comfort have just as much consideration in their making as the wearing quality itself. You can't say as much for some of the other guaranteed brands.

Everybody who has once worn Everwear Hose will vouch for the truth of the above statement.

Everwear are made to stand the rub at the heel and the stub at toe—to give you six months of hard wear without a hole, rip or tear. We guarantee them for that length of time or give you new hose free.

But we don't ask you to put up with the discomforts of coarse, heavy, stiff, ill-fitting hose—the kind that are often sold under a guarantee.

If you have never worn Everwear, but have worn some of the so-called Guaranteed hose, we cannot blame you for your prejudice against the "merely guaranteed kind."

The popularity of Everwear is not based on the guarantee feature, although that served to introduce them.

The demand which keeps our mills busy knitting thousands of pairs a day, month after month, that has made them the largest selling brand of Guaranteed Hose on the market, is based on other qualities as well as on their guaranteed wear.

There is the close ankle fit, heel fit and toe fit, shaped in the knitting; the consequent neat appearance and comfort in the shoe—there is the strengthening at heel and toe by the exclusive Everwear process, which "fulls" these parts without adding bulk or bungling—there is the assurance of attractive colors and black—that are absolutely fast—which will not fade nor crock, but which will retain the original shades as long as the sox will wear.

These are qualities found in the "more than guaranteed Everwear" which are seldom found in the "merely guaranteed" brands. Everwear hose are as neat and stylish as the most expensive hose you can buy.

A box of six pairs will surprise you—please and convince you. Look for the name Everwear on the sox and the box. Remember that Everwear hose are luxurious and stylish—the absolute perfection of hose durability, elegance, economy and comfort.

Order Everwear through your dealer today. If he doesn't keep them write us, stating size, color and kind desired, and we will ship them express prepaid. Description in full below. Send for interesting free booklet "An Everwear Yarn." Six pairs of One Size in a box—Solid or Assorted Colors.

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Men's—$3.00 a box. Colors, black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, light and dark shades of blue and gray, hunter green, reseda green, purple, gun metal.

Ladies'—$3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors, black and tan.

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Men's—$1.50 a box. Light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green, burgundy, light and dark shades of gray and tan.

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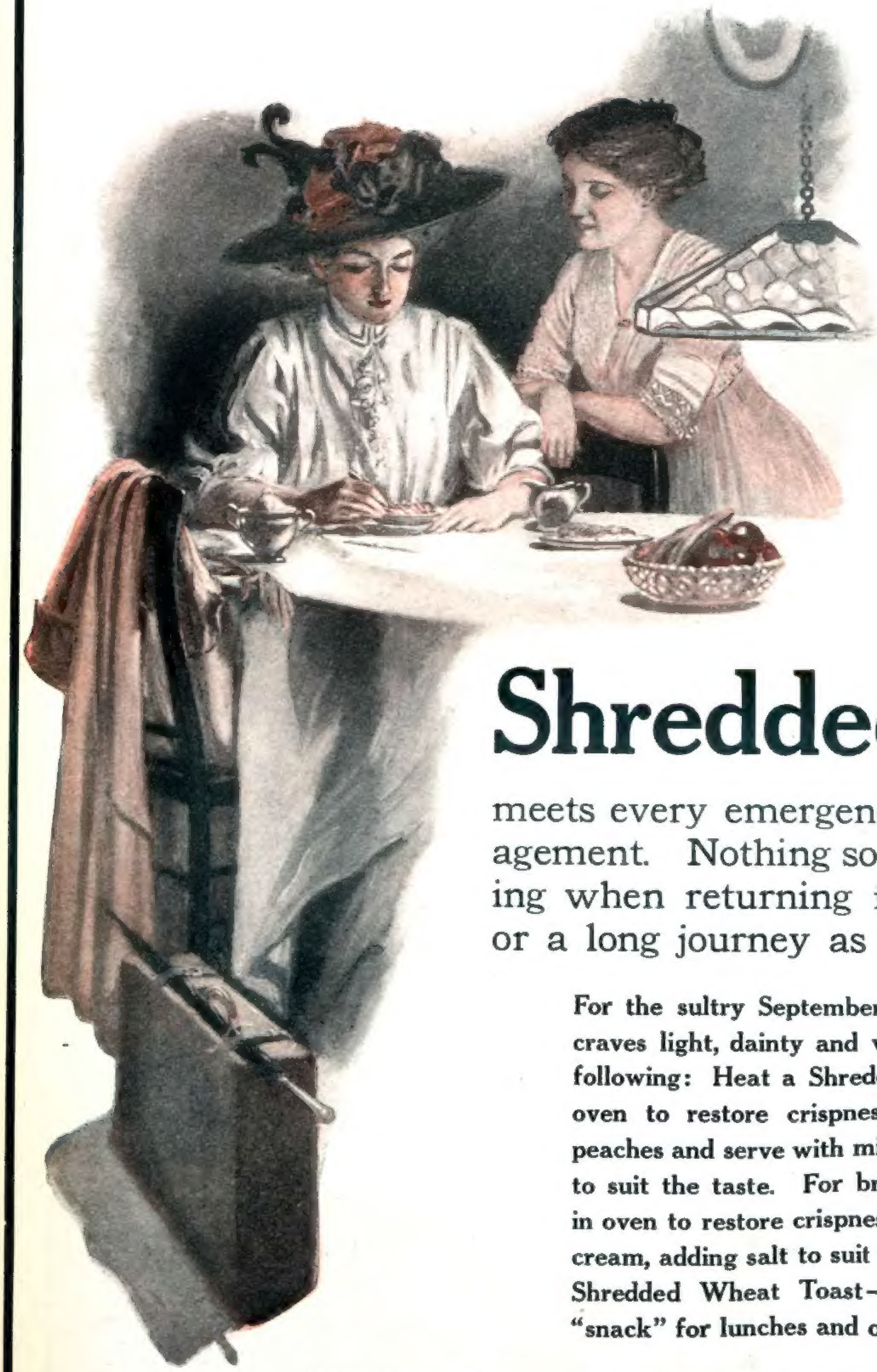
HOSIERY
For Men and Women

The Unexpected Guest



You are always ready for her no matter when she arrives if you have Shredded Wheat in the house. Being ready-cooked and ready-to-serve, a nourishing meal can be prepared with it "in a jiffy" by serving it with milk or cream or with fresh or preserved fruits.

Shredded Wheat

meets every emergency of household management. Nothing so nourishing or satisfying when returning from a shopping tour or a long journey as Shredded Wheat.

For the sultry September days when the appetite craves light, dainty and wholesome dishes, try the following: Heat a Shredded Wheat Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness, then cover with sliced peaches and serve with milk or cream, adding sugar to suit the taste. For breakfast heat the Biscuit in oven to restore crispness and serve with milk or cream, adding salt to suit the taste. Triscuit is the Shredded Wheat Toast—a delicious and dainty "snack" for lunches and outdoor excursions.

All the Meat of the Golden Wheat

THE SHREDDED WHEAT COMPANY, Niagara Falls, N. Y.